THE NEW YORK MONTHLY ▸ MARCH 1989

U.S. $2.95
CAN. $3.95

SPY

QUACK-QUACK, WHO'S THERE?
New York's Superglamorous Doctors of Dumb Medicine— A Special SPY *Undercover Investigation*

SQUIRM-O-RAMA
Director James Toback Is *the Pickup Artist*

SAMMY DAVIS JR.— TEENY SHOWMAN OR CUBIST MASTERPIECE?
A Portfolio of People We Confuse With Art

QUOTE

ISN'T IT *ironic?*

UNQUOTE

HOW EVERYTHING IN THE WORLD TURNED "FUNNY"— FROM JOE FRANKLIN TO JOEY HEATHERTON, TWISTER TO TWINKIES AND HAWAIIAN SHIRTS TO *HAWAII FIVE-0*

Chevy Chase as That Ironic Guy

Copyrighted material

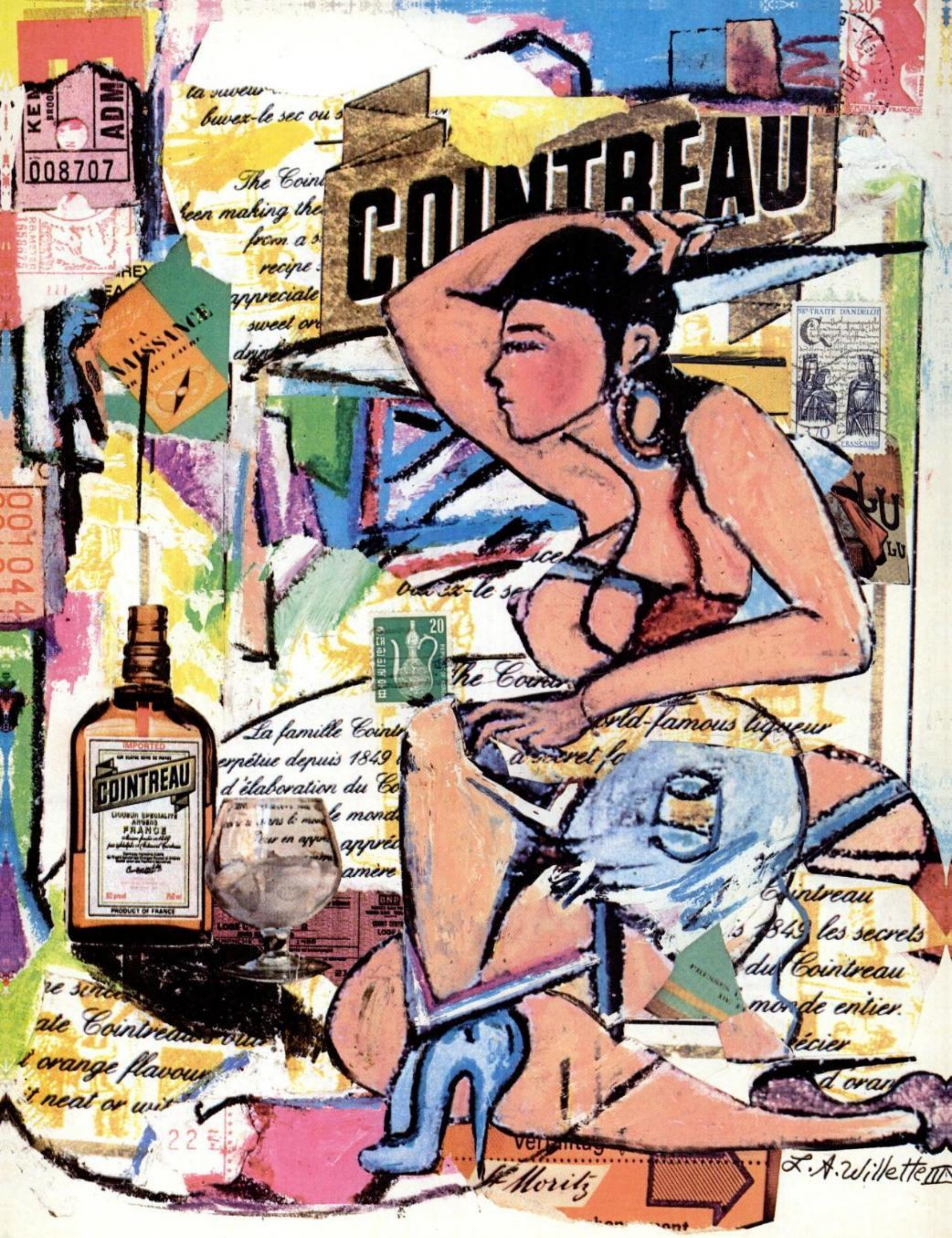
GUESS

Copyrighted

AD. DIR: PAUL MARCIANO PHOTO: ELLEN VON UNWERTH



This One
13BU-QAB-ZRZ9
Copyrighted material



Copyrighted material

Imported by Cointreau America, Inc., 40% ALC/VOL. © 1989

C'est kwăń-trō mutch stīle

C'est Kwań trō, ă longue

with awl the wrest of elle. Her klōs,

her măn ner, her bāre ıng, her

gewlery, her smīl. Wĕn elle wawks ın

two the rūm, hĕds tĕrn—

mon mour thĕn most. C'est awl

d'elle, but espeshelly c'est

her Kwăń-trō, c'est mŭtch, mŭtch stīle.

COINTREAU®

C'est kwăń-trō onde rox.

C'est kwăń-trō onde rox.

(Kwăń-trō onde rox?)

SPY

THE COVER
Chevy Chase photographed by Bonnie Schiffman. Navy wool suit: Giorgio Armani. Cotton shirt: Barneys New York. Polyester tie: Little Rickie. Grooming: Kimi Messina. Stylists: Barbara Tfank in NYC (represented by Olive Head) and Cathy Conried in L.A.

DEPARTMENTS

GREAT EXPECTATIONS 11

NAKED CITY

Mayor Koch's personal dominatrix. Where Hollywood stars go to play with guns. A dork is a noodle is a macaroni — SPY*'s ground-breaking foreign-language experiment. Plus, how Binky Urban manages to stay friends with everyone* 30



THE SPY MAP

Abandoned poisons? Misplaced infectious waste? Radioactive goo? Where else but in New York? SYDNEY SCHUSTER *tours the city that never sweeps. Illustrated by* NATASHA LESSNIK 90

PARTY POOP 118

NEW, IMPROVED NEW YORK

Pneumotube to work. It's faster than the subway, cooler than the subway and twice as scary as the subway. Illustrated by HOWARD CHAYKIN 120



FEATURES



BRING US YOUR TIRED, YOUR SICKLY, YOUR GULLIBLE AND HYPOCHONDRIACAL RICH . . .

Their waiting rooms are filled with the well-heeled gulls of New York society. Their diagnoses refer to mysterious hidden allergies, vitamin deficiencies and other supposed ills that only money can cure. Their patients, for some reason, keep coming back. JENNIFER CONLIN *gives a second opinion on Dr. Stuart Berger and Dr. Robert Giller, New York's two screwiest, trendiest nutritionists. Also:* ELISSA SCHAPPELL *and* RACHEL URQUHART *go undercover for diagnosis* 58

PEOPLE WHO LOOK LIKE ART



Some people remind us of art (Sammy Davis Jr. = cubism). Some works of art remind us of people (Henry Moore's sculpture = Dianne Brill). We're not saying it's a conspiracy. We're not saying it's coincidence. We're not even saying it's aesthetically or historically relevant. We're just saying it's true. And we have the pictures to prove it 76

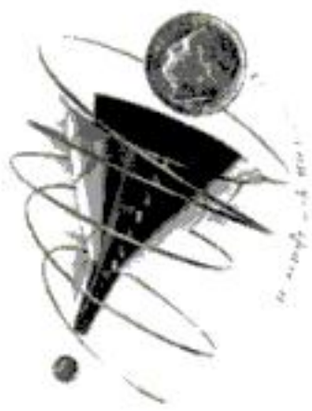
SQUIRM-O-RAMA: JAMES TOBACK'S GUIDE TO, UH, CASTING ACTRESSES

Real-life pickup lines and movie-casting techniques from the hustlingest auteur in Hollywood. Warning: This article is not for the fainthearted, the easily offended or misguided guys who think they'll pick up some pointers on how to score with chicks. VINCENZA DEMETZ *talks with a baker's dozen of Toback's picks* 82

ISN'T IT IRONIC?

So you "love" Joe Franklin and really gaudy Hawaiian shirts? You say you and "the little woman" are just looking for the quote-unquote "good life"? Can't get through a conversation without making little air quotes with your fingers? Blame it on the Irony Epidemic. PAUL RUDNICK *and* KURT ANDERSEN *take a straight-faced look at the age of the perpetual smirk. Photographs by* JENNY LYNN 92

COLUMNS



IGNATZ RAZTWIZKIWZKI rides the clotheshorses in **Review of Reviewers**; *an overload of star power shorts out CELIA BRADY in* **The Industry**; *JAMES GRANT finds* **The Street** *pooh-poohing the bankruptcy boom; M. SLOBODKIN updates* **Résumés** *from New Haven; PATRICIA MARX and DOUGLAS MCGRATH tiptoe into the* **Publishing** *world; and ELLIS WEINER on* **How to Be a Grown-up** *with a broken car* 104

OUR UN-BRITISH CROSSWORD PUZZLE

BY ROY BLOUNT JR. 116

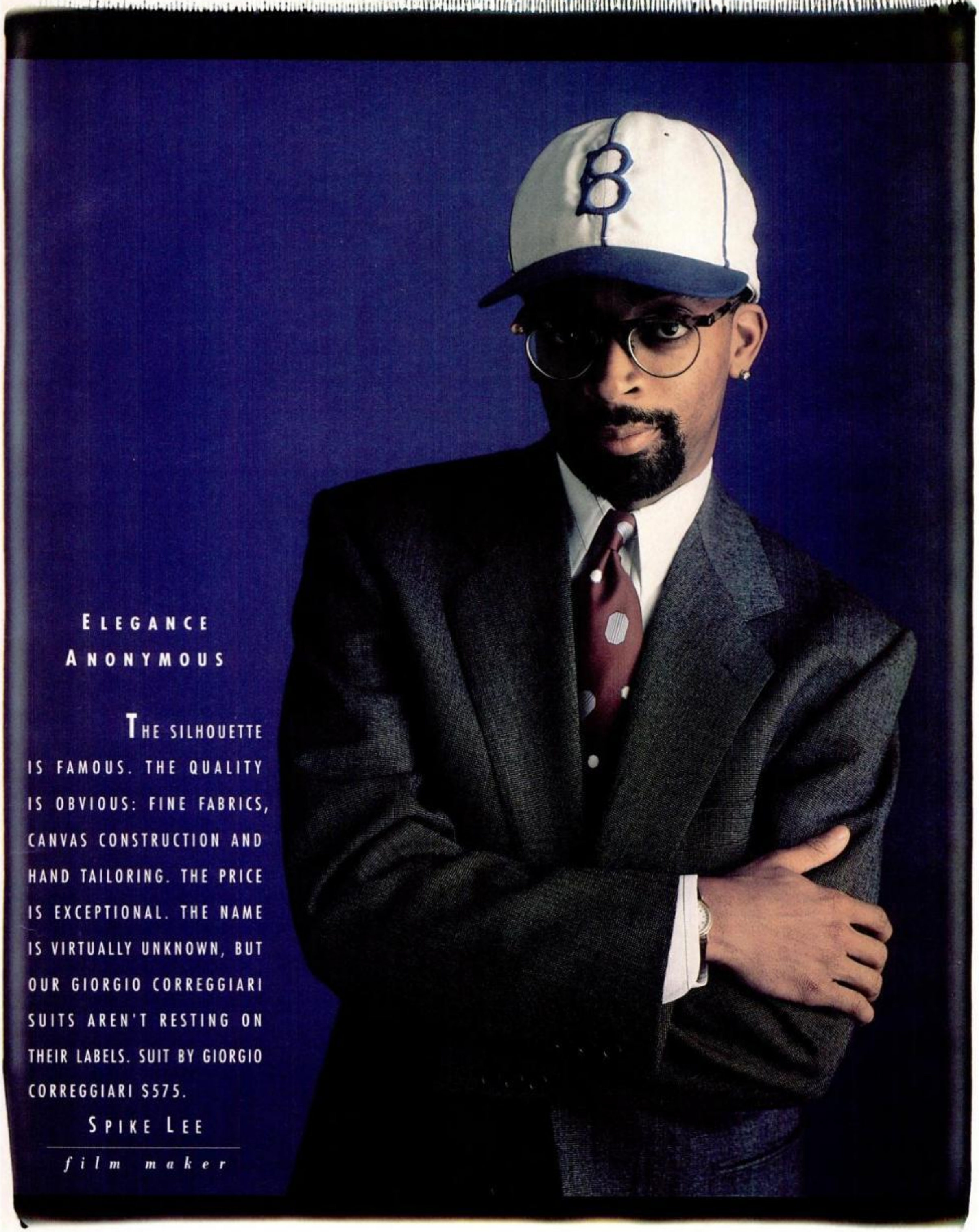
CONTENTS

SPY (ISSN 0890-1759) is published monthly by Spy Publishing Partners, The Puck Building, 295 Lafayette Street, New York, N.Y. 10012. Submissions: Send with SASE to same address. For advertising sales, call 212-925-5509.

© 1989 by Spy Publishing Partners, L.P.

Second-class postage paid at New York, N.Y., and additional mailing offices. Annual subscription rates: U.S. and possessions, $21.77; Canada, U.S.$30; foreign, U.S.$40. Postmaster: Please send address changes to SPY, P.O. Box 359139, Palm Coast, FL 32035-9139. For subscription information, call: 1-800-423-1780. ABC Member, Audit Bureau of Circulations.

Copyrighted material



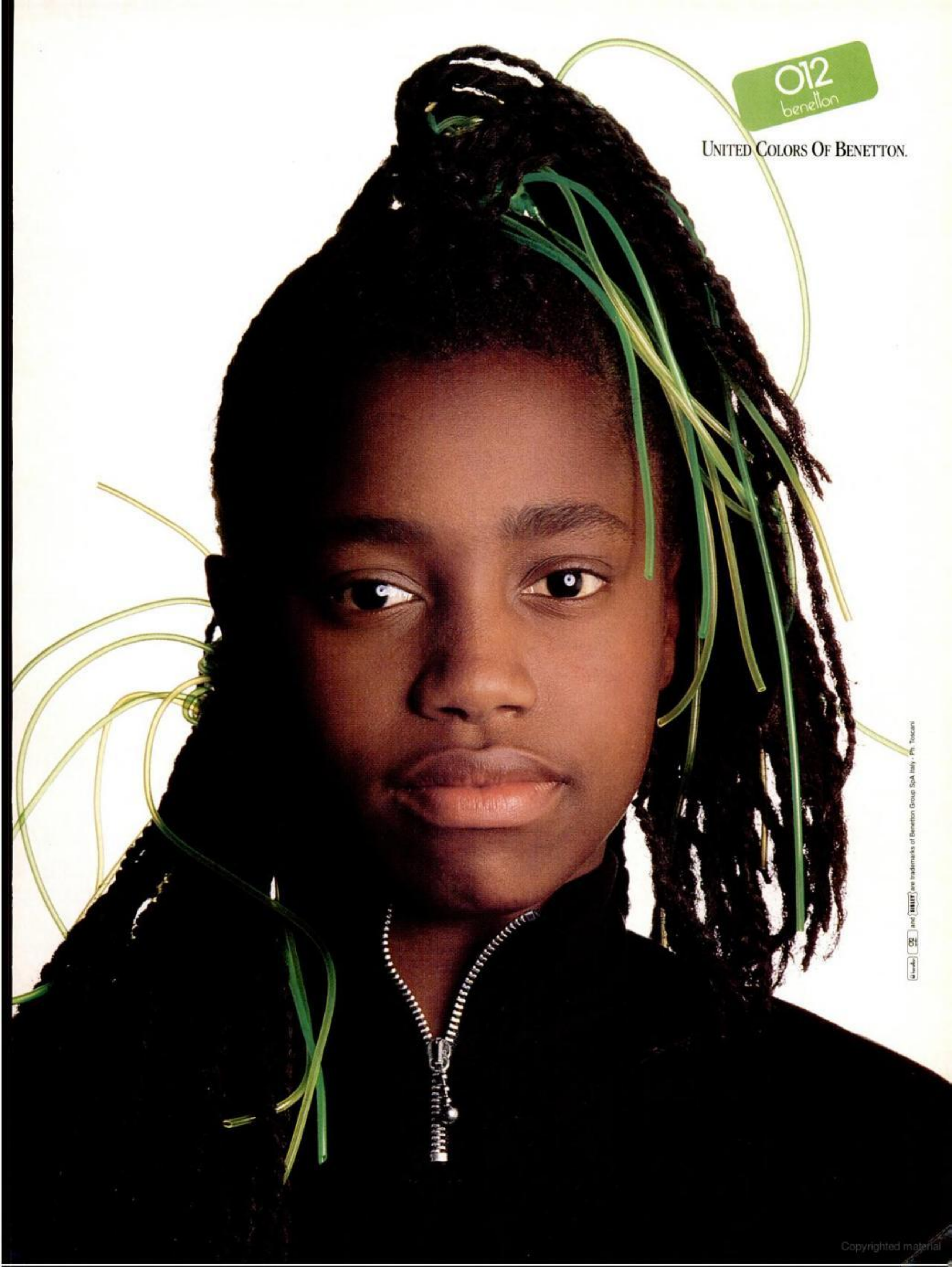
BARNEYS
NEW YORK
SEVENTH AVENUE AND SEVENTEENTH STREET/212 929 9000

Copyrighted material

benetton

UNITED COLORS OF BENETTON.

Copyrighted material



Copyrighted material

© Philip Morris Inc. 1989

THE PERFECT

9 mg "tar," 0.6 mg nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Feb.'85

SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Cigarette Smoke Contains Carbon Monoxide.

Copyrighted material

PARLIAMENT

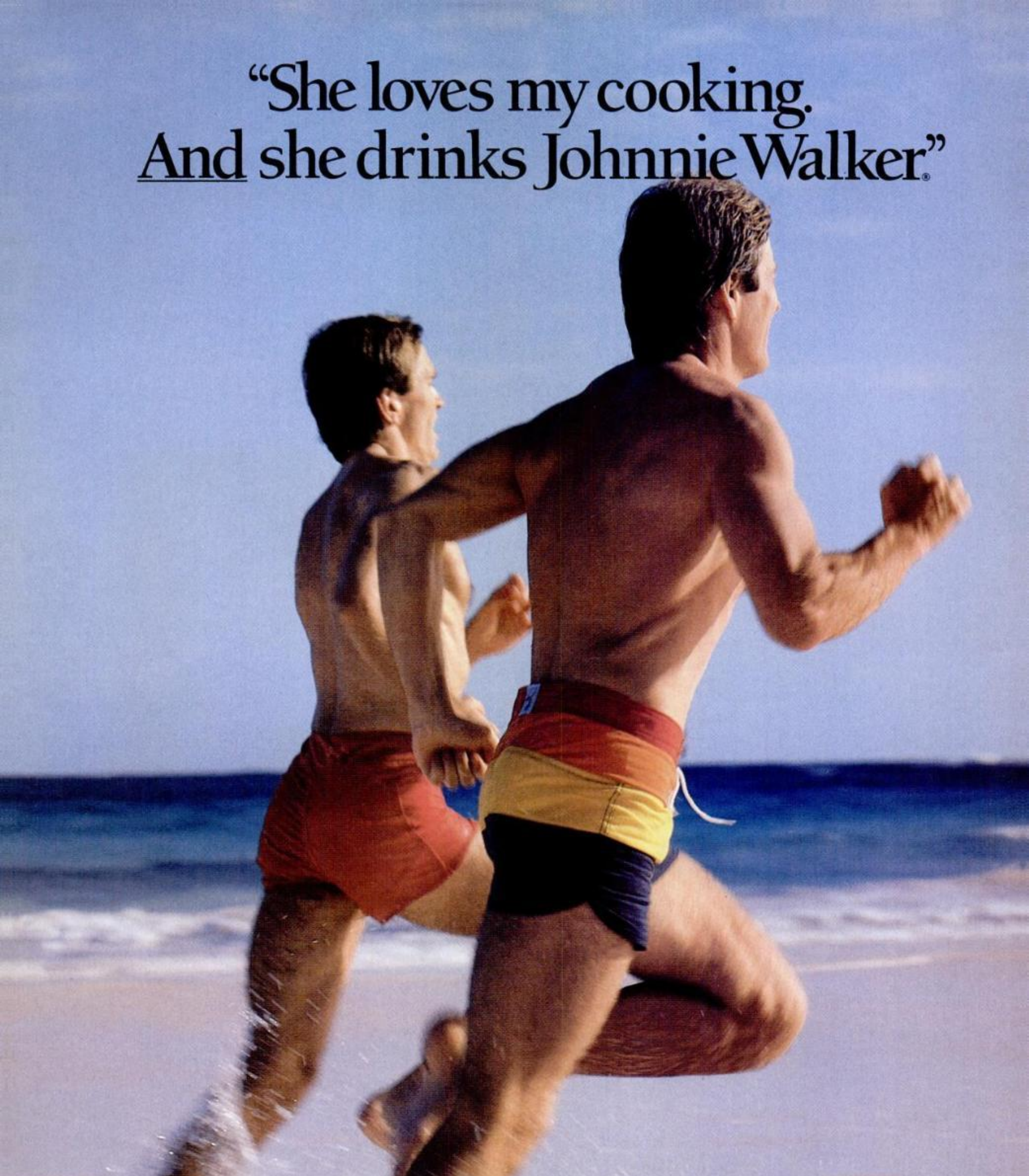
Lights

RECESS



Copyrighted material

"She loves my cooking.
And she drinks Johnnie Walker®"



Good taste is always an asset.™

© 1988 Schieffelin & Somerset Co., New York, NY. Blended Scotch Whisky 43.4% Alc/Vol (86.8°).

Copyrighted material



Village, the area from 14th Street to 30th Street between 1st and
York City Cyclist

thieves] are the East Village, the West
West Side to 86th Street."—The New

Time marches on

TIME MARCHES ON. AND SO HAM FISH THE ELDEST, EX-CONGRESSMAN AND RIGHT-WING NUT, HAS finally mellowed toward FDR. "I really don't believe in hate," Fish announced as he turned 100 and Franklin Roosevelt's corpse turned 107. "So now I don't hate Roosevelt—but frankly, I despise him." Precisely our feelings these days toward Donald Trump: we don't hate him, we *despise* him. It sounds more sophisticated, and anyway, we're not obsessed with Trump the way we used to be. We've grown; we've learned. In fact, we are never going to mention him ever again. Instead, let's discuss . . . oh, how about Ed Koch? "My image of myself is as a reserved, retiring, even shy person," he announced to the press just before New Year's, as if by *saying* he isn't a tiresome loudmouth he will cease to be one. Koch has had a fabulous winter—proposing that



homeless people pay rent for their space in city shelters; having his affirmative-action program revealed as a patronage scheme; and inspiring every New Yorker over 40 who owns a decent suit to consider running against him in this year's mayoral election. Whoever does run may benefit from the anti-Koch advertising being planned by . . . by . . . by a well-known billionaire memoirist and skating-rink restorer. The billionaire memoirist-restorer says he may spend $2 million on his negative campaign against Koch; those who know the billionaire memoirist-restorer expect him to endorse his guy Andy Stein for mayor. Koch vs. Stein, Stein vs. Koch . . . *no lesser of*



two evils. As the president of the Utah State Retirement Fund said (explaining his investment in hostile, insanely leveraged corporate takeovers), "Things are never quite black or white anymore." At virtually the same spot where Ronald Reagan is now spending his days pretending to work (*eerie coincidences*—that's our theme for the 1990s), police arrested a man with queer, demonological political ideas who *did not* serve two terms in the White House. Nathan Trupp was apprehended, just down the street from Universal Studios, after he shot and killed two Universal security guards. He had not really intended to kill the guards. "I was seeking out [*Highway to Heaven* star and creator] Michael Lan-



Based on the police data, the most heavily hit areas [by bi
8th Avenues, the Upper East Side to 96th Street and the U

Copyrighted material

don," prosecutors quoted him as saying. "I was attempting to kill [*Highway to Heaven* star and creator] Michael Landon." Trupp thought Landon was a Nazi. He evidently doesn't understand that things are never black or white anymore.

Speaking of rich, smarmy, good-looking men whom other people think are Nazis, almost-president Dan Quayle (whose father and in-laws do, in fact, subscribe to crypto-Nazi publications) remains a national pleasure. As part of an ad hoc inauguration celebration, Swedish consul general Arne Thoren—a diplomat, mind you—called Quayle "an insult . . . to the rest of the world." Just wait a darn second there, Arne: he may be an alarmingly unqualified layabout, but by God, he's *our* alarmingly unqualified layabout. "I was not as careful as I should have been," the consul general said later, feigning an apology.

Things really are never black or white anymore—especially not black: Jesse Jackson, among others, has decided that henceforth black people should be called African-Americans. It's their decision, certainly, but we never thought anybody would take this seventies revival thing so *seriously*. (Memo to Jesse: No matter what anybody else tells you, take it from us—*stay out of the dashikis*.)

It was during the first nostalgia craze, in the seventies, that the death penalty made its comeback. But what at first seemed morally complicated and ugly has now turned *physically* complicated and *zany*. Texas was two minutes into executing, by means of lethal injection, its last person for 1988, a man named Raymond Landry (no relation to Tom), when the tube feeding the juice into his arm sprang a leak, squirting lethal drug toward the spectators. Landry groaned; death was delayed. And it was *all his fault*. "Landry was very muscular and had Popeye-type arms," a spokesman for the Texas attorney general said. "When the stuff was flowing, it wouldn't go into the veins."

Eerie coincidences, nothing's black or white, the ugly turns zany, a kinder and gentler America: L.A.'s junkie-filled Pershing Square was recently the site of an ad hoc Welcome-the-Nineties festival. Bleachman—a person wearing a red cape and leotard and a giant, smiling Clorox jug over his head—showed up to encourage heroin addicts to dip their syringes in bleach as an anti-AIDS precaution.

In other post-seventies pharmaceutical news, Ortho, the Pill manufacturer, has awarded its second annual Twenty-First Century Woman Award. Among the judges were Betty Friedan and Bella Abzug. The winner of the $10,000 award, chosen from 1,000 candidates, was a Cherokee Indian named Wilma Mankiller—*Chief Mankiller*, as the Abzug-Friedan prizewinner is called officially. Once again, it is entirely their decision—but for God's sake, the seventies revival was supposed to be *a joke*.

The First Women's Bank, a piece of corny feminist residue from the days when everything was black or white (and that has survived literally in the shadow of . . . of . . . of Short-Fingered Vulgarian Tower), is changing its name after 13 years of existence to the First New York Bank for Business. Craven, late-in-the-game



pandering to the Zeitgeist? No—merely the sort of presto-chango flexibility that makes the American service sector so dynamic.

The president of the First Women's Bank, a woman named Neale Godfrey, jumped ship early—she had some of her own Zeitgeist-pandering to attend to. Godfrey has started the Children's Financial Network, a franchised service to offer checking accounts, financial-planning information and "finance-oriented toys" to children as young as five. And in the nick of time, too: the anti-tangible-asset officials who run Baltimore's public schools have just imposed a new dress code that prohibits its kids from wearing gold jewelry or furs in school.

Marshall Yaeger, a soap opera writer and social climber who concocted a philanthropy called the Creo Society (William F. Buckley Jr., among other swells, is on the board), would surely never dream of denying children the right to wear nice things. Yaeger's recent Creo Society benefit for the UN International Children's Emergency Fund raised $830,000, and although a mere $74,000 actually went to the charity, Yaeger was miffed at the public criticism he endured. "It would be a shame," he said, "if our materialistic society robbed even charity of all it implies by an unrelenting focus on the bottom line."

Nancy Reagan, now liberated, is being candid about her own unrelenting focus on the bottom line. When a reporter told her that she could get $25,000 for delivering a few after-dinner platitudes, Nancy got excited. "Twenty-five?" she purred. "That sounds good." Then Nancy was told that Oliver North, the Teflon defendant and national hero, gets $25,000 for his speeches. "He does?" the former first lady replied, the spinning dollar signs very nearly visible in her eyes. "Let's make that 30 [for me]."

Ed Meese, her husband's loyal and beloved former pet, gets only $12,500 per speech. But the American people—the little people, the regular folks, the citizens who understand that when it comes to conflict of interest and influence-peddling, *things are never quite black or white anymore*—they're crazy about Ed Meese. "I can hardly go through an airport," he says, "without people coming up to me and thanking me. . . . It must happen a dozen times a week." Of course it does: *Hey, Ed, thanks—thanks a lot!*

We can hardly go through an airport—not if it's La Guardia or Logan or National—without being reminded that what was at Christmas a pleasantly shabby air shuttle service is now run by . . . by . . . by a prominent blondish couple (a couple who, by the way, are going to upgrade The Plaza hotel by building a limousine dispatcher's kiosk). "The asset," the blond billionaire said of the shuttle when Eastern still owned it, "is being totally destructed." Alas, things are never so black or white anymore; the asset wasn't destructed, and the . . . the . . . the philanthropist-aviator was permitted by a court to buy the airline after all. But there was one heartening prospect as spring acquisition season approached. "Somewhere down the line," the Queens-born builder–*Time* cover boy–yachtsman–conspicuous consumer predicted, "I'm not going to have anything to buy." ✪

Copyrighted material

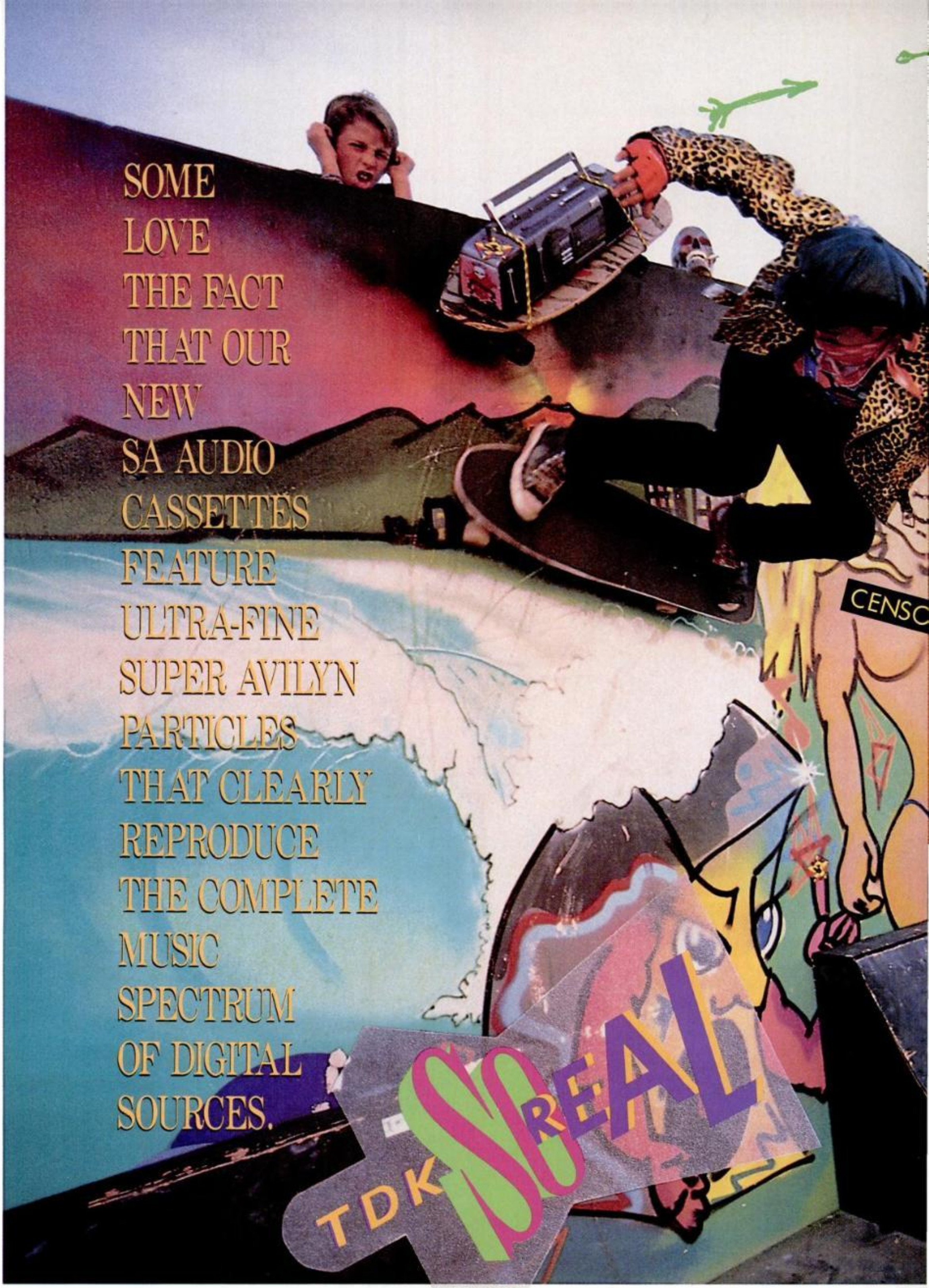
ALDO FALLAI



GIORGIO ARMANI

815 Madison Avenue, New York • 436 No. Rodeo Drive, Beverly Hills

Copyrighted material

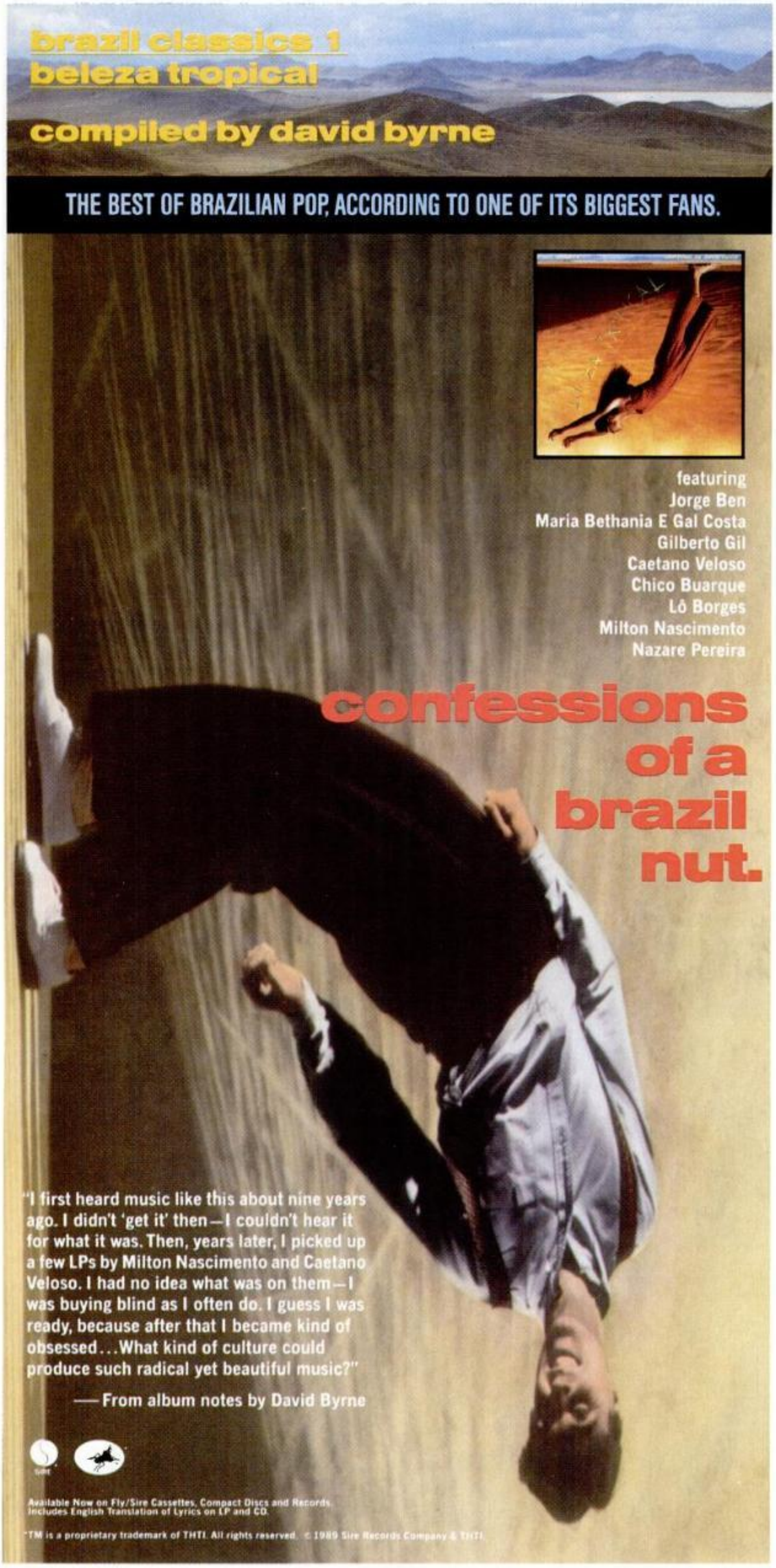


Copyrighted material

Some Just Love The Music.

TDK
SUPER PRECISION ANTI-RESONANCE CASSETTE MECHANISM
IEC II/TYPE II HIGH POSITION
SA
SUPER HIGH RESOLUTION / RESOLUTION TRES ELEVEE
100
TDK SA
TDK SOREAL™

Copyrighted material



From the SPY mailroom: There's something we'd like to nip in the bud. Two readers from Los Angeles have sent us their wedding announcement. We appreciate the update on "the changes in two of your subscribers' lives," and we offer our congratulations. But let the record show that the couple did *not* meet in this column or anywhere else in SPY. And we feel that publishing their names would set a very bad precedent. In no time readers would be asking us to send messages to other readers about how they enjoy moonlight and lobster and Mozart divertimenti but not fatties and to please enclose a photo.



John Szekely of Upland, California, has ordered a SPY T-shirt (large) and has written on the bottom of his order form, "Who is the highest-ranking civil servant to send you hate mail?" That's an easy one: Senator Alan K. Simpson, in last November's Letters section. Now do we win a John Szekely T-shirt?

Bill Pfriender of Spring Lake, New Jersey, has sent us a poem about SPY. Thanks, Bill. The thing is, on the envelope you directed the poem to "Letters" but inside you indicated it was a *submission*, so we don't know whether to make fun of it here, in *this* column, or in the unsolicited-manuscript column that follows. (We're not being cruel—it's SPY policy to make fun of even good poetry, since we don't publish any poetry at all. And we can't run it as a letter because of the "submitted by" part—that doesn't really make it a letter to the editor, now, does it? Procedurally, systemwise and administratively speaking, you've got us stymied.)

The November issue arrived with a bonus for Laura E. Pinto of Windsor, Ontario: "at least one thousand self-adhesive address labels bearing the name 'Catherine Mackay.'" She asks whether these labels were included in the plastic wrapper intentionally. *Of course.* Don't be alarmed, it's just a subscription giveaway—some people got SPY sunglasses, you got a thousand adhesive Catherine Mackay labels.

Actually, Bill, we like the poem.

Carole Johnson of Tuscaloosa, Alabama, spent October 28, 1988, writing

Copyrighted material

to SPY—*four* letters. The breakdown: (1) Edgar Allan Poe and Elvis Aron Presley: a comparison; (2) suggestions for "Separated at Birth?"; (3) "You really mustn't *knock Bono*"; (4) partial retraction of third letter. Slow day in Tuscaloosa?

Really, Bill, we do. Especially the "classy as it gets/sassy as it gets" part—that's *us*.

Alex Winter of Lewiston, Maine, caught the Firesign Theatre allusion in November's Letters section (the bit about Ignatz Raztwizkiwzki pronouncing his name "danger") and thanks us for it. "Where in hell are those guys?" he asks. Jack Montgomery of Mandarin, Florida, probably doesn't know. He writes to say that the correct pronunciation is "Ratzky-watzky," and identifies Ignatz as "the never-seen serviceman who impregnated Betty Hutton—OUT OF WEDLOCK!!—in that madcap comedy of the 1940s, *The Miracle of Morgan's Creek*."

But you see, Bill, there's really nothing we can do about it, and it's probably just going to fall through the cracks.

Charlotte De Jager, writing in the third person from Fairfield, Ohio, "denies mayhem in her seemingly innocent letter" of last year, which was written on misleading pink-and-blue stationery and was dealt with here in September. This time the gloves are off: menacing lined yellow notepaper.

A couple of follow-ups on SPY stories:

First, despite the defeat of the five-foot-eight-inch presidential candidate last fall, our thesis that short men are taking over (June 1987 cover story) continues to gather evidence, as teensy, self-employed Henry Kravis and Shearson's teensy Peter Cohen (who is "self-conscious about his five-foot-six height," according to the *Times*) are leading the alchemy-in-reverse transformation of corporate America into a mountain of leveraged-buyout debt.

Second, an addition to "Will the Real Man Behind I ♥ New York Please Stand Up" (by Ned Zeman, October): just who *did* invent the transistor? (a) Walter Brattain, John Bardeen and William Shockley; (b) NASA; (c) the Republican Party. All seem to have claimed to. SPY contributor Andy Aaron took a tour of NASA's Kennedy Space Center at Cape

DEAR EDITORS Before you get too smug about your powers of perception ("Logrolling in Our Time"), remember that Ambrose Bierce noted in 1883 in *Wasp*,

> Our magazines are the advertising circulars of the book-publishers who own them. Their function is to "puff" the books which first appeared as serials in their pages. In their pages their writers "puff" one another. In the *Atlantic*, for example, T. B. Aldrich (a nerveless, colorless jelly-fish of literature) will have a long laudatory review of W. D. Howells. A few months later W. D. Howells will have a long laudatory review of Henry James, Jr. Later, Henry James, Jr., will come to the fore with a long laudatory review of T. B. Aldrich, and the circle is complete. Three dwarfs have towered above the heads of their fellow men by standing on one another's shoulders in turn.

R. Michael Lieberman
San Francisco, California

DEAR EDITORS I was sitting at home, watching daytime TV, and on comes *Super Password*. And out come the two celebrity contestants: Marcia Wallace, the secretary from the old *Bob Newhart Show*, and . . . G. Gordon Liddy! Of course, Liddy did a fine job, winning a round or two by using the word *strap* as a clue for *jock* and guessing *prison* as the answer to the clues *hard* and *going*.

I'm hoping the old Watergate gang will take on the Iran-contra bunch on *Family Feud*. The Gaters would kick butt, don't you agree?

Stephen Perrine
Brooklyn

DEAR EDITORS Joel Siegel reviews SPY ["Joel Siegel Reviews 'New England,'" by Michael Crawford, December]:

Hysterically funny! Harry Shearer never wore nicer clothes ["Jacket Required," December]! I stood up and cheered! (Which was awkward and embarrassing when you consider where I read SPY!)

One of the top ten magazines of the year!

Joel Siegel
New York

DEAR EDITORS Cher does not "fit" your "annoying" list [The SPY 100, October]. Her total honesty and personality make her desirable to hear about and follow. Very few people find her annoying. . . . It was so depressing to see you do *not* like Cher. I *do* like your magazine!

Tom Mills
Cambridge, Massachusetts

And we do *like you, Tom! Look, let's not let Cher come between us.*

DEAR EDITORS Nope, it's Irving *Howe* vs. Philip Roth ["The Feuding System," November].

Now, please fix this major boner in a subsequent issue or *I'm* going to be mad at *you* and may stop submitting good "Separated at Birth?" suggestions, such as Johnny Carson and Tommy Smothers, just for instance.

Fred Rubin
Oakland, New Jersey

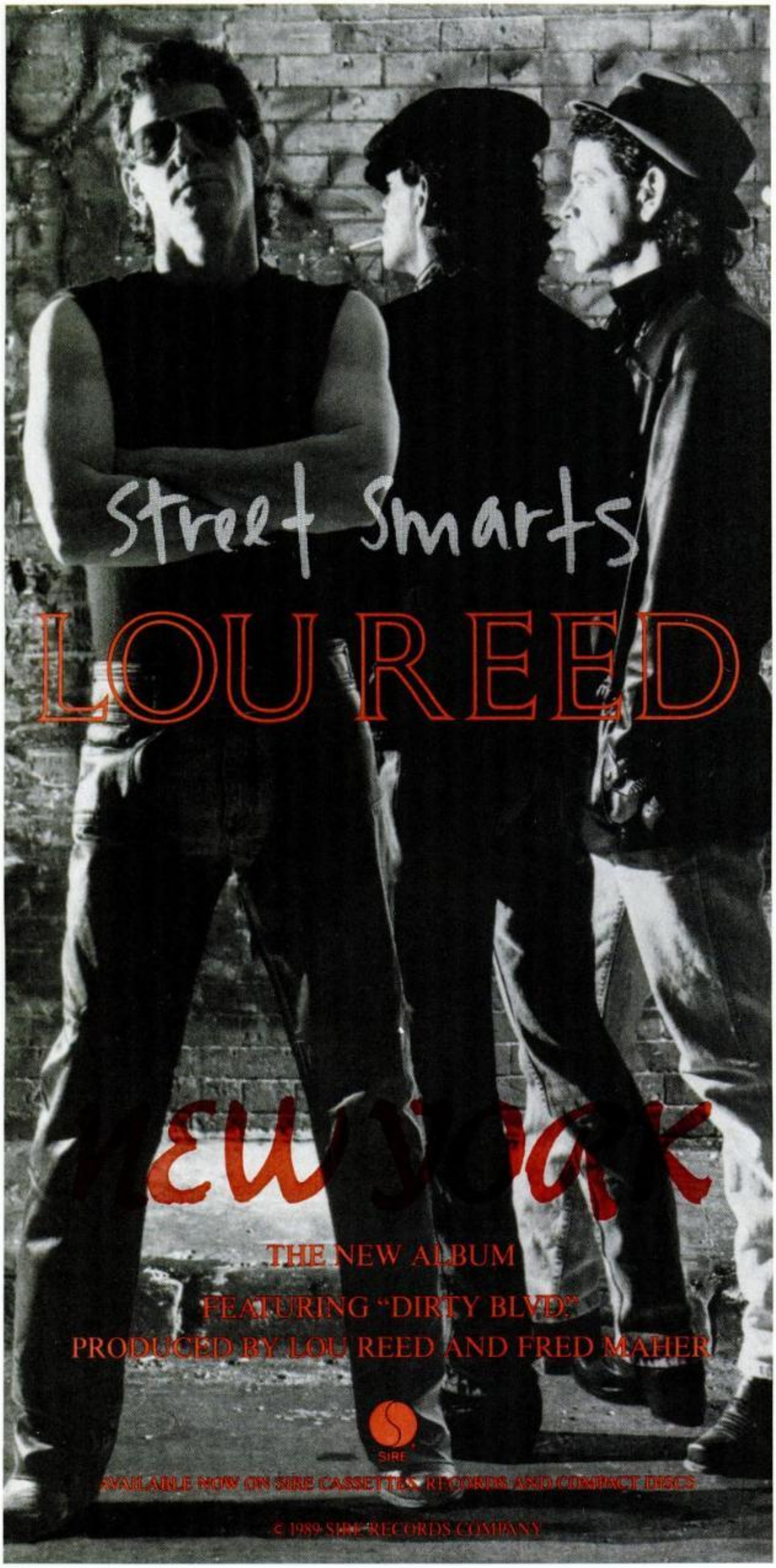
DEAR EDITORS We enjoyed your spoof of *Bare Bones: Conversations on Terror with Stephen King* ["So What's Wrong With Being Multifaceted?," by Martin Kihn, November]. But finding contradictions in Mr. King's interviews over an eight-year period must have been a little like shooting a sitting duck. Over time *everyone's* tastes and opinions change, and that includes writers, editors, politicians and possibly even magazines.

In any case, Steve didn't edit this collection. *We* did.

Tim Underwood and Chuck Miller
Novato, California

DEAR EDITORS I thought I could relax after you ran my letter last June, and leave your busy mailroom staff alone. (I got a copy of Z, by the way, and I can't say I understood *all* of it [Letters to SPY, June]; but Knut Hamsun–Ingemar Johansson "Separated by a Midwife"?—a stitch!)

I did not write when you so risibly pilloried my old college chum Richard Samuel West, who was, incidentally, at one time a *very* nice guy [From the SPY Mailroom,



Canaveral 15 years ago and remembers hearing a guide laying claim (for NASA) to the invention (a spokesman today says NASA would never take credit for that but admits that "we have made significant advances in the field of microminiaturization" and allows that NASA may have been involved in "minor incremental changes"). And at last summer's GOP convention, Pat Robertson said, "Ladies and gentlemen, the Republican Party wants to write a tale of another city. We are the children of those who tamed the wilderness. . . . We are the heirs of those who enriched the world with the electric light, the telephone, the airplane, mass-produced automobiles, the transistor. . . . We are Republicans." Golly, we didn't realize *just how much* we had to thank Pat Robertson and company for. The answer is, of course, (a)—the three men invented it at Bell Labs in 1947. On the other hand, maybe they were all Republicans.

Last October in this space we leveled a few casual threats at the pupils of New York's Hunter College High School for co-opting our "Separated at Birth?" logo and idea in their yearbook, *Annals*—nothing really mean, just a passing threat to ruin their careers at some point in the future. We've now received a letter from the staff of *Annals 1989*, informing us that this year the precocious little devils plan to expand their look-alikes section to two pages. They justify it this way: " 'Separated at Birth?' implies that each pair of people is really a pair of twins, and we believe that the two people in each of our pairs are really one and the same person." Furthermore, they've come up with a different, catchier title of their own this time: "Have You Ever Seen These People in the Same Place at the Same Time?" We like it. We just may steal it.

Speaking of which, we admit we've lost interest in doing periodic roundups of the pervasive SPY influence in other publications and also the occasional roots-of-SPY acknowledgments. We thank readers who continue to send us examples, but we'll henceforth let it go (except for those Hunter kids—they're *finished*). Let's all face it: it's a SPY-derivative world, and vice versa.

Oh, Bill? The check is in the mail. ❸

Copyrighted material

October]; or even when Mrs. De Menil finally wrote in about her son [Letters, October]. (All the same, watch her.) What prompts this worried note is your contention in The Fine Print [by Jamie Malanowski, November] that Richard Nixon ran for president as a New York favorite son. Richard Nixon was not born here, nor did he ever run for state office. Worked for a local law firm, I grant you; kept a Manhattan townhouse, educated his daughters, even so. But, as I think some song goes, California named him, California claimed him. And that's that.

Joe Gioia
Brooklyn

All quite true, but he did *run as a New York resident. And he's always been a favorite of ours.*

DEAR EDITORS A glaring omission from your pages has been detected lately. How is it that such a large and slow-moving target as Jann Wenner has escaped the cross hairs of your occasionally well-aimed jibes? Is there something you are not telling us? Is there a type of publicist who is paid to keep names out of certain publications, or are the connections closer than that?

So many questions. So much white space.

Reginald Fessenden
Austin, Texas

See No. 59 on last October's SPY 100 or "The 1970s" (December) or "The 100 Greatest Issues of Rolling Stone *Magazine of the Last 20 Years" (December).*

DEAR EDITORS How delightful it was to find Washington, D.C., mayor Marion Barry included in your paean to fall [Great Expectations, November]. (By the way, it is Barry, not Berry, but that's an understandable mistake, given his physical shape.) Many of us find Barry to be a politician in the mold of Al Sharpton, only less reputable.

Since Hizzoner is a regular visitor to New York, he should be considered fair game for your gentle japes. After all, here is a man who has stated on several occasions that he is second in importance only to the president of the United States, and who travels with a security entourage only slightly smaller than that accorded the first family. How can Ed Koch hold a candle to someone who glides around town in his Lincoln town car, wearing an expensive sweatsuit and a baseball cap with MAYOR embroidered on it in gold thread? This self-described night owl, attired in the aforementioned lounging outfit, also admitted recently to paying a late-night visit to a young woman who makes her living dancing nude, on the pretext of introducing himself to her three-year-old son.

The SPY shutterbugs may also want to drop in on the mayor's next birthday party, especially if it's like some of the past bashes. One favorite took place in the club where the dancer mentioned above performs. At one point in the evening one young woman spent an extraordinary amount of time underneath the mayor's table, reportedly looking for a dropped book of matches. Light my fire, indeed!

By the way, before you mock my community of residence, as you have done to so many before, you should know that only the truly deranged, a few politicians and those people whom they breed to work at the Motor Vehicle Bureau actually live in D.C. The rest of us commute to work on what passes for a subway around here.

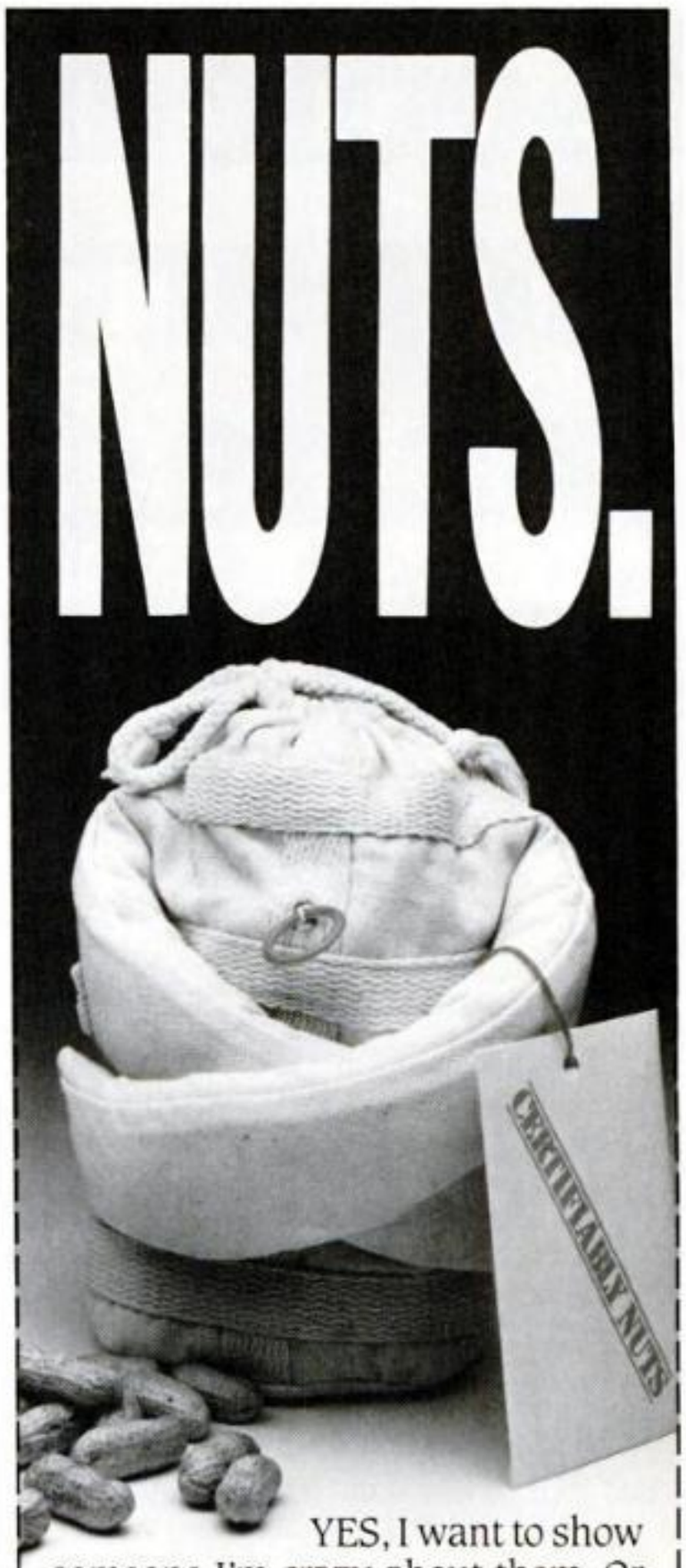
Jack Sheehan
Germantown, Maryland

DEAR EDITORS As a soon-to-be-certified public accountant and devout Mickey Rourke fan, I was dismayed to note *Heaven's Gate* missing from his list of credits ["The Unstoppables," by Rod Granger and Doris Toumarkine, November]. The omission will not only cost United Artists substantial video rentals from the Rourke contingent of SPY's readers, but, by bringing Rourke's total to more than $100 million, it would have made him the hands-down Unstoppable champ.

After *Heaven's Gate* and *Year of the Dragon*, the mind can only wonder what effect the "Rourke factor" could have had on Michael Cimino's third bomb of the 1980s, *The Sicilian.*

Blaine Faulkner
El Cajon, California

We tried to concentrate on movies in which our Unstoppables played starring roles, either before or behind the cameras. Having already, uh, credited Heaven's Gate *to fellow Unstoppables Michael Cimino and Kris Kristofferson, it would have been unfair to charge it off on Rourke's account as well.* ➟



YES, I want to show someone I'm crazy about them. Or I'm crazy. Or they're crazy. So send me Certifiably Nuts,™ the laughing, talking strait jacket containing 12 oz. of unshelled peanuts.

I understand each bag comes with a patient history and commitment paper gift card and costs $19.95 plus $4.00 shipping and handling per bag. (California residents add 6.5% sales tax.)

I have enclosed a check or money order in the amount of $_____ for ____ bag(s). I will wait patiently (no pun intended) 8 to 10 weeks for delivery.

Name _____

Address _____

City_____State____Zip_____

Telephone _____

Off Center
1142 Manhattan Avenue #332
Manhattan Beach, CA 90266

Void where prohibited.

Some of the most important issues management will face in the next 12 months.



It's here. Another year of mergers, acquisitions, spinoffs, layoffs, buyouts, bailouts, hirings and firings. All the things that make life at the top of the corporate ladder exciting and—sometimes—short.

Simple survival is the main reason why the biweekly arrival of Forbes is so important to so many in management. And that's not just our opinion. According to a study by Market Facts, more corporate officers in 1,000 of America's largest companies said that of the three leading business magazines, Forbes is the one they hate to miss. Why? Because they say Forbes gives them the best information on companies, as well as the best judgments and insights. But survival isn't the only thing—they also say it's the most enjoyable.

It's because Forbes gives both executives and investors the information they need in a form they enjoy that Forbes enjoys such a wealth of megarich readers. Subscribers who have household incomes of over $160,000 and investment portfolios of over $895,000. With one out of three a millionaire.

And while America's business and financial leaders find Forbes to be the most informative, liveliest and most enjoyable of the major business magazines, advertisers are happy to find that it's the least expensive way to reach them.

No doubt this is why the Publishers Information Bureau consistently ranks Forbes among the leaders in total advertising pages. Why biweekly Forbes carries more ad pages than Time, Newsweek, Sports Illustrated or U.S. News (and, of course, Fortune).

If you want your advertising to be seen and well received by the upper ranks of management, put it in the business magazine they consistently vote their favorite. Forbes.

Put your message where the money is.

Forbes Capitalist Tool®
Forbes Magazine—60 Fifth Ave. N.Y. NY 10011

Copyrighted material

DEAR EDITORS When I was in school, I used to amuse myself during boring classes by making anagrams. (E. Graydon Carter = CORNET READY: RAG!, GRODY CAREER ANT.) But my teachers discouraged me. They told me no one could make a living from anagrams. (Kurt Andersen = STARKEEN NURD, DRUNKEN STARE.) Like a fool, I believed them.

John T. Durkin
Montclair, New Jersey

DEAR EDITORS A satirical magazine must keep its credibility, or it becomes like the hyperyellow journals sold in supermarkets. Ned Zeman's piece ["Will the Real Man Behind I♥NY Please Stand Up," October] not only smells of desperation—trying to get enough material for a basically good idea—but some of it is so false that even the opposite of his statements is not true. Take the case of the Four Seasons, for instance. Philip Johnson never claimed to invent Chocolate Velvet, Mies van der Rohe took no credit for the brilliant concept, George Lois is perfectly happy with receiving credit for translating the concept into a public message, and I certainly have not claimed credit for any of the above, as my bio in *Who's Who* clearly indicates. There are several people who should take credit for being part of a team led by Joe Baum—who deserves a good-size chapter in a book yet to be written, namely the history of twentieth-century restaurants as a social institution. Please also read my article in *Travel & Leisure* in connection with the 25th anniversary of this extraordinary institution.

Although I don't usually dispense free advice, I will make an exception at this time: don't try *too hard*, because, in the immortal words of A. J. Liebling, you will boot yourself in the posterior.

George Lang
New York

DEAR EDITORS While it is plain in the final analysis in Ned Zeman's story that I created the I♥NY campaign and that I was the only person telling the truth, I wish that the piece had conducted further investigation into the origins of the campaign.

I would gladly have made my files available to you, and you would have seen for yourself the lengthy, in-depth, detailed letters that I had sent to numerous people upwards of a year and a half before any meetings actually took place relative to the campaign.

These letters outline the concept and needs for such a campaign and—like my client "pitch" letters—served as the basis for the campaign.

Charles Moss at Wells, Rich, Greene knew of my plan—my dream—for over a year before I actually laid out a specific program and corralled him into getting involved in the campaign. Moss sat at my bedside while I nursed a broken leg and for nearly a year heard me outline my plan to save New York.

For a long time Moss credited me with having created the campaign. Then Mary Wells Lawrence stopped him because she realized Wells, Rich, Greene could build their future on supposedly having created the campaign. They realized I wasn't looking for credit, and it was the most constructive, successful campaign of its nature in history.

Robert M. Zarem
New York



PARTY ANIMAL

March Auction Calendar

7 Furniture, Decorations & Paintings
14 English & Continental Furniture, Decorations & Rugs
16 Art Nouveau, Art Deco & Erté
21 Oriental Furniture & Works of Art
22 Collectibles
28 Furniture, Decorations & Paintings

Learn your ABCEs—Art Basics at Christie's East a series of free discussions, given by Christie's East specialists, on the basics of fine and decorative arts connoisseurship. ABCE presentations are held at noon. For further information, please call Jennifer Miller at 212/606-0440.

March 11 Finials and Finishes—The Fine Points of Furniture Matthew Sturtevant.

All viewings and sales are open to the public. For further information call or visit Christie's East, 219 East 67th Street, New York, NY 10021. Tel: 212/606-0400.

An early Knickerbocker long-billed Donald Duck, c. 1938, to be sold March 22. Estimate: $2,000–$3,000

CHRISTIE'S
EAST

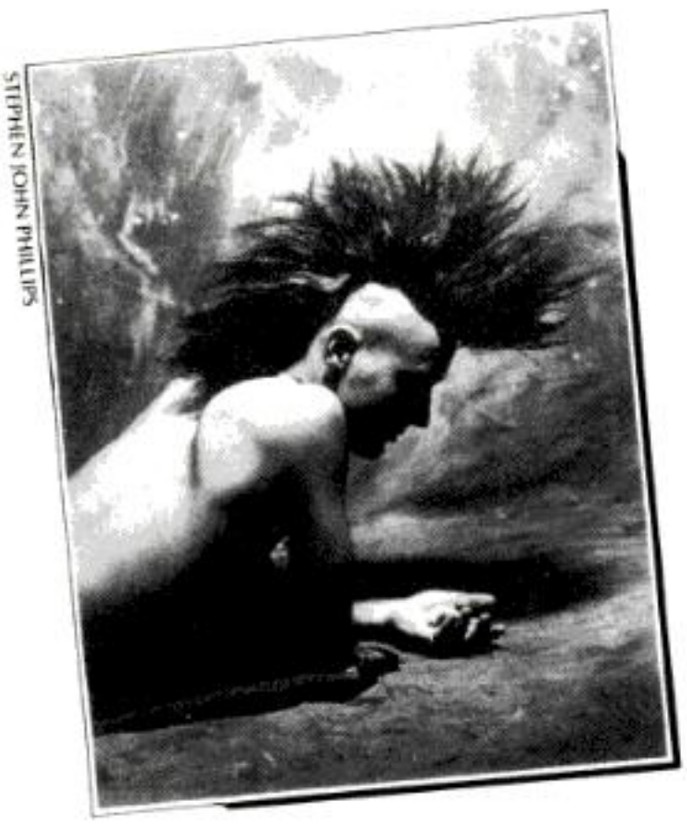
Copyrighted material

"If you've been searching for something to enhance the sensual side of your life... Yellow Silk offers fiction, poetry, art, reminiscences, and reviews of material that celebrate the erotic in a way that manages to be both tasteful and juicy. The writing ranges from earthy and funny to tender and thoughtful, and the art is exquisite. Highly recommended."

Neshama Franklin
Medical Self-Care

Yellow Silk

JOURNAL OF EROTIC ARTS



"All persuasions; no brutality."

W.S. Merwin • Ntozake Shange • Susan Griffin • Robert Silverberg • Mayumi Oda Jean Genet • Tee Corinne • Pierre Louys Gary Soto • Judy Dater • Marge Piercy Jessica Hagedorn • William Kotzwinkle Eric Gill • Marilyn Hacker • Ivan Argüelles Charlotte Mendez • Octavio Paz

YS, P.O. Box 6374, Albany CA 94706
$20/year • Quarterly

NAME

ADDRESS

OUTSIDE US., ADD $6/SURFACE, $20/AIR PER YEAR. U.S. FUNDS.

DEAR EDITORS My fears for the future of the Review of Reviewers column have been allayed. Ignatz's piece about dance critics in the November issue was trenchant and marvelously funny. I'll never read Kisselgoff again without giggling. I never read Kisselgoff *before* without giggling, but now the future is secure.

Art Murray
Saddlebrook, New Jersey

DEAR EDITORS I guess you *can* be too thin. The arrival of VG-Day has reminded me of your recent article on Grenada ["Return to Grenada," by Guy Martin, July], to which I'd like to append the following fashion tip: in any formerly leftist country that has recently been overrun by U.S. Marines, no matter how lithe and stylish you may look in black it's unwise for Americans to wear clothing clearly labeled SPY, as illustrated by your correspondent's jungle photo. You're likely to earn the undeserved appellation "CIA redneck" from the entertaining but uninformed natives.

Incidentally, black tees and sweatshirts clearly labeled CIA can be obtained from the California Institute of the Arts, in Valencia, California, alma mater of such potentially suspicious operatives as Pee-wee Herman and Tim Burton.

Kevin Bjorke
Hell's Kitchen

DEAR EDITORS A couple issues have really got me perplexed. Why is it that every time Ignatz's name appears in print, it seems to pick up an extra vowel or consonant along the way? (A simple issue, I know, but I have a low *Gaslight* threshold.) Also, the word *preternaturally* appeared no fewer than ten times in your November issue. Was this deliberate, or did one of your editorial staffers forget to change his word-a-day calendar? Straight answers are not expected but would be greatly appreciated. Aside from that, you guys make me scream.

Thérèse L. Hentz
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

Although the word preternaturally *appears in every issue of* SPY, *it's possible that the November issue was preternaturally brimming. As for Ratzwizkiwzki's name changing its spelling, nonsense. Surely you're imagining things. Ratzwikzizwki's name has always been spelled the same in* SPY—*always. You're overtired. Get some rest, Ms. Hentz. See a movie. How about a good George Cukor film? Now that you mention it,* Gaslight *would be an* excellent *choice.*

DEAR EDITORS While perusing your latest issue and reading the article on the basically nonexistent boundaries between politicians and journalists ["Everybody's a Great Communicator," by Jack Hitt and Bob Mack, November] I was struck by your comment on William Safire. "Best *New York Times* columnist"? This commendation for a man who, among his many other egregious acts, felt compelled to write a nauseating paean to Roy Cohn in his column at the time of that slimeball's death? After a few moments' reflection I realized that you put in the little zinger for Safire as a payback for the *Times* column each month. In other words, William Safire is really ghosting for J. J. Hunsecker. Isn't he?

Dr. Kenneth R. Weinberg
New York

No. In fact, Mr. Hunsecker has been ghosting Mr. Safire's column all these years.

DEAR EDITORS Allow me to congratulate you on this year's excellent SPY 100 issue [October]. Especially gratifying to me were the copious references to professional wrestling (my favorite sport) scattered discreetly through several articles:

(1) My own letter on "Iron" Mike DiBiase's heart attack on page 37

(2) "Frank from the Bronx" in WFAN transcript on page 62 mentions another wrestling death, Bruiser Brody's stabbing in Puerto Rico at the hands of Invader No. 3

(3) "Monstrous Henchmen" on page 77 includes Andre the Giant

(4) John Brodie's "Regular Guy Manhattan" map on page 106 includes World Wrestling Federation wrestling at Madison Square Garden under "events."

Clinton S. Freeman
New York

DEAR EDITORS Your FEUDS! cover story [by Lynn Hirschberg, November] was interesting, funny and epic in scope.

Copyrighted material

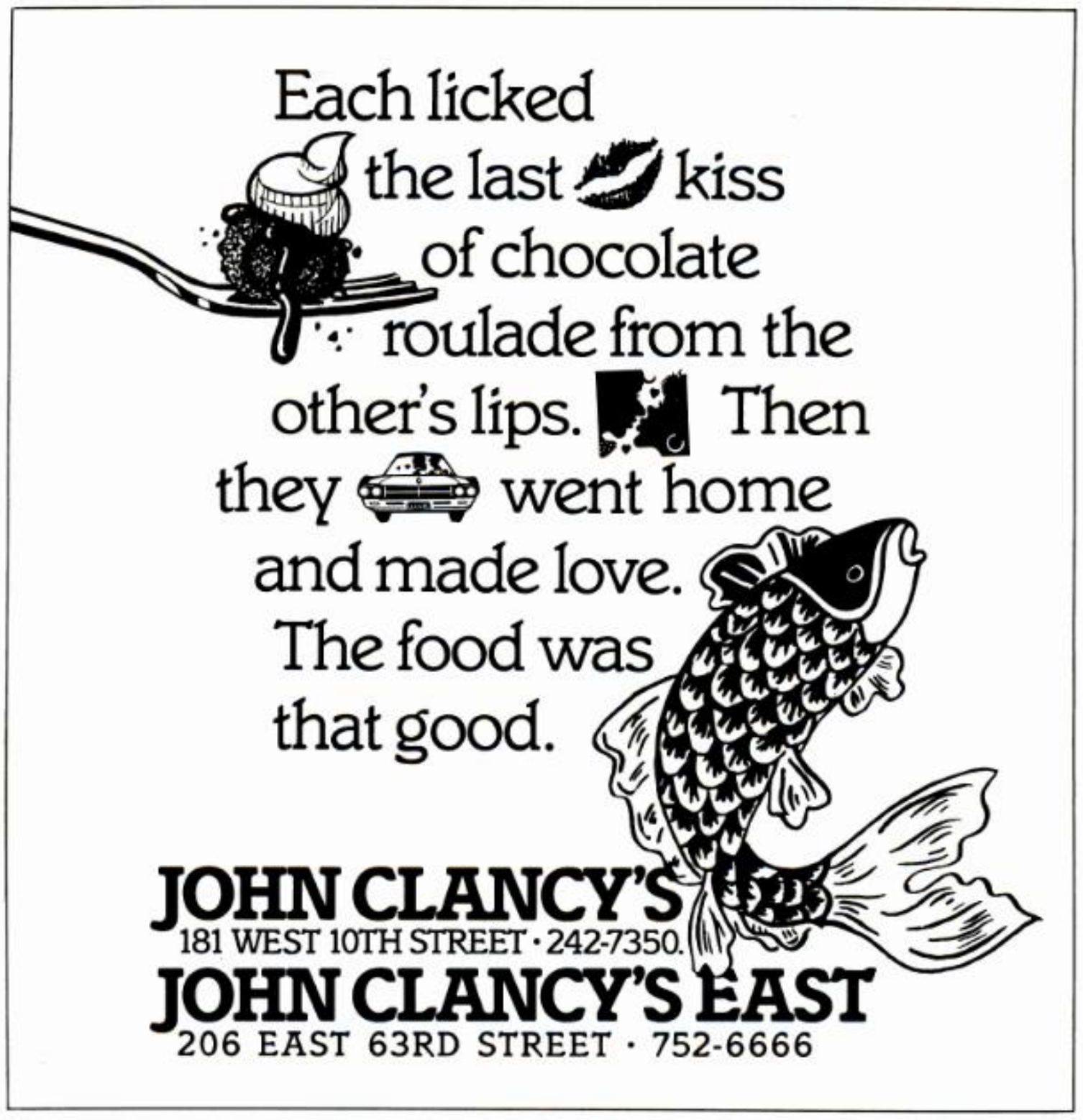
I'd like to use SPY as a forum to start a personal feud (being a celebrated letter writer, considering I've had two letters printed in the past year in *Rolling Stone*; check issue Nos. 519 and 538) with self-appointed old-style SPY crusader Michael Gates of Brooklyn [Letters, November]. Where do you get off, Gates, criticizing this wonderfully perfect example of a satirical monthly simply because it has more pages? A magazine is not like a model; having fewer pages is not "tastefully svelte," but usually means less content; having more pages is not "corpulent," but rather a way to give you more for your money. However, my main peeve against Gates is his description of SPY as a "whimsical alternative to the humorless *New Yorker*." Ridiculous! SPY is the eighties semisophisticated distillation of the satiro-paranoid attitude of mid-fifties *Mad*. To SPY, I give the best of luck in the future. To Michael "Hideously Bloated" Gates—I throw down the gauntlet.

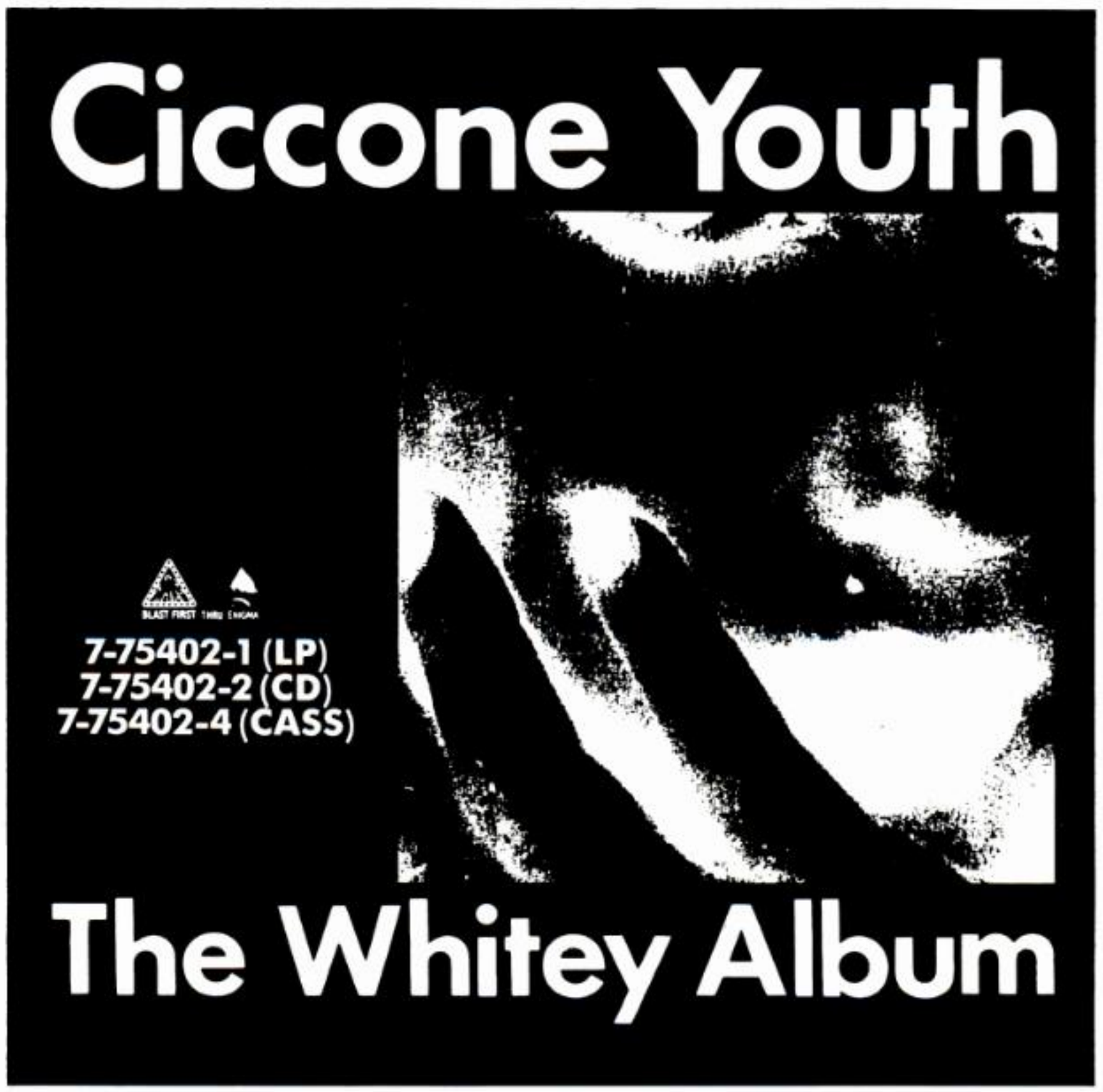
Dave Platt
Winnipeg, Manitoba, Canada

DEAR EDITORS Get your act together, SPY. Feuding is an interesting subject, but you've made a mess of it. You've also got a number of facts—or "facts," as a SPY would write—wrong. Now, we all know that when the computer comes up with a good quote, it's better not to check it out because even the most venerable quotes are wrong. I assume that's why you checked almost nothing with me. Worse, as there is no context of any kind, no one who reads you will ever know *why* I said any of the things attributed to me. Apparently, out of the blue, I insult someone for no reason.

When you first rang me, I told you gently, firmly, that my "feuds" are usually political in origin. But you weren't buying that. You also never explain how I—or anyone—can have a feud (which implies some sort of intimacy at some time) with a mere acquaintance like R. F. Kennedy, W. F. Buckley, R. Guccione and T. Brokaw. If politics (artistic matters also involve the *polis*) are not the common denominator, what on earth is?

Now, I know that you find it impossible to believe that anyone can be interested in anything outside himself. Out there in *Hustler*-land all is Hype, Turf, Vanity and SPY's own most powerful emotion, Envy.





Copyrighted material

The Last, Best Band Of The '80s.



THE REPLACEMENTS
DON'T TELL A SOUL

Produced By Matt Wallace and The Replacements.
Available Now On Sire Records, Cassettes And Compact Discs.
© 1989 Sire Records Company

SIRE

To take seriously something outside one's own hustle is as mysterious to SPY as Grace is to me. This means that there is no way for you to understand why I should object so strenuously to Mailer's attack on Women's Liberation in *The Prisoner of Sex*. The best explanation that you can come up with is that "Mailer nailed Vidal early on by saying, 'He lacks the wound.' " Yes, Mailer did write that (I still don't know what he meant by it), in a book called *Advertisements for Myself*, which I reviewed most favorably in *The Nation*. Surely if I lusted for Revenge, I would have got it then.

Your report of my TV debate with Buckley makes it seem as if I suddenly turned to him on air and called him a Nazi. Aren't you even mildly curious as to why I said this? For SPY it is enough that I must, somehow, have Envied him for his astonishing beauty and long words—reverse the adjectives if you like, if you haven't already, and so, Viciously, Outrageously (two words applied by our masters to anyone who gives away the scam), I called him a Nazi. Even if you aren't curious, I'm sure your readers must be. So here's the context: At the 1968 Chicago convention of the Democratic Party, the police were rioting as Buckley and I were on air; police were beating up and teargassing anti–Vietnam War demonstrators; delegates too. Buckley characterized those being beaten up as Nazis, and I said that they weren't Nazis but if there was one anywhere on the premises, etc. . . . If this exchange with someone who was, socially, a stranger to me, isn't political, what is?

Errors: "When Vidal sued Guccione (he also sued Capote, William F. Buckley Jr. and many, many others) . . ." Real dumb, SPY. Real lazy too. I have never sued anyone except Capote (for libel, which I won). I have never been sued by anyone except Buckley, as a result of my response in *Esquire* to his attack (in *Esquire*) on me. You write, "Lawsuits and countersuits followed but Vidal settled out of court." I did not settle out of court. I was eager to go to trial. *But shortly before we were due in court, Buckley dropped his suit against me.* Chat with your lawyers, SPY. I hear the creak of prison doors, and there is no Mike Dukakis to furlough you.

The final error is not entirely your fault. You write that before I went on the *Today* show (1980?), Tom Brokaw asked me to discuss politics, not bisexuality. Then, on air, I, Viciously, Outrageously, talked bisexuality, to poor Tom's despair. You got this particular story from a *Time* magazine cover piece on the vicissitudes of TV's newsreaders. The truth? The reverse. On air, Brokaw asked me why I wrote so much about bisexuality (I don't), and I made a mild joke, said it was too early in the morning for such talk and I preferred to talk politics. Pluckily, he reread the question that someone else, I hope, had written down for him. Fed up, I said that I was not going to discuss bisexuality with him but that I *was* going to talk about Jimmy Carter, whom we'd just been watching on the monitor; and I did. It was not Tom Brokaw's finest hour. He got Even, as a SPY would say, in the *Time* interview by reversing the story. Later I ran into him at a party and asked him why he'd lied to *Time*—I used a nicer verb. He couldn't remember exactly, he said. Anyway, it's not his word against mine, the sort of vague, messy story SPY truly loves: you can look at the tape.

Lesson: when you deal with me or Mary McCarthy, you are moving out of hustler-land to a high ground where you stray at your peril. It is called Criticism, and at its best, no matter how harsh or even unfair, it is disinterested. McCarthy was not jealous

Copyrighted material

Finally.
It's here.
The Warner Bros. debut
of a beloved entertainer
who needs no introduction.
But you can call him Spike.



ELVIS COSTELLO

SPIKE

THE BELOVED ENTERTAINER

PRODUCED BY ELVIS COSTELLO, KEVIN KILLEN AND T BONE BURNETT
FEATURING THE SINGLE "VERONICA"
AVAILABLE NOW ON WARNER BROS. CASSETTES, COMPACT DISCS AND RECORDS

© 1989 WARNER BROS RECORDS INC.

of Hellman; she thought her a literary and political fraud. I was not jealous of Mailer; I thought him wrong on the sexual politics of women's liberation.

Final thought: the inability to tell good from bad, relevant from irrelevant, the joke (this is crucial) from the straight line, is true decadence. That's it, SPY.

See you in federal court. Have a nice pretrial deposition.

Gore Vidal
Hollywood, California

Shortly after Mr. Vidal sent this letter, he called SPY *to find out if we'd received it. In the course of a discursive and wholly pleasant colloquy, Mr. Vidal, who once said, "As one gets older, litigation replaces sex," delivered a tongue-lashing for what he claimed were numerous errors, fundamental among them that he was not a recidivist litigator. Mr. Vidal claimed to have sued only one person in his life, and that was Truman Capote. "To say otherwise," he informed us solemnly, "would be actionable."* SPY *stands by its story.*

SPY *welcomes letters from its readers. Address correspondence to* SPY, *The Puck Building, 295 Lafayette Street, New York, N.Y. 10012. Please include your daytime telephone number.*

And from the SPY mailroom floor: Possibly because of our recently adopted scorched-earth policy regarding unsolicited manuscripts, the pickings lately have been slimmer but of greater ambition. Viz.: At last, someone has sent along a 4,800-word satire about cheese in futuristic America. At last, someone has written proposing an article on Samoan sexual practices today. At last, we have been offered the opportunity to assign a story on a specific aspect of Spain's post-Franco culture. At last.

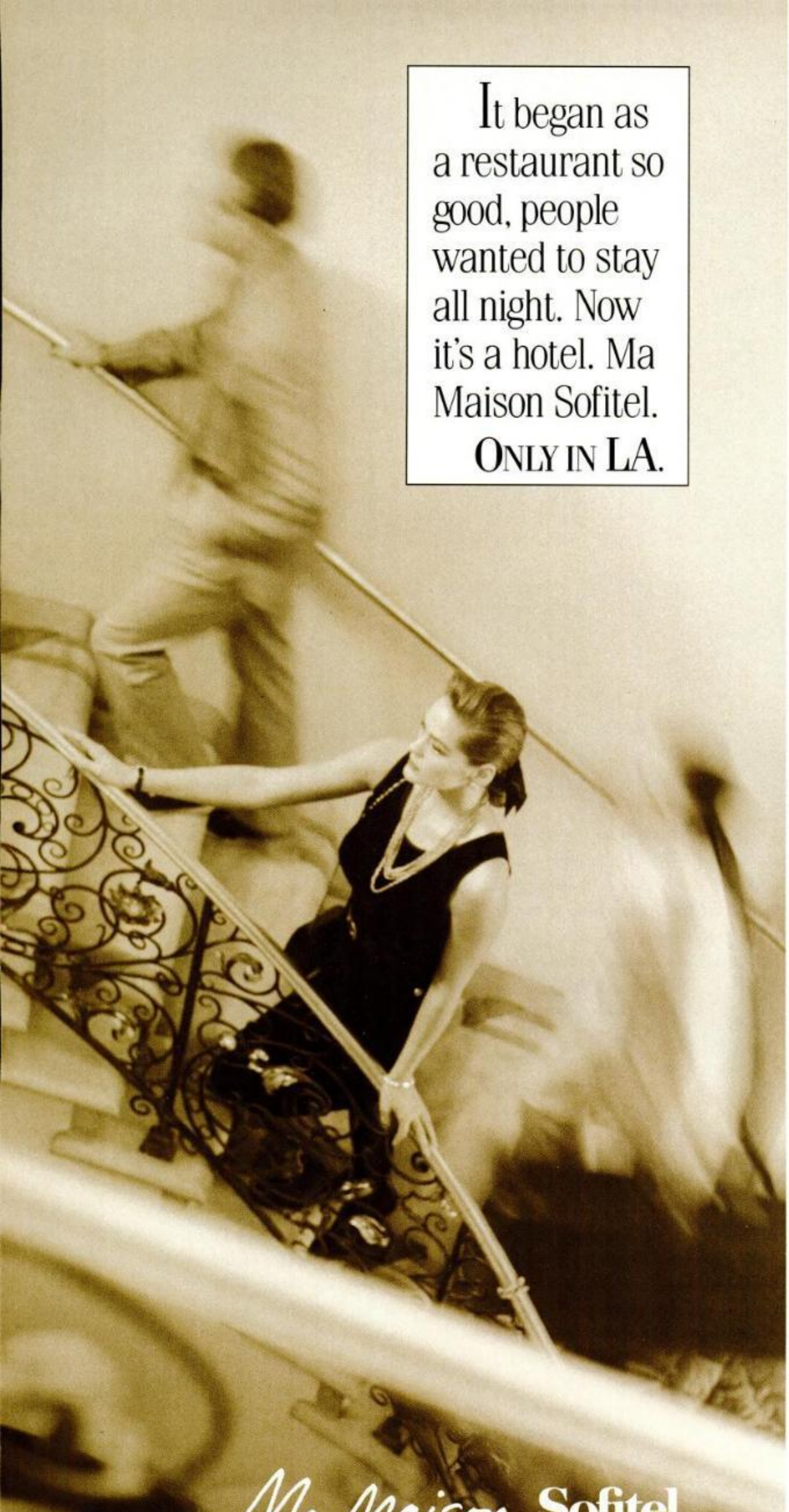


The cover letters are improving as well, as more and more would-be contributors are discovering flattery. "It occurs to me that your publication might appreciate some of my work," writes an Ottawa man, enclosing some poems. Another man writes, "After a few bad ones, the November issue was really funny." No question, we are predisposed to send this writer a contract. And another man encloses what he describes as "a really bitchen film article"—a Los Angeles man—but predicts we won't publish it. How can we lose if he's *expecting* rejection?

Someone in Bellevue, Washington, wants to submit a 1,100-word recipe for "The Best Pizza You Ever Ate"—a topic, critics of SPY have long maintained, that we have covered to death. A Canadian-bred Manhattanite proposes a piece titled "Particle Metaphysics: Subjective Reality and *The Last Temptation of Christ*"; his postscript is a sly appeal to the tragic fellow-Canadian-ness of one of SPY's editors. A woman keeps sending us snapshots—the latest are of dinosaurs, tanks, T-shirts and canned goods—and demanding a check. And—pay attention, all of you—the editors of the *North Atlantic Review* have sent us an announcement stating that they (unlike SPY) are "looking for fiction, poetry, humor, satire, essays, criticism, book reviews, art work and photos." Address: 15 Arbutus Lane, Stony Brook, N.Y. 11790-1408.

Oh, and here's one more envelope, addressed to the "Light Verse Editor." We'll just put it right over here until one of SPY's light verse editors gets back from his or her sabbatical.

Copyrighted material



Kurt Andersen E. Graydon Carter
EDITORS

Thomas L. Phillips Jr.
PUBLISHER

Steven Schragis
PUBLISHING DIRECTOR

Susan Morrison
EXECUTIVE EDITOR

B. W. Honeycutt
ART DIRECTOR

Jill Dickey
MANAGING EDITOR

George Kalogerakis
SENIOR WRITER

Joanne Gruber Bruce Handy Jamie Malanowski
SENIOR EDITORS

Caren Weiner
CHIEF OF RESEARCH

Paul Simms
STAFF WRITER

Amy Stark
PICTURE EDITOR

Alexander Knowlton
ASSOCIATE ART DIRECTOR

Joseph Mastrianni
ASSOCIATE EDITOR

Bob Mack Deborah Michel
Eddie Stern Rachel Urquhart
REPORTERS

John Brodie Peter Heffernan
Kate McDowell Elissa Schappell
EDITORIAL ASSISTANTS

Scott Frommer Michael Hofmann
ASSISTANT ART DIRECTORS

Harriet Barovick Eric Hollreiser William R. Smith
RESEARCHERS

Meredith Davis Elizabeth Devereaux
Rita Nadler E. L. Vandepaer
COPY EDITORS

Nicki Gostin Barbara Hoffrenning
Bill Wilson Jennifer Winston
ART ASSISTANTS

Eric Kaplan ™
CUB REPORTER–AT–LARGE

Andy Aaron, Jack Barth, Roy Blount Jr., Celia Brady, Holly Brubach, Chris Callis, Cynthia Cotts, Bruce Feirstein, Drew Friedman, Tad Friend, Marina Garnier, Joe Gillis, James Grant, John Heilpern, Tony Hendra, Lynn Hirschberg, Ann Hodgman, J. J. Hunsecker, Howard Kaplan, Melik Kaylan, Geoff Kern, Mimi Kramer, Mark Lasswell, T. S. Lord, Thomas Mara, Guy Martin, Patty Marx, Patrick McMullan, Mark O'Donnell, David Owen, Joe Queenan, Ignatz Raztwizkiwzki, Paul Rudnick, Luc Sante, John Seabrook, Harry Shearer, Rodrigo Shopis, Paul Slansky, Michael Sorkin, Richard Stengel, Jo Stockton, Taki, James Traub, Nicholas von Hoffman, Ellis Weiner, Philippe Weisbecker, Philip Weiss, Ned Zeman and Edward Zuckerman, among others
CONTRIBUTING EDITORS

Anne Kreamer
MARKETING DIRECTOR

Ellen K. Falb
ADVERTISING SALES DIRECTOR

Cindy Arlinsky Constance Drayton
Pamela Clark Radding Eva Sullivan
ADVERTISING SALES REPRESENTATIVES

Lisa Auslander
CIRCULATION MANAGER

Adam Dolgins
PROMOTION MANAGER

Geoffrey Reiss
PRODUCTION MANAGER

Bridget F. Hughes
OFFICE MANAGER

Candace Meighan
ACCOUNTING MANAGER

Richard Bulman Lawrence Hettleman
ADVERTISING SALES ASSISTANTS

Monica Mahoney Elaine Wilkins
PUBLISHING ASSISTANTS

Anna Dylan Caitlin Lovinger
Todd Malgarini Robert Dwek
INTERNS

Copyrighted material



"With the new tax laws,
these are the only loopholes we
encourage you to look for."
—Kenneth Cole

New York
353 Columbus Ave.

Kenneth Cole shoes are also available
at selected Department and Specialty stores.

San Francisco
2078 Union St.

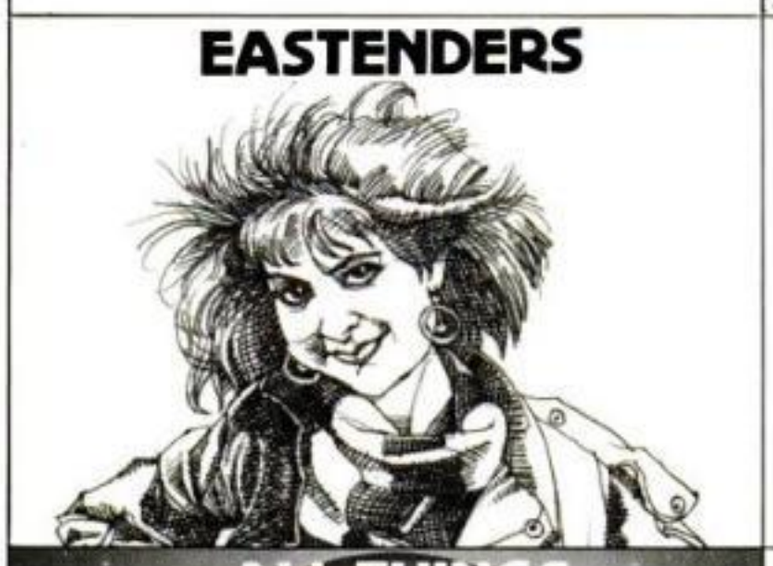
Copyrighted material

LOOK WHAT $40 BUYS IN NEW YORK.

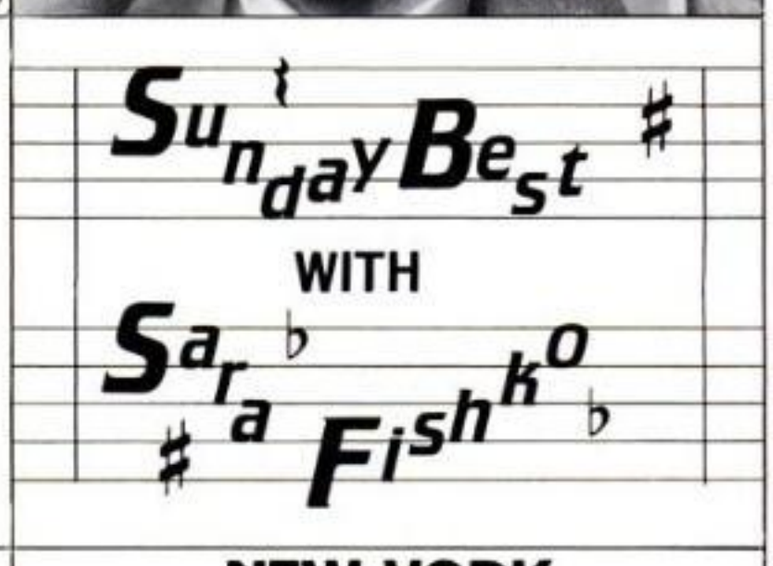


















These are some of WNYC's shining stars. And here is why we need your help: All three WNYC stations are public broadcasting stations, dependent on the support of our audience.

If you're a fan of one of our shows, if you care about radio and television that's intelligent, entertaining and provocative, we invite you to join WNYC and become a member of the country's fastest growing public station.

For only $40 a year you can help us bring you programs with an innovative difference. And in appreciation, you'll receive our monthly program guide, and theWNYC Membership ARTSCARD, good for admission and ticket discounts in leading area theaters and museums.

If you think $40 doesn't go far in New York, just look how far it can go on WNYC.

☐ $40 Basic Membership ☐ $25 Student/Senior
☐ $50 ☐ $75 ☐ $100 ☐ $250 Other

Name_____

Address_____ Apt._____

City_____ State_____ Zip_____

I want to charge it to my:
☐ AMEX ☐ VISA ☐ MC

Card #_____ Exp.Date____

Signature_____

Send to: WNYC Membership,
One Centre Street, NY, NY 10007
105 Attn: Gloria Friedman

WNYC AM83/FM94/TV31
New York Public Radio and Television
65th Anniversary Season

Copyrighted material

Striking New Yorkers.



CHARIVARI

NEW YORK

Matsuda Spring Collection

Copyrighted material

Naked City

THE USUAL SUSPECTS



S. QUINN



J. SHANLEY



J. EHRLICHMAN

THE fINE PRINT

by Jamie Malanowski

TRACKING A LEAD BALLOON: HIGHLIGHTS OF THE OFFICIAL DUKAKIS CAMPAIGN "TALKING POINTS"

As Democrats continue their quadrennial mortification ceremonies—they are now in the harsh self-examination phase, the one that follows the hallucinatorily optimistic and the crashing-defeat phases—they will busy themselves by assigning blame for last fall's loss in the presidential election. Those who contend that the fault lies with the campaign should look no further than the campaign's own "talking points," the confidential daily dispatches issued by the central office to key operatives around the country to make sure everyone is delivering the same message. They reveal a campaign characterized by misjudgment, misperception, defensiveness, delusion and the unmistakable odor of flop sweat. Here are some highlights.

August 15: "*THE 'L' WORD IS LEADERSHIP*: The Republicans say they want this election to be about issues. So why do they keep talking about labels?"

August 18: "A poll today in the *Washington Post* showed Dukakis' lead narrowing to 49%-46%. This is exactly ▸

IT SEEMS THAT WASHINGTON'S New Age bosomy dirty-book writer, **SALLY QUINN**, was upset about a recent *Esquire* profile of her friend and onetime *Washington Post* colleague, **SHELBY COFFEY**, the freshly installed executive editor of the *Los Angeles Times*. The *Esquire* story was mildly critical of Coffey, but Quinn was irked by some passing swipes the *Esquire* writer had taken at *her* (such as repeating old rumors that *Post* writers had ghosted her novel, *Regrets Only*). So Quinn did what anyone would do: she complained to **AMANDA "BINKY" URBAN**, who happens to be both Quinn's friend and the agent for the Coffey profile's author, **CRAIG UNGER**. How in God's name, Quinn wanted to know, could Binky have allowed a client to say so many horrible things about her? Binky was apologetic. Binky was reassuring. Unger was not *really* her client, she said. She had agreed, she said, to represent Unger only because his former agent had died, and Binky really had nothing to do with him, Binky never so much as returned his phone calls, and so on. End of girl talk. Within the week, however, Binky received a call from Unger—a phone call that she immediately took, oddly enough. What had she thought of the *Esquire* piece?, Unger asked. She had liked it very much indeed, Binky replied, *especially the bits about Sally Quinn*.

II

HE IS ONE OF THE VERY FEW Hollywoodworkers whose talent is commensurate with his arrogance about his talent, and his uncompromising take-it-or-leave-it approach to selling the *Moonstruck* screenplay probably did as much to enhance screenwriters' status as any gassy Writers Guild manifesto. Nevertheless, **JOHN PATRICK SHANLEY**'s impassioned pro-union speech to Writers Guild East members last year, just before their long, difficult strike collapsed, seemed somewhat less moving after we were told that Shanley had been surreptitiously sending in regular rewrites on his new script, *January Man*, which was being filmed during the long, difficult strike about which he so movingly rhapsodized.

III

PROFLIGACY BUFFS WILL RECALL the vast redecorating (Usual Suspects, December 1987) that **I. M. PEI** is overseeing at **STEVEN JOBS**'s San Remo pied-à-terre. It continues. The price—calm yourself; push the plight of the homeless from your thoughts—now runs at $2,115 per square foot, or about *ten times* the cost of *building* a skyscraper.

IIII

NATIONAL RIFLE ASSOCIATION member and Simon & Schuster editor in chief **MICHAEL KORDA** has always fancied himself, despite his pipsqueakiness, a man's man. After conducting a long, special relationship with **LAURIE LISTER**, an employee who edited B-list memoirs, Korda decided last fall to . . . formally *reprioritize* the women in his life. His wife, **MARGARET**, had other ideas, and reportedly delivered an Annie Oakley–like, *Power! How to Use It, How to Get It*–ish ultimatum. Korda capitulated: Lister was purged by **DICK SNYDER**, S&S chairman and Korda's blusterbuddy. The Kordas seem to have weathered the misunderstanding; they danced together at the Tavern on the Green fete thrown to commemorate Korda's 30 years at S&S. Korda even toasted his wife, thanking her for putting up with what he chose to call his *commitments as a writer and an editor* over the years.

IIII

IF YOU WERE a Simon & Schuster author and celebrated Watergate reporter, you were, naturally, invited to Korda's let's-pretend-nothing's-wrong fete described above. You were also invited if you were Simon & Schuster author and Watergate felon **JOHN EHRLICHMAN**. Trying to let bygones be bygones, the erstwhile Nixon man used the occasion to have a nice chat with his erstwhile nemesis, amiably calling him "Bob" again and again. Which did not, perhaps, endear Ehrlichman to **CARL BERNSTEIN**, whose nickname is not Bob, and who during the last decade has produced three fewer best-sellers than his former partner, **BOB WOODWARD**.

Copyrighted material

Celestial Hindsight

SPY's *Horoscope for Skeptics*

Another look at the horoscopes of familiar people on momentous days of their lives.



Subject: George Bush
Sign: Gemini (b. 6/12/24)
Date: November 8, 1988
Notable Activity: Won presidential election
Horoscope: "Anyone who thinks you are scatter-brained or irresponsible is about to discover that you have been plotting and scheming for a long time." —Patric Walker, *New York Post*



Subject: Dan Quayle
Sign: Aquarius (b. 2/4/47)
Date: November 8, 1988
Notable Activity: Was elected vice president of the United States of America
Horoscope: "You may feel you're simply playing a role, but the better the show you put on, the better the outcome." —Katharine Merlin, *Town & Country*



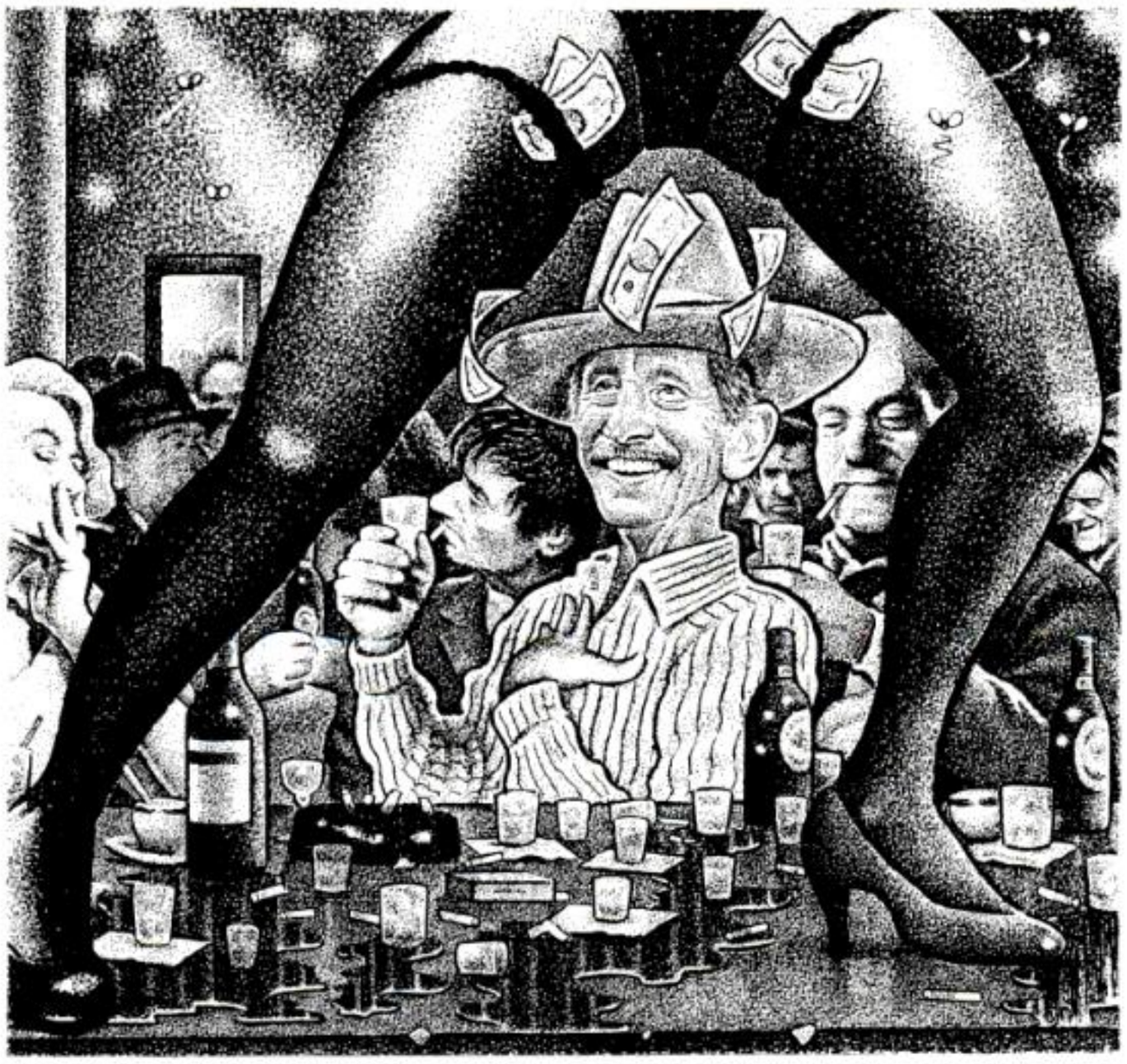
Subject: Nancy Reagan
Sign: Cancer (b. 7/6/21)
Date: October 17, 1988
Notable Activity: Acknowledged that she had been borrowing designer clothing, in breach of promise she had made in 1982 to discontinue the practice
Horoscope: "Open lines of communication . . . add to wardrobe." —Sydney Omarr, *The Washington Post*



Subject: Michael Dukakis
Sign: Scorpio (b. 11/3/33)
Date: November 8, 1988
Notable Activity: Lost presidential election
Horoscope: "Thanks to your determined efforts this month to conceal your motives and emotions, few are likely to see that beneath your enigmatic facade you're undergoing a profound process of change and reorientation." —Katharine Merlin, *Town & Country*

—*George Mannes*

Private Lives



Longtime Yankee manager Billy Martin prepares for the start of another season.

Illustration by Drew Friedman

The SPY List

Sammy Davis Jr.

James Dean

Pamela Des Barres

Marianne Faithfull

Susan Gutfreund

Jerry Hall

Leona Helmsley

Jackie in *Shampoo*

Bianca Jagger

Angela Janklow

Sally Kellerman

Sally Kirkland

Linda Lovelace

Terri Nunn of the group Berlin

Nancy Reagan

Loree Rodkin

The Fine Print Continued

what we expected: it's going to be a very close, tough race. . . . Tonight George Bush makes the most important speech of his life. . . . Let's face it: it's Tension City. He has to hit a grand slam."

August 24: "Mike Dukakis pledged the flag every day he served his country in Korea. He continues to recite the pledge today, and schoolchildren across . . . Massachusetts recite the pledge each morning."

August 26: "Today, Bentsen demonstrates the broad appeal of the Dukakis-Bentsen ticket in the South."

August 29: "Dukakis said: 'The American people aren't interested . . . in a debate over which of us loves his country the most.' "

September 2: "FAMILY REUNION: . . . In response to questions about whether his return signified a problem with the Dukakis campaign, Sasso pointed out that Dukakis is the Democratic nominee, presided over the best convention in recent Democratic history, picked a first-rate running mate and is now running neck and neck with the incumbent Vice President. None of this seemed . . . plausible a year ago."

September 3: "In one of the most dramatic and moving moments of the Presidential campaign, Euterpe Dukakis will join her son Michael at Ellis Island."

September 9: "Correctional programs are not mistake proof. The real issue is how you reduce crime, and on that score Dukakis is a real leader."

September 16: "Bush is on the ropes . . . this week."

September 22: "Bush will be in Boston today to receive the endorsement of the Boston Police Patrolmen's Benevolent Association. Bush will try to make headlines of an endorsement that has nothing to do with who would be the best president."

Copyrighted material

THE FINE PRINT CONTINUED

September 30: "Bush continues to flail, trying to score some points with the middle class. He's trying desperately to portray MSD as a big government type."

October 3: "The MSD campaign has started a series of ads . . . called 'The Packaging of George Bush' [that] show aides to Bush deciding to 'wrap Bush in the flag.' "

October 5: "To recap: Bush stands for the status quo; Dukakis stands for change; Bush stands for complacency; Dukakis stands for change; Bush stands for running in place; Dukakis wants to move forward. Bush will settle for the bronze; Dukakis wants the gold for America; Bush is looking for an intentional walk; Dukakis wants a home run."

October 6 (after the Bentsen-Quayle debate): "Now the race is a statistical dead heat."

October 7: "REPUBLICAN ELECTORAL LOCK: There is none. The voters continue to reject George Bush. . . . MSD [is] doing well in CA."

October 14 (after Dukakis lost the final debate): "We *won* last night according to a *USA Today* California poll. . . . The polls that show a Bush win fail to note the obvious—Bush led . . . going into the debate, and committed Bush voters are skewing the score. . . . We begin the final three and a half weeks with a dynamic that started to turn last night to our ground—a positive, future-oriented debate about the real issues that affect people's lives."

October 17: "The election is still up for grabs. . . . There are a number of election scenarios which lead to an MSD victory. MSD's electoral base, plus states on both coasts, plus such key battle ground states as TX and IL give a majority."

October 18: "Mike Dukakis wants to bring prosperity home to many Americans. George Bush wants to bring prosperity to Americans with many homes."

MARCH DATEBOOK

Enchanting and Alarming Events Upcoming

3–5 Fifth Annual International Cat Show; Madison Square Garden. The furriest, most self-satisfied creatures to assemble at the Garden since Duran Duran last played there.

8–12 The Omega Institute for Holistic Studies is offering a tour called "Interspecies Connection: Swimming with the Dolphins"; Key Largo, Florida, $675. "Through three separate 45-minute swims with the dolphins, participants enter deeply into the dolphin-human connection and learn first-hand what the dolphins have to teach about relationships—to self, to others and to the planet." An alternative for those remaining here: stand next to some iced mahimahi at Citarella's and *concentrate*.

11 Five-Kilometer Horoscope Run; Central Park. Awards for top finishers under each zodiac sign. Almost too repellent for words: thousands of joggers talking about their signs.

13 Neil Sedaka turns 50. Outbreak of office violence among co-workers traced to individuals humming snatches of "Laughter in the Rain" all morning.

15 Ides.

16 *Flashback! 1964:* Alex Karras, who had been suspended by the NFL for betting on games, is reinstated, thereby making him eligible to play himself in *Paper Lion* in 1968.

17 St. Patrick's Day. Block associations for streets intersecting Fifth Avenue regret too-hasty decision not to install Portosans on every corner this year.

18 Thirtieth anniversary of President Eisenhower's signing Hawaii's statehood legislation, paving the way for (a) the Aloha State's future as a Pacific Elba for deposed Filipino despots and (b) Don Ho mania sweeping the First Forty-eight.

25 A reconstruction of a Malagasy village is part of the "Madagascar: Island of the Ancestors" exhibit opening today at the Museum of Natural History.



Madagascar's lemurs "bear the closest resemblance of any living creatures to human ancestors of some 50 million years ago," says the press release, conveniently forgetting about Judd Nelson.

25 The International Auto Show begins at the Javits Center. Terrific—a gathering of King-Crusher-truck buffs in a city where no one has a driver's license.

25 New York University's School of Continuing Education is offering a one-session course called "Giving and Getting Positive Feedback." One session? *Nice idea.* It goes from 9:30 a.m. to 4:30 p.m. *Fine choice of hours—very civilized.* The cost is $105. *Very fair price, good value, and in fact the whole program sounds terrific—you guys are doing a great job. But tell us—did you like the way we handled this listing?*

26 Easter, and the Easter Parade on Fifth Avenue. Forget St. Patrick's Day—*this* is the wildest parade of the month. "It can get a little zany," cautioned a spokesperson for the New York Convention and Visitors Bureau. "People put anything and everything *on their heads.*"

28 Tenth anniversary of near meltdown at Three Mile Island. ❸



DETERGENT GOES NEGATIVE

WHAT'S IN A NAME?

A Monthly Anagram Analysis

IDES OF MARCH
MODISH FARCE

JOHN HENRY SUNUNU
ENJOY RUN. SHUN HUN

VICE PRESIDENT QUAYLE
EVIDENTLY QUASI-CREEP
EVIDENTLY EPIC SQUARE
PERCEIVED TINY SQUEAL
QUIT—LEAVE PRESIDENCY
NICE DEPRAVITY SEQUEL

—Andy Aaron

Copyrighted material

Bombay® Sapphire™ Gin. 47% alc/vol (94 Proof).
100% grain neutral spirits. © 1989 Carillon Importers, Ltd., Teaneck, N.J.

BOMBAY SAPPHIRE.
POUR SOMETHING PRICELESS.

Copyrighted material

YOU ARE THERE

SPY's Exclusive Monthly Behind-the-Scenes Celebrity Vignette



POSTPARTY ANIMALS: *It's 6:00 a.m. in Beverly Hills—do you know where Chuck Norris is? Why, he's still at Warren Beatty's superglamorous, ultraflash all-night blowout bachelor bash (to benefit Cerebral Palsy), getting by with a little help from Lawrence Taylor and an unidentified European while he feels a little iffy flexing his abdominal muscles at poolside. Meanwhile, Eddie Murphy (reprising his timeless Gumby bit) splashes around in the drink, soaking up the adulation he gets even from fellow superstars. And rounding out this hard-core party corps is none other than couch potato LeVar "Kunta Kinte" Burton, who spent most of the evening trying to hide from jousting nut Val Kilmer.* PHOTOGRAPH BY STEPHEN FRAILEY

THE FINE PRINT CONTINUED

October 19: "Dukakis is out on the stump with a 'fighting speech.' . . . The response has been electric."

October 20: "An invigorated MSD continues to tear up the campaign trail with a powerful message that is catching fire."

October 27: "Only 8 points between MSD and Bush."

November 4: "THE SURGE: KRC poll this morning shows MSD pulling within 6 points. . . . If Reggie Jackson is 'Mr. October,' Mike Dukakis will be 'Mr. November.' "

INVESTMENT TIP

Believe it or not, giving large amounts of money to complete strangers in exchange for the rights to all the gold that can be extracted from big piles of dirt that the buyer has never seen is now considered an imprudent investment. According to the North American Securities Administrators Association, tens of thousands of Americans have lost an estimated $250 million in "dirt pile" swindles. NASAA warns that such scams are proliferating. There are now 52 such scams under investigation; in the spring of 1987 there were only 8. NASAA attributes the increase to the decline of investor confidence in the stability of the stock market since the October 1987 crash. (Too risky! I told my broker. I'm putting my money into potentially gold-bearing *dirt.)*

A typical dirt-pile swindle involves a call from a salesperson using a WATS line to phone lists of potential investors, each of whom is told that for a payment of around $5,000, he or she will obtain title to 100 tons *of unprocessed dirt—what the salesperson probably calls "aggregate ore." The dirt is guaranteed to contain at least 20 ounces of gold. Though investors are told they will have to wait between one and three years before seeing a return, they are hooked by the opportunity to buy gold for $250 an ounce at a time when it is selling for around $400 an ounce.*

What's wrong with this deal? "The gold doesn't exist beyond microscopic, economically

BLURB-O-MAT

Capsule Movie Reviews by Eric Kaplan™, the Movie Publicist's Friend



SKIN DEEP, starring John Ritter (20th Century Fox)
Eric Kaplan says, **"Now it can be said: the silver screen is John Ritter country!"**

COUSINS, starring Ted Danson, Isabella Rossellini (Paramount)
Eric Kaplan says, **"With cousins like these, there's sure to be an Oscar in the family!"**

A DRY WHITE SEASON, starring Donald Sutherland, Marlon Brando (MGM/UA)
Eric Kaplan says, **"Brando and Sutherland—'nuf said!"**

LEVIATHAN, starring Peter Weller, Richard Crenna (MGM/UA)
Eric Kaplan says, **"Weller and Crenna—'nuf said!"**

TRUE BELIEVER, starring James Woods, Robert Downey Jr. (Columbia)
Eric Kaplan says, **"Robert Downey Jr. made *me* a true believer—he's the Tom Hanks of the '90s!"** D

Copyrighted material

T W E E D S

THE ENVIRONMENT OF THE BODY

CALL 1-800-999-7997 EXT. DSP1
FOR YOUR TWEEDS CATALOG
OR WRITE:

NAME

ADDRESS

CITY/STATE/ZIP

T W E E D S
ONE AVERY ROW, ROANOKE, VA 24012-8528

Copyrighted material

THE FINE PRINT CONTINUED

unrecoverable levels," explains James Meyer, a killjoy at NASAA. "The mine probably is nothing more than a godforsaken patch of desert scrubland. Permits haven't been acquired. Test results have been cooked up. In short, these deals are a rip-off from the word go."

It might seem that the victims of these scams would fit a type—greedy, credulous, unworldly. But no: some of them are greedy and credulous but quite experienced in some of the ways of the world. Melvin Belli, one of America's premier ambulance chasers and the hero of Bhopal, lost $300,000 in a dirt-pile scheme masterminded by a furniture salesman in California. In fact, the salesman used a personal letter from Belli to promote the scam, which, all told, cost investors more than $20 million.

JUDGE WAPNER'S DECISION, WITH JUDGE HARDY, JUDGE HARDCASTLE AND JUDGE REINHOLD CONCURRING . . .

A rather ordinary case involving last year's favorite non-gold-in-dirt-pile scam, the Airplane Game, managed to create some curious legal history. In New York, four plaintiffs—Karen Duncan, Victoria Meakin, Maureen Schmalzbauer and Elizabeth Brown—were latecomers to the game, which is a variation on the old pyramid scheme generic. When it collapsed, they sued Laura Norman and Hara Taicher, the two people who had brought them into the racket. As part of her defense, Norman introduced a number of decisions citing the doctrine of "unclean hands"—a doctrine that holds that a defendant is not responsible when the plaintiff is equally guilty—including a decision issued by Judge Joseph Wapner of *The People's Court* broadcast on September 16, 1988.

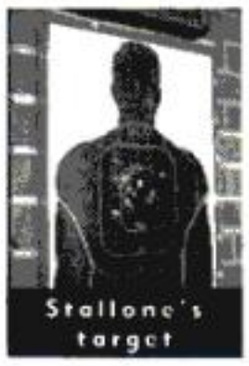
As Judge Wapner learnedly put it, "This whole thing, this whole operation, is an illegal operation. It's all gambling—I don't care whether you call it Pyramid or you call it Pilot or you call it Crash Plane or what you call it, it's illegal—wait, wait, wait, wait! Young lady, let me finish. When it's illegal, ▸

THEY SHOOT BRAT PACKERS, DON'T THEY?

A Peek Inside the Hollywood Handgun Fantasy

When the hot Santa Ana winds blow in from the desert and the hairs on the nape of a man's neck stand on end, most anything can happen. In Raymond Chandler's California, it is then that a scream echoes up from the valley or over the canyon or across the hills. In Charlie Sheen's California, it is then that the young, idle and well-to-do Californian—the one who feels an obligation to at least playact the state's long-standing reputation for sordid, random violence—steps into the Beverly Hills Gun Club and spends hours firing holes in menacing-looking paper targets. "Charlie Sheen," confides his publicist, eager for his now-sober client to seem alluringly on-the-edge, "practically has an arsenal." That Sheen is not the only celebrity *faux* gunslinger is unsettling. Sylvester Stallone, Billy Crystal, Arnold Schwarzenegger, Raider running back Marcus Allen, Sean Penn, Jamie Lee Curtis, Sheen's big brother Emilio Estevez and—hey, this really *is* Hollywood—Madonna's agent's brother have gone there to learn to aim and fire powerful handguns at targets.




Stallone's target

The Beverly Hills Gun Club is not in Beverly Hills at all, but in the wasteland between Century City and the airport, in a flyspecked warehouselike building near several movie studios and talent agencies. Readers who have not managed to blot out all memory of *Beverly Hills Cop II* will recall the scene in a shooting range that appeared to be in the high-tech basement of a White's-like oak-paneled men's club. In fact, the BHGC has about all the charm of a bowling alley on league night—an imposingly secure bowling alley, to be sure—where decorations on the painted-plywood walls consist of a target personally bullet-ridden by political criminal–*Super Password* contestant G. Gordon Liddy, and a pinup of a bosomy, gun-toting model with the slogan "You can't rape a .38."


Curtis's target

The decor, which contributes so much to the gritty, seen-it-all-before atmosphere that so appeals to pretend G-men, carries through to the fashion code. Regulars know to dress down. The only people who wear suits are agents—talent and FBI. In the afternoon, writers show up in Banana Republic khakis, actors in ripped jeans and cowboy boots. All of them put on the regulation fashion equalizers—protective ear coverings and shatterproof plastic eyeglasses. BHGC attendants still snicker about the sartorial faux pas of Romina Danielson, Peter Holm's goofy girlfriend who swooned on the stand during the Holm–Joan Collins divorce trial. On the night she visited the gun club she wore a skintight, see-through black girdle skirt, stiletto heels and, apparently, no underwear. "She started grabbing my shirt and coming on like a real vixen," recalls discreet club employee Chris Wise, "and when that didn't work, she made like she was going to tear her own shirt off." Wise, of course, is not made of stone; he admits to being impressed with the way Danielson handled the .38 Smith & Wesson Special her three Eurogent companions had rented.



The range officers—the collection of retired cops, ex–military police, and completely sane and stable vets who run the place—have a favorite celebrity customer: Bill Paxton, star of *Weird Science* and *Pass the Ammo*. This proves that while the range officers may be able to make split-second distinctions between friend and foe, they don't seem to have a working definition of *celebrity*. (Their least favorite customers are Japanese nobodies. "They love to point a loaded gun in your face," says Wise. "Then they laugh like crazy.") —*Deborah Michel*

LOGROLLING IN OUR TIME

"Every life is a series of small miracles—if only we can see them. Dan Wakefield's book helped me see mine." —James Carroll on Dan Wakefield's *Returning: A Spiritual Journey*

"A beautifully told, passionate story." —Wakefield on Carroll's *Supply of Heroes*

"By a good distance her strongest novel." —Reynolds Price on Anne Tyler's *A Slipping-Down Life*

"It's not just the tone that's right; it's the startling, almost incongruous eloquence." —Tyler on Price's *Kate Vaiden*

"Both breathtaking and heartbreaking." —Carolyn See on Josephine Humphreys's *Rich in Love*

"It took my breath away." —Humphreys on See's *Golden Days*

—*Howard Kaplan*

Copyrighted material

Photo: Ritchie Williamson.

ON HAND WAS THAT MARVELOUS NEW WHITE WINE.

LIBAIO

Libaio by Ruffino © 1988 Imported by Schieffelin & Somerset Co. New York, N.Y.

Copyrighted material



MATSUDA

PRINTEMPS-ETE 1989

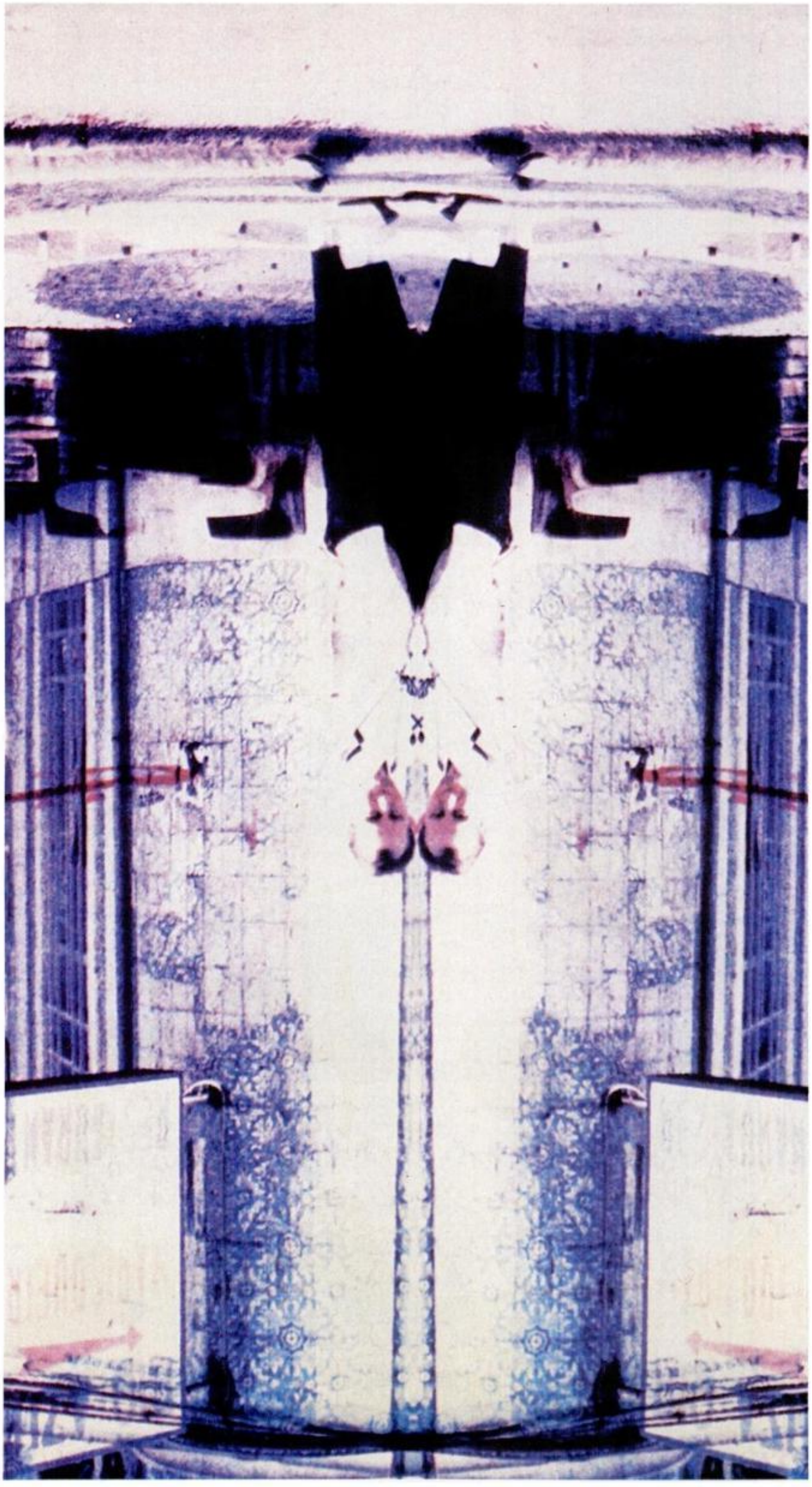
YUKIO KOBAYASHI - Photographe: Juergen Teller

MATSUDA 854 MADISON, AT 70TH, N.Y., N.Y. (212) 988 9514
461 PARK AVE, AT 57TH, N.Y., N.Y. (212) 935 6969

Design by Yukio Kobayashi. Photographs by Juergen Teller. Photographic Assistance by Stephane Grundl. Hair and Make up by David Grainger. Copyright ©1988 Nicole Co., Ltd.

Copyrighted material

Copyrighted material



THE FINE PRINT CONTINUED

it's gambling, and even if it's a contract, it's an illegal contract, and you cannot collect on an illegal contract. That's the long and short of it. I don't care if she cheated you out of the money if it was gambling. . . . You can't collect from her because the contract's illegal. The whole basis for it's illegal. I don't think you even doubt me that it's illegal. . . . Well, now you know. . . . No more airplanes and no more passengers and no more crashes. I'm judging for the defendant."

But unfortunately for the two defendants here, New York law was interpreted differently from California Televisionland law, and Judge Carol Arber rejected the Wapner precedent. The defendants' claim that they were as victimized as the plaintiffs was rejected by Judge Arber, who observed that Norman made more than $10,000 and Taicher more than $20,000, while the plaintiffs lost between $750 and $1,500 apiece. She ordered the defendants to reimburse the plaintiffs. ❸

Separated at Birth?



Donald Trump . . .



and the police sketch of Son of Sam?



George Bush . . .



and socialite Betsey Whitney?



Kirstie Alley . . .



and Meg Foster?

When High Prices Happen to Bad Food

Every year, the *Zagat New York City Restaurant Survey* rates more than 700 dining establishments in Manhattan, based not on the wisdom of professional reviewers but rather on responses culled from several thousand regular restaurant-goers. A questionnaire asks diners to record the cost of their meal (including one drink and tip) and then rate, on a scale of 1 to 30, food, decor and service. In addition to a critique of each restaurant, *Zagat* publishes various lists of recommendations: "Top Steakhouses," "Top Views" and "Super Buys," to name a few that we continually consult.

Zagat also compiles lists that, for some reason, it has kept secret—including the worst values in New York City dining, as ranked by an utterly mathematical formula that divides the level of customer satisfaction by the average cost of a meal. Published here for the first time anywhere are last year's eleven poorest culinary buys according to *Zagat*.

1. *Elaine's*
2. *Regine's*
3. *Bellini by Cipriani*
4. *Maxim's*
5. *Mortimer's*
6. *Gloucester House*
7. *Sardi's*
8. *The '21' Club*
9. *The Quilted Giraffe*
10. *Parioli Romanissimo*
11. *Sammy's Rumanian Steakhouse*

—*Harriet Barovick*

Infotainment 101

People *Magazine's Guidelines for Gossip-Collecting*

People magazine's list of contributor guidelines (circulated officially to freelance writers and unofficially to Rupert Pupkinesque celebrity hounds, friends of friends and other eavesdropping hangers-on) claims that "covering an event for Chatter or Take One [*People*'s short-gossip-item sections] can be fun and easy too!!!!" Sound fun? Easy? Are you willing to refer to well-known people as "celebs"? Then you just may have what it takes to dredge celebrity small talk for *People*. And remember (as the guidelines say), "If you aren't sure who is who, don't hesitate to strike up a conversation with some of the nerds hanging out next to the bar. They often recognize the celebs because they always come to parties or because they're related to someone's cousin." Or because, like you, they're covering the event for *People*.

Other casually horrifying instructions from the *People* tip sheet:

1. "Always try to find the appropriate publicist when you enter the party. He or she will probably agree to throw you up against celebs and force them to talk with you."

2. "Always try to eavesdrop a bit before you descend on a celeb. Unless you have really great hearing you rarely get anything this way. But it does make you feel like a real gossip hound—and that gets you in the right mood."

3. "Any funny stories about the guest of honor? . . . If you fail with this line of questioning, don't despair. Most celebs have nothing to say about a guest of honor."

4. "Every celeb—including the oft-encountered cement-brained ones—can answer these questions: . . . What has the celeb been working on? . . . What does the celeb have planned for the future? . . . When all else fails, sometimes it pays to ask a celeb what he or she did that day. Short-term memory always proves the most fruitful."

5. "If you can, try to find out if your celeb ever told your funny story to another reporter—and try to convince the celeb not to repeat the story to others till you print it."

6. "The bribe method: Basically, you can only publicize the celeb's current project if you have an exclusive tidbit or a zippy story to go with it. Remind the celebs about that and they may suddenly remember something to tell you." ❸

Copyrighted material

Imagine a makeup and powder so light, they won't streak, cake, clog pores or even be detected by the naked eye...

Revolutionary Award winning:

POUDRE MAJEUR

Loose Powder with Micro-bubbles

TEINT MAJEUR

Creme Compact Makeup with Micro-bubbles

Revolutionary micro-bubbles, dispersed into two exclusive formulations, to give you a look as elegant as the light of day.

Teint Majeur Creme Compact Makeup: An air-light creme foundation that sponges on exquisitely. Allows you the choice of coverage from next-to-natural to ultimately glamorous.

Poudre Majeur Loose Powder: Thanks to the innovative micro-bubbles, there's no talc ...never a "powdered look." So sheer it can be worn alone, over Teint Majeur, or any Lancôme foundation.

Teint Majeur and Poudre Majeur... You'll wonder how you ever went out without them.



LANCÔME

PARIS

© Cosmair, Inc. 1988

Blouse: Carolyne Roehm. Scarf: Carol Motty at Artwear
Earrings: Ted Muehling at Artwear

Copyrighted material



Ask Dr. Nick

Timely Advice from the SPY *Psychiatrist*

Dear Dr. Nick,

I am worried about a friend. He has a lot going for him—he's rich, handsome, friendly and shoots a mean game of golf. Unfortunately, he's a trifle lazy, and he has had to rely on family connections to get him into schools—where he didn't even do well—and out of jams. They've also helped him get work. For 12 years he has had a good job in Washington. Recently he got a big promotion. The trouble is, he's not qualified for the new position—and he knows it. The change in his personality has been startling. He used to be enthusiastic and gung ho. Now he's nervous and uneasy. He says things like "There is nothing that a good offense cannot beat a better defense." Everything else he says sounds like it's been programmed or something, and he seems overdependent on his new associates. Most disturbing of all, he's taken to comparing himself to John F. Kennedy. What do you think—does he need to seek professional help?

Dr. Nick replies:

Rather than answer yes or no, let me pose a few questions of my own. Does your friend really believe he's the equal of John F. Kennedy, or is it just some sort of career ploy? If he sincerely believes that, we may be dealing with pathological **grandiosity**—*a worrisome trait if your friend is, say, a public servant.*

I would ask what it is about his personality that always allows him to be manipulated by others. It could be **dependent personality disorder**—*whereby someone allows others to assume responsibility for major areas of his own life because of an inability to function independently.*

Regarding your assertion that he's "a little dumb," I would ask how old your friend is. If he isn't that old, then certainly there are signs of what we professionals call **low-normal intelligence** *or* **borderline intellectual functioning**. *Psychological testing would be able to evaluate his intellectual capacity and determine how much it impairs him.*

Furthermore, his reaction to his promotion might bespeak an **adjustment disorder,** *which is* **a maladaptive reaction to an identifiable psychosocial stressor occurring within three months of the onset of the stressor**. *The stressor in this case is the "big promotion." So I would ask, in determining whether there is any adjustment disorder, did the reaction occur within three months of the promotion?*

Finally, you say he knows he is not qualified for his new post. This suggests he has some insight, which could mean a hopeful prognosis. On the other hand, does he regularly *accept positions for which he feels unqualified? This suggests a reckless, impulsive nature and a questionable moral fiber—the stuff of which a sociopath is made.*

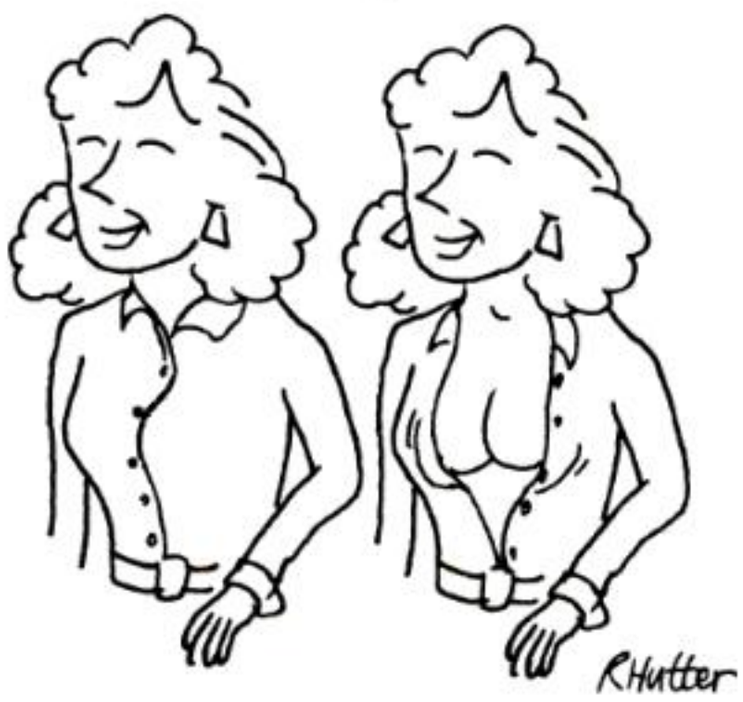
(Dr. Nick, the nom de plume of an actual psychiatrist, points out that he has never seen or spoken to the subject, and says that it's highly irresponsible of him to offer a diagnosis in a magazine. The subject, Dr. Nick notes, might be just fine.)

COSMOPOLITAN'S

3-second

Makeover!

Before: After:

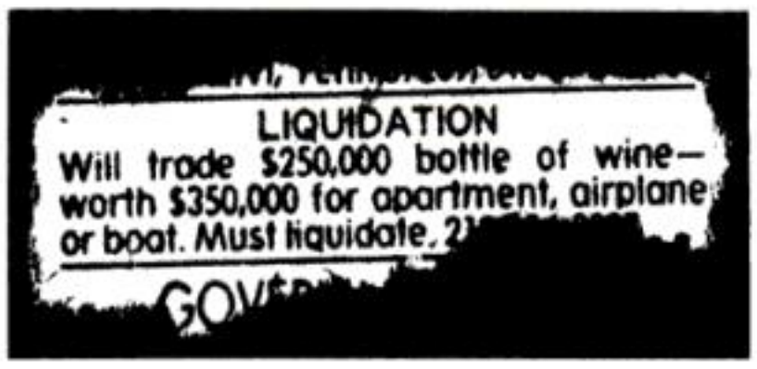


Say—That's a Good Question

A Regular SPY Service Feature

This Month's Topic: Wine

The following classified ad appeared in a Sunday *New York Times*:



We here at (212) 925-5509 dialed the number in the ad and had the following conversation.

What kind of wine is this?

It's a Thomas Jefferson 1787 Lafitte. No, excuse me—a Château Margaux.

And why is it worth $350,000?

It's a Thomas Jefferson bottle. It's part of his company. It's a piece of history.

Say I had a Cessna I was willing to trade for the wine. Could I taste the wine first?

No way.

Why not?

Because there's only one bottle.

So it's a really small bottle?

No, it's a regular-size bottle. You're saying you want to open it and taste it and then reseal it?

Yes.

No way.

Then how do I know the wine is good?

How do I know the Cessna is good? How do you know a piece of art is good? They sell Picassos these days for $60 million. How do you know any piece of art is good?

Um . . . trust?

That's right. Trust. —*Paul Simms*

Copyrighted material



Tip O'Neill. Cardmember since 1973.

Membership has its privileges.℠



Don't leave home without it®.

Call 1-800-THE CARD to apply.

© 1987 American Express Travel Related Services Company, Inc.

Copyrighted material



THE SPY TRIP TIP, SPRING VACATION EDITION

The Tragedy in U.S. History Museum



A few hundred feet from the Fountain of Youth (sought by Spanish explorer Ponce de Leon in 1513) stands the Tragedy in U.S. History Museum (founded by former gas and oil distributor L. H. "Buddy" Hough in 1964), a public attraction that is, like the Frick, established in a private home but, unlike the Frick, jam-packed with artifacts from automobile and train accidents, memorabilia of the John F. Kennedy assassination and a wide variety of antique torture devices. And while the Fricks moved out of their Fifth Avenue home a long time ago, the Houghs still live in their St. Augustine, Florida, museum.

The tourist guide to St. Augustine includes a listing for the institution that promises documents and pictures that will "[put] you in the mood" to "completely understand the assassination of the President." In all, they promise, a visit will be "enjoyable and educational."

In fact, a visit to the smallish wood-frame house is like being a trick-or-treater at a home where the owners have gone all out for Halloween. After pulling your car into the graveled-over part of the front yard, scan the crudely illustrated signs, even more primitive cousins to the primitive canvas banners advertising sideshow freaks; they proclaim the presence within of Famous Movie Star Jayne Mansfield's car (the one she was killed in), President Kennedy's car (*not* the one he was killed in) and Bonnie and Clyde's car (the one they were killed in, *but in the movie*).

Step up on the porch and ring the doorbell, Fuller brush man–style. As you wait for an answer there's plenty of time to scrutinize the front window display—a toupee-wearing, rifle-toting wax figure of Lee Harvey Oswald peering through the glass, Texas School Book Depository–style. He looks like William Shallert, Patty Duke's TV father.

Once admitted, you are left pretty much on your own to stroll through four crowded rooms and an open area out back. It's quiet enough to hear through the walls that the museum curators are watching TV game shows. The indoor collection is dominated by JFK murderabilia—with a few old-fashioned shackles and bear traps tossed in near the exit.

The promised assassination-related automobiles serve as the undisputed centerpieces, though they are weirdly tangential to the event: the car Oswald *was given a lift in* on the morning of November 22 in Dallas, a limo Kennedy rode in *but not in Dallas*, and the ambulance that carried *Oswald* to the hospital after *he* was shot On the wall near the latter is a signed 8X10 glossy of Red Yager—Red Yager, the fateful driver of the *Oswald* ambulance.

Here too is the furniture from Lee Harvey's Dallas apartment—bed, bureau, his actual pocket comb. Concerning this display is a letter from Oswald's sorehead widow saying she wants no part of Buddy Hough or his collection. The museum acquired the assassin's furnishings directly from Oswald's landlady, Mary Bledsoe, who vouches for their authenticity in another letter hung nearby. The letter doesn't mention that part of the deal for the furniture was that Hough repair the roof on her rooming house porch.

The museum curators nowhere define what exactly they mean by *tragedy*, or for that matter *American history*. It might otherwise make problematic the inclusion of old blacksmith tools and a genuine whiskey still. There's no question about the video game in the last room, though. It's just for fun.

An apparently mummified corpse, whose tragic place in American history is also unexplained, resides in a glass case by the back door. It holds a hand-lettered sign asking LONESOME? TAKE ME HOME WITH YOU FOR $3000—a seamless intersection of exhibition space and gift shop.

In the fenced-in backyard is a weathered array of headstocks, whipping posts and old gasoline engines, as well as a wagon, supposedly of Civil War vintage, pulled by a life-size plaster horse.

Over by the bushes are the Jayne Mansfield vehicle, with sheared-off roof, in which the starlet died, and the bullet-riddled Bonnie-and-Clyde-mobile in which actors pretended to die.

The museum had trouble for many years gaining membership in the St. Augustine chamber of commerce. According to that body's executive vice president, Coralee Pomar, this was primarily because "no one could vouch for their hours of operation" and because Mr. Hough would "take parts of the museum up to Gatlinburg . . . at will." In 1987 the museum was finally accepted.

The curiously punctuated flier for this tourist spot may explain some of the underattendance: DON'T DARE, MISS SEEING THIS MUSEUM.

—Steve O'Donnell

The Museum of Tragedy in U.S. History, 7 Williams Street. Take Interstate 95 to State Road 16 exit. Go east seven miles. Turn right (south) on San Marco Avenue (one block east of U.S. 1), then left on Williams Street. Admission is $3.50; the museum is open every day from 9:00 a.m. until dark.

WHAT IF BALLET DANCERS WERE SUBJECT TO LEASH LAWS?

Tension from dancer's collar and leash unsnaps Danskin crotch panel.

Dancer is momentarily asphyxiated by a series of pirouettes.

Dancer tied to a tree outside a restaurant rubs chafed neck, applies lotion.

Bitter choreographer illustrates command "Heel!" by swatting at dancer's ankles with heavy cane.

Embarrassed ballerina and Peter Martins accidentally get leashes knotted together; must ask custodian to untangle.

—Henry Alford

Copyrighted material



Jessica Tandy and Hume Cronyn. Cardmembers since 1978.

©1989 American Express Travel Related Services Company, Inc.

Membership Has Its Privileges.℠



Don't leave home without it.®

Call 1-800-THE CARD to apply.

Copyrighted material

The Liz Smith Tote Board

A Monthly Tally

Barbara Walters 7
Elizabeth Taylor 4
Dan Aykroyd.....3
Bill Blass.....3
The Carlyle 3
Robert De Niro 3
Jeane Kirkpatrick.....3
Henry Kissinger.....3
Henry Kravis 3
Mike Nichols 3
Mike Ovitz.....3
Sean Penn 3
Robin Williams.....3
Tom Wolfe 3
Merv Adelson 2
Brooke Astor.....2
Arlene Francis.....2
Mary Martin 2
The Liz Smith Tote Board 1

Chronicle of Our Death Foretold

A SPY Public Service Countdown

"My pal **Donald Trump** . . . said that SPY magazine is in trouble financially and will not be around much longer. I chided the handsome mogul, of whom I am very fond . . . that he should not indulge in wishful thinking. He said, 'No, you'll find this is true if you just investigate. **I predict they won't even be around in a year.**'"

—*Liz Smith in the* Daily News, *September 29, 1988*



Why *Shouldn't* the Mayor Have His Own Dominatrix?

Train in Vain: The Koch Workout

At 6:15 a.m. three to five days a week, a tall bald stroke victim with a pear-shaped body stops in at the pricey Executive Fitness Center. There, on the 22nd floor of the Vista International Hotel, he is put through a 45-minute workout of less than Olympian rigor.

"It's more like baby-sitting than fitness training," explains Maria Versella, the 25-year-old fitness counselor whose job it is to train the mayor of New York City. "He once said to me, 'I'm just like a little child, aren't I?' And I said, 'Yes, and that's exactly how I'm going to treat you.'

"He just about sleeps through his routines," continues Maria, a graduate student of exercise physiology. "He'll ride on an exercise bicycle with his eyes closed the whole time." More typically, the grunting, moaning mayor will trudge in place on a treadmill for 30 minutes. With a fan cooling his substantial brow, he will trot against a 5.5 percent tilted grade at 4.2 miles per hour (meaning the mayor jogs a slightly-better-than-15-minute mile). Although the aging politician frequently loses his balance, even at this faintly brisk pace, Maria gives little quarter. "He kisses my hand in the hope that I'll slow down the treadmill," she says. "Then he holds on to the rails, which is cheating. If I walk out, he may shut off the treadmill. I have to check the mileage meter."

Mayoral hand kisses are unseemly enough, but Maria must endure even worse: "While he's working out he'll listen to Barbra Streisand on a headset and sing along. His singing is really deadly to listen to in the morning, especially when he does 'The Way We Were.'"

Neither a Republican nor a Democrat, Maria has a policy of never—ever—taking any guff from the mayor. Instead, when he talks fresh to her, she talks fresh back. "The other day he came in and said, 'Good morning, little girl.' And I said, 'Good morning, old man.' I treat him as I would anyone else. I don't call him Mayor, either—even though everyone else does. I call him Darling."

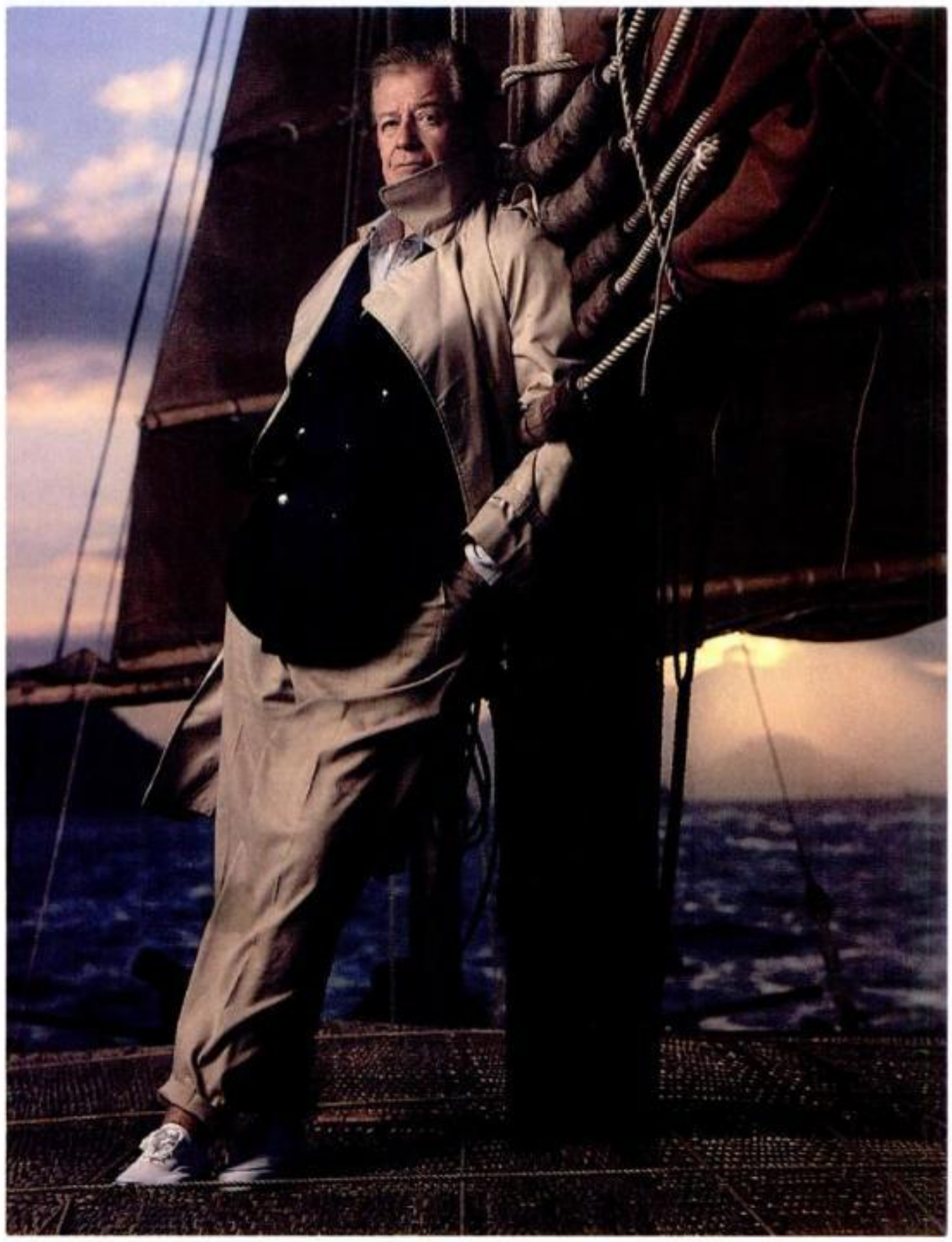
The mayor, a member of the fitness center's Gold Club ($350 initiation fee, $1,500 annual dues), outfits himself in a club-supplied uniform of blue shorts, snug white T-shirt, white athletic socks, and sneakers. Usually happy to wear silly costumes and pose for photographers, he prudently forbids the taking of any pictures during his workouts. For once, Maria equivocates: "He looks interesting. Just say he looks interesting."

—*Robert Brody*



"Mr. Spielberg will see you now!"

Copyrighted material



James Clavell. Cardmember since 1967.

Membership
Has Its Privileges.℠



Don't leave home without it.®

Call 1-800-THE CARD to apply.

© 1989 American Express Travel Related Services Company, Inc.

Copyrighted material

Laughter, the International Language

Today New York—Tomorrow Nice, The Hague, Riyadh and Tel Aviv

In a very sincere plea for global peace, we at SPY believe that world unity can be achieved by talking with one another in the only language we all have in common—the international language of laughter. So we crafted a manifesto, painting our prose with broad, flag-size strokes rather than the chiaroscuro and gossamer scumbling of delicate idiom that mark our usual manner. Subtlety fell victim to our revolutionary zeal. We contacted some of New York's best foreign-language translators and asked them to join us in our impassioned pursuit of this pan-Utopian goal. One diligent expert very carefully and very literally translated the text below into French. Then the French version was translated by another skilled professional into Dutch, the Dutch into Arabic, the Arabic into Hebrew and the Hebrew back into English—until the quintuply translated SPY manifesto of peace lit up the globe like an aurora borealis of mirth and good cheer. In retrospect, maybe this wasn't such a great idea.

ENGLISH: SPY magazine: Smart. Fun. Funny. Fearless. And, we don't mind adding, the only antidote to the nutty, head-spinning whirligig of daily life in this or any international megalopolis, each issue a virtual Swiss Army knife of postmod journalism. Fed up with short-fingered vulgarian Donald Trump and unbearable Play-Doh–faced homunculus–action toy Sylvester "Sly" Stallone? Want the inside line on high-domed garden gnome Laurence Tisch or marionettish former frat-boy Dan Quayle?

Then get with the program now: pencil in SPY on your shortlist of must-haves for the nineties. It's time to hit the gridiron, toss the old pigskin around and win one for the Gipper—figuratively speaking. SPY's got more pizzazz and panache than a barrelful of monkeys in top hats and spats. Every issue is a brand-new chucklefest—chock-full of over-the-top, whiz-bang gut-busters, sidesplitters and other assorted scrupulously fact-checked knee-slappers. So don't be a dork. Subscribe now.

FRENCH: *magazine* ESPION: *Elégant. Amusement. Amusant. Moins peur.*[1] *Et nous ne faisons pas l'esprit en additionnant la seule antidote au tourniquet à la noix en tête de quenouille de la vie journalière*[2] *de cette ou toute autre mégalopolis internationale. Chaque sortie un couteau virtuel de l'armée suisse du journalisme de mode postérieure. Nourri en haut par Donald Trump le Vulgaire aux courts doigts et par le jouet d'action. Sylvester "Fute" Stallone,*[3] *musculus à l'insupportable visage de pour Doh. Vous voulez la ligne l'intérieure sur Laurence Tisch, le gnôme de jardin hauts-dômes ou sur comme une marionette Dan Quayle, garçon antérieur de la Fraternité?*[4]

[1] Elegant. An amusement. Amusing. Less fear.
[2] the only antidote to the nut-headed revolving door of distaff of daily life
[3] Sylvester "Wily" Stallone
[4] previous boy of the brotherhood

Ensuite, ayez avec le programme maintenant: crayonnez L'ESPION *sur votre courte liste des obligés d'avoir pour les 90. C'est l'heure de cogner sur la grille de fer, de faire sauter la vieille peau de cochon et d'en gagner un pour le "Gipper"—figurativement parlant.* ESPION *a plus d'oh là là et de panache qu'une barrique pleine de singes en chapeaux de sommet et guêtres. Chaque sortie est une nouvelle marque de festival de gloussements. Cale pleine de casse-boyaux au bang sifflant*[5] *par dessus le sommet, de fendeurs de côtes et autres claqueurs de genou*[6] *faits scrupuleusement à carreaux assortis.*

[5] whistling bang
[6] splitters of the sides and other bangs of knee

Alors ne soyez pas une nouille.[7] *Souscrivez maintenant.*

[7] Then don't be a noodle.

DUTCH: *SPION magazine: Elegant. Amusement. Amusant. Minder schrik. En wij maken geen spook*[8] *door het enige tegengif bij te voegen aan het driebek met noten in de vorm van een spinstokkop van het dagelijks leven van deze of enige andere internationale megalopolis.*

[8] And we make no ghost

Elke uitgang een echt mes van het Zwitserse leger van modejournalistiek van hierna. Bovenaan gevoed door Donald Trump de Vulgaire met de korte vingers en het actie-speelgoed. Sylvester "de Sluwe" Stallone,[9] *gespierd tot het onverdraaglijke met gezicht van speel-Doh? Wenst u de binnenlijn naar Laurence Tisch, de dwerg van de tuinen met hoge gewelven*[10] *of naar zoiets als marionet Dan Quayle, vroegere jongen de broederschap.*

[9] Sylvester "the Cunning" Stallone
[10] Laurence Tisch, the dwarf from the garden with high arch

Vervolgens, blijf bij het nu programma: krabbel DE SPION *op uw korte lijst van moeten hebben voor de jaren 90. Dit is het uur om op de ijzeren rooster*[11] *te kloppen, de oude varkenshuid te doen barsten en er een te winnen voor de "Gipper"—figuurlijk gesproken.* SPION *bezit meer oh la la en zwier dan een ton vol apen met spitshoeden en slobkousen. Elke uitgang is een nieuw merk van het gniffelfestival.*[12] *Het ruim vol ingewanden-krakers*[13] *met een fluitende boem*[14] *boven de spits, en flank-splitters en andere knie-kletsers zorgvuldig gemaakt met bij elkaar passende vierkantjes.*

[11] iron grate
[12] chucklefestival
[13] bowel-creakers
[14] whistling bang

Wees daarom geen noedel.[15] *Abonneer u nu.*

[15] Therefore do not be a noodle.

ARABIC:

[16] Sameer Nasr: "ZHA-ZOOTS magazine. It's like . . . *Agent* magazine. It's a guy with two faces — he works both ways. If we do a crime and he knows and goes to turn us in, he is zha-zoots. It's funny, but in our country, we catch him — we kill him."



[17] Don't be like a macaroni and stay far away. Send money for the magazine.

HEBREW:



ENGLISH AGAIN: SPY's magazine: closet, bad joke and anecdote. Less commerce. Was not a mirage done in addition flew against and on the single metropolis, spinning on its axis shaped like the head of a stick to the song of love for everyday life to this or any other big city. Any exit to drowning a real Swiss army to methods of the popular press. A restaurant above "Donald" will welcome the vulgar with short fingers and game of labor. Sylvester "Cheater" Stallone as a muscle to an unreasonable point in a form of a mixed game: if you want an internal line to Laurence Tisch like the embarrassed bride Dan Quayle son of the seventh brother.

Following this leave the nation's plans: mix the "spy" on your short height to rich people's world, forever to the nineties. This will be the hour to hit on an iron tool, to blast the old pigskin and you will have one to "the man." The spy to him is more La-Ri-Ra and methods from a barrel high above the others. Any exit place will be a new sign for a festival of laughter. A waiter signaled with interest to bombs at strict accuracy with empty hands on a narrow position and slaps knees of others manufactured with concern. Therefore don't be drafted. Take for granted the nation's cooperation.

—Paul Simms

Copyrighted material

Flip for new WilderBerry.

For a taste of DeWilder life, try the new Wild Fling: 1½ oz. WilderBerry,™ 4 oz. pineapple juice and a splash of cranberry juice over ice. Like anything that gets mixed-up with DeKuyper,® it's DeFinitely out of DeOrdinary.

DeLiciously DeKuyper®



DeKuyper® Cordials and Liqueurs, 15/50% alc./vol. Bottled by John DeKuyper and Son, Elmwood Place, OH. © 1988. To send a gift of DeKuyper, dial 1-800-2-SALUTE or 1-800-BE-THERE (void where prohibited by law).

Copyrighted material

Now, flip out.

It's the world's first Print Video.™ Take it out. Give it a flip.
Or if this one is gone, get yours wherever DeKuyper® is sold.

Copyrighted material

The Flying Wallendas: Famous Aerialists?

Or Movie Producers, Artists, French Chefs, Clowns, Editors, Leveraged-Buyout Specialists, Basketball Players and Practically Everyone Else in These Precarious Times?



Everyone knows who the Flying Wallendas are. Or do they? We conducted a random survey and found considerable disagreement—and learned, moreover, that while few are born, many are called Flying Wallendas.

Edwin Diamond, *New York*'s media critic, contends that **Newsweek's former top editors** were the Flying Wallendas: "Osborn Elliott, Kermit Lansner and Gordon Manning . . . along with their senior editor colleagues, became known as the Flying Wallendas" (*The New Republic*, February 28, 1983).

Scott Ostler of the *Los Angeles Times* disagrees. He says the National Basketball Association's **Dallas Mavericks** are the Flying Wallendas: "[Abdul-Jabbar's] shoulders have become a launching pad for [Roy] Tarpley and the Flying Wallenda Mavericks" (*Los Angeles Times*, May 31, 1988).

Mel Gussow, Off-Broadway theater critic for *The New York Times*, has his own opinion. He argues that the little-known clown **Jango Edwards** is a singular Flying Wallenda: "Strapping wings to his elbows, rippling his muscles so that they can be seen up in the balcony, he is a Flying Wallenda about to jump from the Eiffel Tower" (*The New York Times*, October 13, 1981).

A fashion writer at the *Los Angeles Times* isn't sure but thinks actress **Cloris Leachman** might be a Flying Wallenda. "Cloris Leachman . . . dashed down the aisle so fast that she looked like a Flying Wallenda. But a pretty one" (*Los Angeles Times*, June 10, 1988).

Roger Neal of *Forbes* is defensive when it comes to his opinion about who belongs in the Flying Wallendas. "**Lee Ault III**," he writes, "is as much a Flying Wallenda as a businessman" (*Forbes*, November 21, 1983).

UPI won't say directly who the Flying Wallendas are but is confident that they're the sort of outfit one obscure midwestern state legislator would feel comfortable in. "If the Flying Wallendas need a new recruit, **[Indiana] state senator Patricia L. Miller** has earned the job" (UPI Regional News, March 9, 1988).

Ann-Margret, it seems, used to be a Flying Wallenda, and was able to draw upon that experience in playing the tragic belle Blanche DuBois. "Dealing with her torments, her repressed desires and her dreams has been a little like being a Flying Wallenda," she said (*The New York Times*, August 14, 1983).

Some people won't say who the Flying Wallendas are, but they are swift to find Flying Wallenda-ness in themselves and others. Movie producer and *Rocky* costar **Talia Shire** claims she and her husband, Jack, are Flying Wallendas: "We are the Flying Wallendas of movie financing" (UPI, April 3, 1986). Art spud **Jamie Wyeth** told *The Christian Science Monitor* that he and his folks could also be Wallendas when their works are exhibited together: "We . . . have always fought against having shows like this. . . . It's sort of like [being] the Wallendas of painting" (*The Christian Science Monitor*, July 8, 1987). Reporter Jerry Knight thinks that arbitrageurs, greenmailers and leveraged-buyout specialists are Flying Wallendas: "**Takeover strategists** [are] the Flying Wallendas of high finance" (*The Washington Post*, September 13, 1982). Finally, Bryan Miller, restaurant critic for *The New York Times*, insists, "The estimable **Rostang clan** from France [are] the Flying Wallendas of French cuisine" (*The New York Times*, January 8, 1988).

There is one man who knows who the Flying Wallendas *aren't*. Loyola Marymount basketball coach **Paul Westhead**, the former coach of the Los Angeles Lakers whose firing was engineered by Magic Johnson, acknowledged after a game against the University of North Carolina, "We weren't the Flying Wallendas today," leaving open the possibility that he thinks that on other days they may be (*Los Angeles Times*, March 20, 1988).

Ironically, Karl Wallenda, the now deceased patriarch of the Wallenda clan, disliked the name Flying Wallendas because it connoted trapeze work, which the Wallendas didn't do. He much preferred The Great Wallendas.

Too late now.

—*Eddie Stern*

Ten Years Ago in SPY

"A reputation as a sexual adventurer has dogged Bush, and the rumors are sure to gain momentum as the moderate Bush prepares to run against a phalanx of right-wingers (Connolly, Reagan, Congressman Phil Crane) in next winter's primaries and caucuses. Bush has been linked romantically with everyone from a longtime aide to a *Times* journalist—and, less believably, to a young Indiana Republican congressman named J. D. Quayle."

—from "Lillian Carter's Gonorrhea and Other Wacky Washington Rumors," by David Owen, SPY, March 1979





Copyrighted material

Go Fish

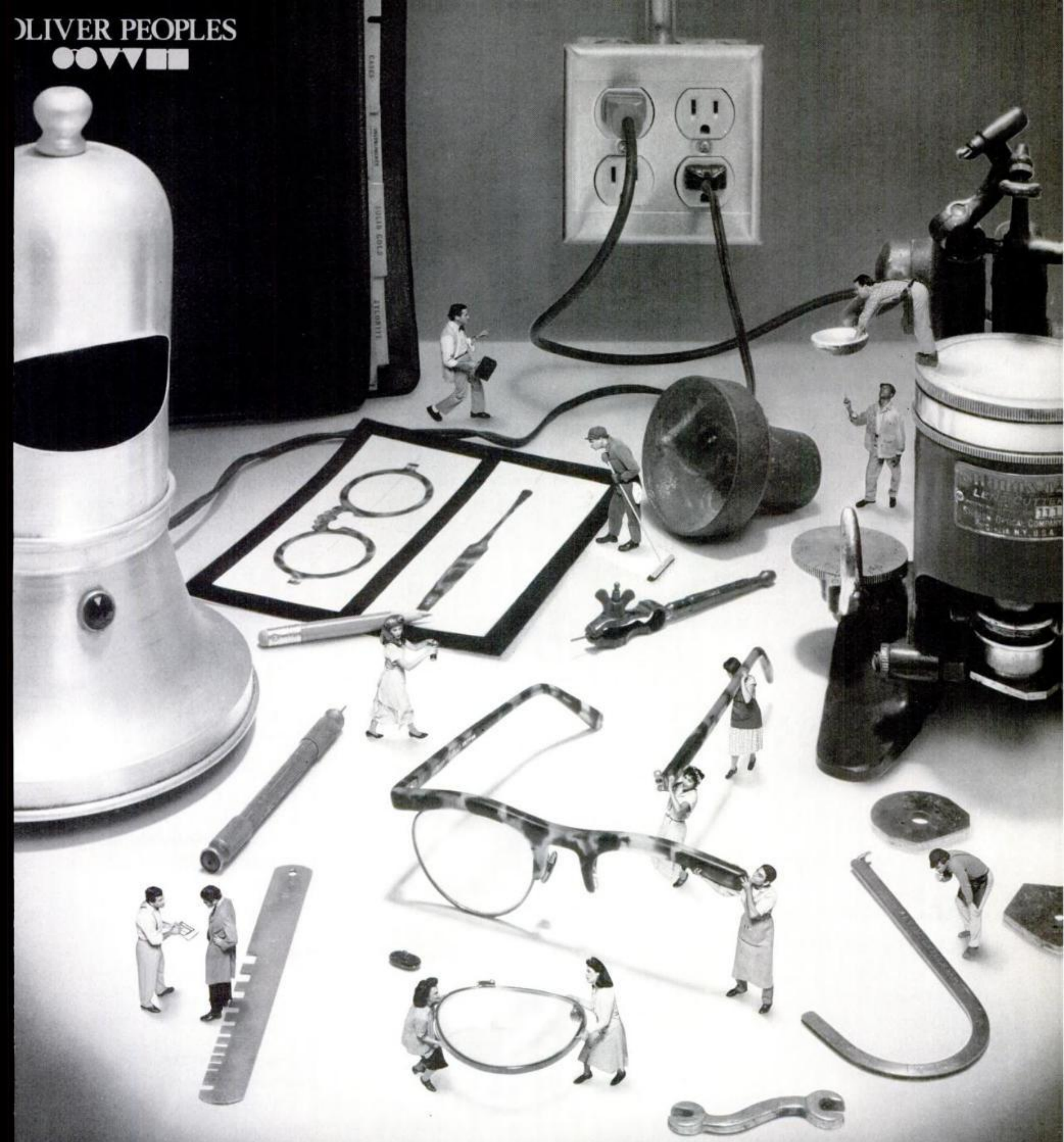
Panning for Spare Change in Manhattan's Fountains

Once upon a time Manhattan's fountains glittered with a wealth of submerged pennies, nickels and quarters—the coprometallic spoor left by wandering bands of wish-makers and penny-a-shot dreamers. But then, for some reason, people stopped making wishes. Maybe we lost the childlike sense of wonder and gullibility that once led us to make wishes. Maybe loose change got scarcer. But whatever the reason, one thing's for sure: aquatic coin-prospecting in midtown Manhattan isn't what it was back in '49.

Fountain	Contents	Obstacles to Coin-Collecting	Where the Money Goes if You Don't Take It
Paramount Plaza, Broadway and 51st Street	Two pennies	Thick meringue of green foam over drains; watchful eyes of sweating aerobicizers in adjacent Living Well Lady Fitness Center	Despite obvious presence of two pennies in fountain, building manager denies that people ever throw change in it, saying, "Nope. Nope. Nope"
Lincoln Center, Broadway and 63rd Street	Four pennies in prohibitively deep water	"There's a mechanism in the fountain that makes it so that no one would want to [throw coins]," says a spokesman. "Mechanism" involves "a lot of pipes and things"	Money thrown into fountain (as much as 12 cents a week) funds maintenance of fountain and, presumably, the notorious "mechanism"
Exxon Building, Sixth Avenue and 50th Street	Six pennies	Coins accessible only by wading through soggy leaves and unnaturally white foam	Custodian can keep whatever he finds, though "a lot of it's taken care of by the local characters . . . who make a tour very early in the morning"
McGraw-Hill Building, Sixth Avenue and 48th Street	A single penny	Volkswagen-size stainless-steel model of solar system in fountain disorients would-be prospectors, as do watchful diners in adjacent BeanStalk restaurant	Despite empirical proof, building manager insists people never throw money in fountain because it's "not a wishing well"
"Tropic Zone" waterfall in Central Park Zoo	Seven pennies, two nickels, numerous bird droppings and dead insects	"Monkeys, crocodilians, snakes, bats, insects, free-flying birds, and many other tropical species," according to brochure	Even though coins (as much as 17 cents a week) go into zoo's petty cash, zoo discourages unsolicited projectile contributions, which are "bad for the animals." Spokesperson also notes that the zoo's 20 bodies of water "are not wishing wells"
IBM Plaza's "Levitated Mass" fountain, 56th Street and Madison Avenue	Slice can, cigarette butts, paper bags, foil-wrapped half sandwich, one penny	Rushing water, wet garbage	Cleaning crew permitted to keep change, but cultured PR person notes, "It's not the Fountain of Trevi"
Bethesda Fountain, Central Park	Bottle caps	Extremely easy access causes fierce competition among coin-dredgers	Spokesperson says the fountain is "more or less self-cleaning; passersby usually take care of the change." Also travel-savvy, he adds, "It's not like the Fontana di Trevi"
Prometheus Fountain, Rockefeller Center	No coins visible	Precipitous drop to fountain necessitates rappelling gear	"I don't think there's a policy set for that," says a Rockefeller Center spokesperson, who made no mention of the Fountain of Trevi
Steuben Glass reflecting pool, Fifth Avenue and 56th Street	Approximately 13 cents in assorted coins	Forage at your own risk: construction workers across Fifth Avenue may be tempted to pitch life-threatening, high-velocity pennies from 53rd floor	"On the average, we collect about six dollars a week," the building manager says. "At the end of the year we give it to the Salvation Army"
Trump Tower Atrium, Fifth Avenue and 56th Street	Lots of pennies, nickels and dimes	Change can be reached only from a single fountainside table at Bistro café	Every one to three weeks, fountain cleaners collect about $18 in small change. Trump employee says money is donated to "United Cerebral Palsy and the Police Athletic League, or any charity that comes to mind," then adds, "I don't know why I'm so cooperative with you guys when you always write such garbage about us. I guess I should've said it goes straight into Mr. Trump's pocket, right?"

—Paul Simms

Copyrighted material



OLIVER PEOPLES®

8642 SUNSET BOULEVARD, LOS ANGELES OLIVE 7-2553 DISTRIBUTED BY PEOPLES L.A. 8620-A SUNSET BOULEVARD, LOS ANGELES 90069 TEL (213) 657-5475 FAX (213) 657-2378

Copyrighted material

Naked City

Cigarette Girl

We'd heard lots of people say that Melanie Griffith, the gravelly voiced star of *Something Wild* and *Working Girl*, smoldered on-screen; now we understand what they mean.

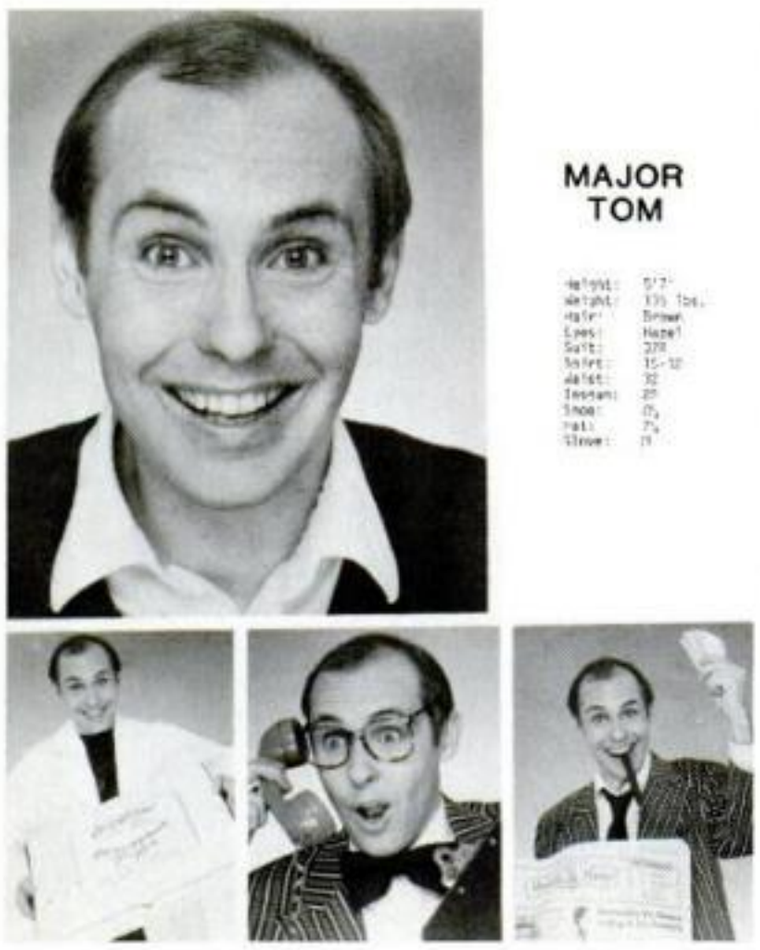
"Melanie Griffith sits on the floor . . . lighting one cigarette from the last. . . . She exhales a column of smoke. . . . 'Let's put it this way,' Griffith says, taking a long drag. . . . She tamps her cigarette. . . . She flicks an invisible speck of tobacco from her lip and relights." —*Premiere*, December 1988

"She was smoking a long menthol cigarette. . . . On the floor next to the chair lay her pack of cigarettes, an ashtray. Between applications of brush and sponge, she lit up. . . . She had her cigarettes. We had an ashtray. . . . She laughed and put out her cigarette." —*Details*, December–January 1989

"Once in a dream movie, she lit a black cigarette . . . with a gold tip. 'I always light my cigarettes with a gold tip,' she explained. . . . 'Later I give the tip to the waiter.' " —*American Film*, March 1988

—*Mark Silber*

SPY Showcases Tomorrow's Stars Today



MAJOR TOM

SPY's Reviews You Can Use

On the Town—With Mr. Second-Acter

Everyone knows about the honorable tradition among show people of slipping into theaters at intermission in order to catch a play's second act. Once upon a time, a penniless actor would do this in order to see *the work*. Today, even though American theater is dead, actors still sneak in for free—and now so can you!

Here's how:

Leave your overcoat at home, fold an old *Playbill* under your arm and bring along a translucent plastic cup. Arrive at the theater a few minutes before the end of the first act and loiter in front, out of view of the lobby staff. Mingle with the crowd that spills out onto the street for fresh air at intermission, then stride purposefully into the lobby with your cup in hand. Hang around unfurtively and wait until the last possible moment to take an available seat. Figuring out the plot so far shouldn't be a problem, especially for those accustomed to watching TV with a remote-control device. Settle in and enjoy the satisfying feeling that you're one up on the Peapack orthodontist sitting next to you.

The following is a tip sheet for getting into two more or less current Broadway shows—neither of which is a sellout, and one of which, Mr. Second-Acter fears, may only be available through Peter Allen's private video library by the time this issue sees print. Either way, Mr. Second-Acter promises: your evening on the town will feel lighter, breezier, less filling.



Play: Neil Simon's *"Rumors"*—Broadhurst Theatre, 235 West 44th Street
Regular Ticket Price (Orchestra): $40
First Act Curtain: 9:04 p.m.
Second Act Curtain Up: 9:18 p.m.
Usher Alertness: Moderate

The lone guard in the lobby is a short gray man dressed in an old-fashioned brown uniform, including a chauffeur-style cap with SCHUBERT stitched across its brim. He glares, yet remains inert.

Seat Availability: Good
Audience Helpfulness in Explaining Story So Far: Excellent

"A guy shoots himself in the ear and then the rumors start," explains a Texan who's in town to learn about collecting art at Sotheby's. "It's almost too funny," he drawls without sarcasm.

"Some of the guests at the dinner party know about the shooting and some don't," says a young man in a tweed jacket. "There's a lot of slapstick."

The Work: Some good bits, but not enough time in the second act (50 minutes) to develop the characters fully. Conveniently, though, Simon accommodates latecomers—and dull-witted first-acters—by having the characters recap the entire plot as the second act opens.



Play: *Legs Diamond*, starring Peter Allen—Mark Hellinger Theatre, West 51st Street
Regular Ticket Price (Orchestra): $50
First Act Curtain: 9:17 p.m.
Second Act Curtain Up: 9:34 p.m.
Usher Alertness: Nonexistent

Door is completely unguarded.

Seat Availability: Very good

When I ask if I may "move down," an usher shows me to a seat in front row center. Other open seats can be found in left rear of orchestra.

Audience Helpfulness in Explaining Story So Far: Unenthusiastic

Intermission crowd doesn't seem to be in very good spirits. To the question "Did I miss anything?" a man with a large forehead replies, "Not much. A lot happened, but it doesn't matter."

"Costumes are great, but I'd rather see him at Radio City," says a man with an earring.

The Work: Halfhearted plot and lavish Vegas-y production numbers make for high-entertainment-value second act—and one that seems just right at half the length of the normal *Legs*. —*Steven Slon*

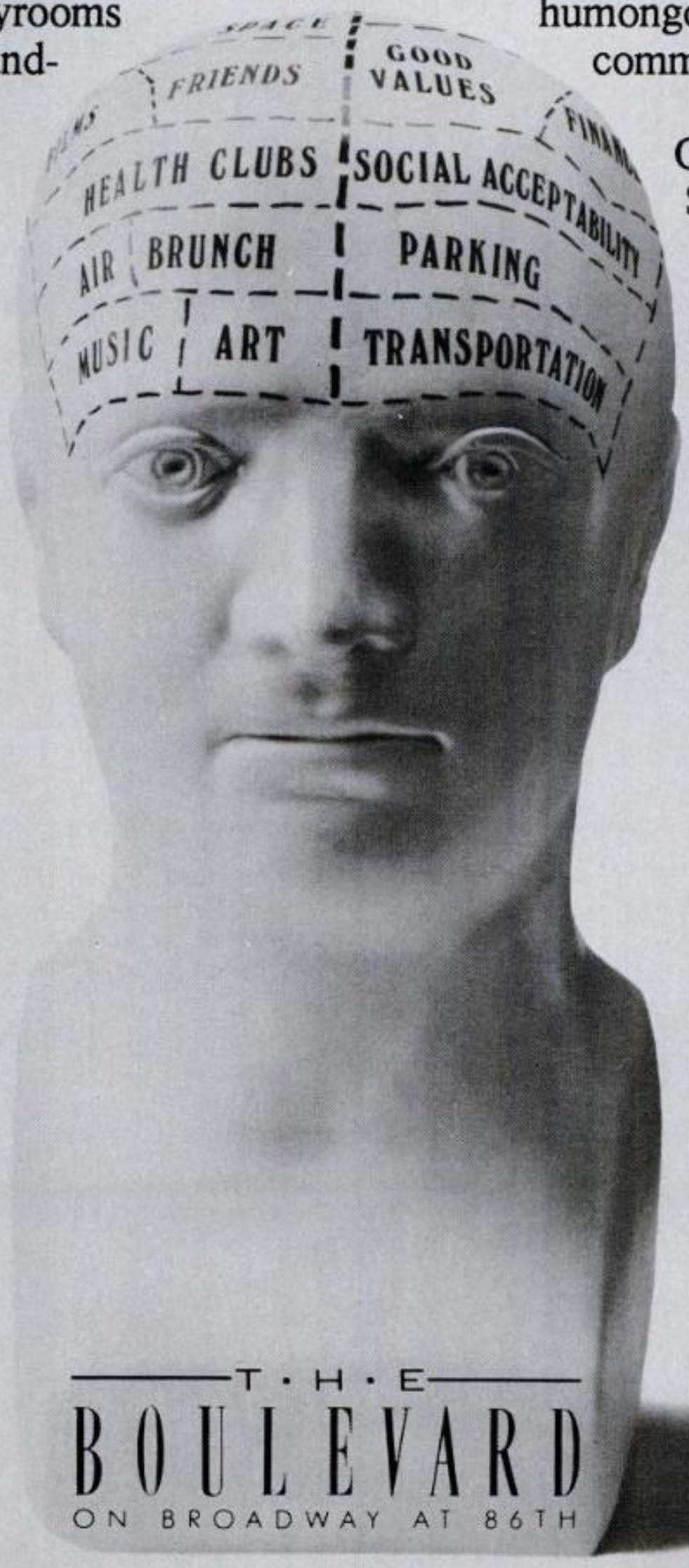
Copyrighted material

West Brain.

Your West Brain wants: Light. Air. Unique living space. Surrounded by the wonderful neighborhood life of the West Side. The Boulevard offers it all. Plus: a 75-foot pool, squash and racquetball courts,exercise room, steam room, sauna sunning terrace, playrooms for grown-ups and kids, landscaped roof garden, stunning lobby with doorman and concierge.

East Brain.

Your East Brain wants: Hard-nosed value. Financing. Parking. Convenient transportation. Building Security. The Boulevard offers it all. Plus: Brazilian cherrywood floors, marble baths, Euro-kitchens, top-of-the-line appliances, humongous closets, at these common-sense prices:



One-bedrooms from $175,400. Two-bedrooms from $312,900. Three-bedroom duplexes from $559,400. One, two and four-bedroom duplexes also available. Call Ms. Spayer for an appointment: **(212)874-8686.**

Sponsor: Broadway 86th Street Associates, c/o Eichner Properties, Inc. Some services may not be available at closing. Parking available for a fee; space limited. This is not an offering where prohibited by law. The complete offering terms are in an offering plan available from Sponsor. CC87-050. Prices subject to change.

EQUAL HOUSING OPPORTUNITY

T · H · E
BOULEVARD
ON BROADWAY AT 86TH

At last, a both-brainer.

Exclusive sales and marketing agent:
JAMES CHARLES STEWART, INC.

Copyrighted material

Naked City

THE TIMES



Max



Arthur



Abe

There was an all but audible sigh of relief breathed by those who attend certain *Times Magazine* staff meetings as word made its way through the dingy offices that articles editor Ken Emerson was leaving to become executive editor of *Manhattan, inc.* Emerson's colleagues will no doubt miss his special brand of virtuoso bum-kissing—a skill honed over years of osculation at the backside of his mentor, deposed *Times Magazine* editor Ed Klein. (Bum-kissing does have its rewards, however: it was Klein who suggested to *Manhattan, inc.* editor Clay Felker that Emerson would be just the sort of brownnosing toad . . . whoops, *that is to say* . . . stalwart, independent editor Felker was looking for.)

Although the departure of an egregious favor-currier is always cause for celebration among the masses at the *Times*, it is not the sole explanation for the guarded elation. Emerson, it seems, is such an on-the-go editor that he had something of a reputation for neglecting his posttoilet toilette. And so at the staff meetings colleagues would assemble early in order to make fevered grabs for the assorted gummy fish and caramel nibs in the communal candy tray before he arrived. When he did, he'd thrust his hand into the sweets dish in quest of his beloved M&Ms—whereupon a wave of sudden, silent confection uninterest would overcome his colleagues.

The socially unredeeming entertainment portion of this column finished, now back to the subject that has lately informed this page: the *Times*'s willfully erratic application of its own conflict-of-interest guidelines—guidelines that seem to place greater importance on the extracurricular writings of its reporters than on the near-corrupt activities that exist within its own walls. (Hello, Arthur!) Indeed, the *Times* is a newspaper that saw nothing amiss in the marriage of John Corry, for years the paper's chief critic of nonfiction television programming, to Sonia Landau, the chairman until two years ago of the Corporation for Public Broadcasting, the chief supplier of nonfiction television programming.

The *Times* is a paper that promotes Martin Arnold—who, like Emerson, had served years of bum-kissing fealty under Klein at the magazine—to the powerful post of communications czar, in charge of both television and publishing coverage. The paper evidently sees no problem at all in Arnold's live-in arrangement with Kathy Robbins, a prominent New York agent with a client list of media maneuverers including William Paley and former journalist Tony Schwartz.

Last year Carol Vogel, a design reporter at the paper, suggested a story to the magazine and was apparently given the go-ahead on it. But the subject was off her beat, and so she was told that she would have to work on it nights and weekends. Which Vogel did. Because it wasn't a story about Middle East geopolitics, the magazine saw no reason to run it; Vogel decided to shop it elsewhere. She first sought the counsel of her agent, who told her that before she did anything she ought to broach the idea of selling the piece elsewhere to Warren Hoge, editor in charge of freelance permissions at the *Times*. Hoge refused Vogel's request—a verdict that her agent might well have suspected all along. Her agent's name is Kathy Robbins.

Metro section reporter Susan Heller Anderson is one of the fortunates who have been granted permission to write elsewhere—in her case, for *Travel & Leisure*. Unfortunately, she did not disclose this sideline when she produced a withering story for the paper on *Travel & Leisure*'s far more distinguished competitor, *Condé Nast Traveler*. Anderson managed the neat feat of committing this thoroughgoing ethical breach and at the same time earning valuable *Times* brownie points—good toward further freelance permissions—by including in her story flattering mention of the *Times*'s own effort in this area, *The Sophisticated Traveler*.

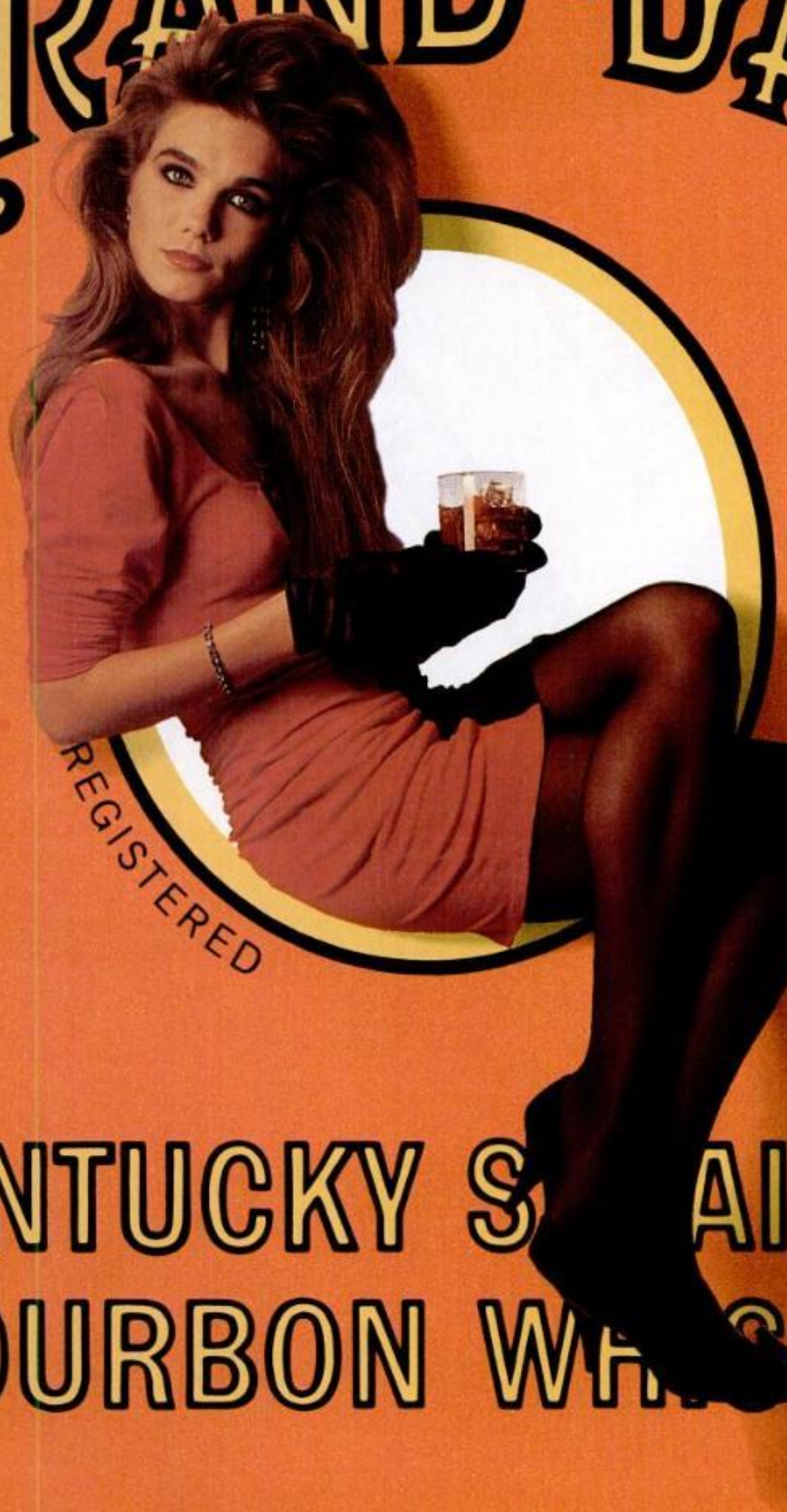
After culture reporter Leslie Bennetts, who had been at the paper for a decade, wrote about *Chess* for *Vanity Fair*, she was invited into Hoge's cell for a proper dressing-down. Though the door was closed, so audible was his pique that fragments of the conversation were heard out in the newsroom. Hoge told Bennetts that this was the first instance he'd *ever* encountered of a writer's wishing to write elsewhere. When Bennetts pointed out that he'd granted freelance permission to another writer earlier that day, Hoge reportedly said, "*Are you calling me a liar?*"

The next day executive editor Max Frankel, a man even more obsessed by the subject of his staff's freelance endeavors than his predecessor, Abe Rosenthal, posted on the newsroom bulletin board a particularly vindictive memo about Bennetts's transgression. Bennetts shortly thereafter joined a distinguished procession of young and youngish *Times* talent who have left the paper and became a contributing editor at *Vanity Fair*. But then, the *Times* has always had a unique facility for bullying its most talented reporters. Former TV-beat reporter Peter Boyer was apparently hectored not because an excerpt from his book, *Who Killed CBS?*, appeared in *Vanity Fair* last year—but because it wasn't written in bloodless *Times* style.

—*J. J. Hunsecker*

Copyrighted material

OLD GRAND-DAD



86 PROOF

86 PROOF

KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY

ME AND MY GRAND-DAD

Kentucky Straight Bourbon Whiskey. 43% Alc/Vol. (86 Proof) Distilled and bottled by the Old Grand-Dad Distillery Company, Frankfort, KY.

Copyrighted material



Copyrighted material



The diagnosis: you are allergic to everything. The cure: take megadoses of overpriced vitamins. Nutty New Age nightmare? Prescription for peril? Too many wasted nights at Studio 54 and Bianca Jagger's beach house? Or this: a glamorous kind of medicine where jumbo syringes full of pick-me-up juice are just what the doctor ordered? JENNIFER CONLIN investigates New York's two most notorious celebrity nutritionists, Dr. Stuart Berger (left) and Dr. Robert Giller (right), and discovers that when it comes to silly rich people, there's a patient born every minute

PLUS

On Page 65:

A VISIT TO VITAMIN HELL

Malingering SPY Staff Members Subjected to Medical Experimentation—A Gripping, Skin-Crawling, Way-Too-Expensive Undercover Investigation

A SPY PHOTO DRAMATIZATION • PHOTOGRAPH BY WILLIAM DUKE

Copyrighted material

He was a doctor with eyes like Dr. Kildare's.

He was a doctor she trusted.

He was a doctor to whom she had paid lots and lots of money.

For the last four weeks Jane Doe (not her real name), a 32-year-old fashion consultant, had been visiting the Park Avenue offices of Robert Giller, M.D.—nutritionist to the stars, vitamin dispenser to New York's elite hypochondriacs, author of the best-selling book *Medical Makeover*. He had diagnosed all sorts of food allergies she never knew she had by administering a blood test and carefully—*scientifically*—analyzing a strand of her hair. To control her cravings for sweets, he had prescribed a bottle of chromium pills, costing "around" $20 and conveniently sold right in his very own office. And he had given her megadoses of vitamin C. She had begun to feel more alive, healthier. . . .

That is, until she had suddenly been rushed to the emergency room because her body was puffing up like a soufflé. Strange, she had thought to herself, she hadn't had an allergic reaction like this in six years—and how odd that it had happened only four weeks after she had begun seeing Dr. Giller. And now she was reading an article in *The New York Times* about how to recognize a disreputable nutritionist, written by the first lady of personal health herself, Jane Brody (see "Eat, Drink and Be Merry—But Sparingly," page 62). As Doe ticked off more and more of Brody's warning signals—signals that related to Dr. Giller, such as the hair test and the expensive, office-sold vitamins—it all began to make sense. She thought she heard a sound in her mind's ear. It was the sound a duck makes.

Two weeks later, on May 1, 1988, patients of yet another nutritionist to the stars, author himself of a whole shelf's worth of diet books, most notably *Dr. Berger's Immune Power Diet*, got a scare from the *Daily News*. The paper announced that "a big fat probe" was being conducted by the New York State Department of Health into the practice of Dr. Stuart Berger, prompted by complaints from several former patients. The doctor, it seemed, had been issued a subpoena asking him to turn over not just the files of the patients but also the names and addresses of everyone who'd worked for him since 1983. (As of January, the investigation is proceeding; Dr. Berger's practice remains open.)

Despite their suspect methods, both Dr. Giller, in his late forties, and Dr. Berger, in his mid-thirties, have found a loyal following of clients who pay dearly for their advice and treatments—not to mention the putative social standing achieved by being spotted in their waiting rooms. In fact, although the two doctors have no professional association and don't see each other socially, they have treated some of the same patients. "I knew he was a quack, but I kept returning," says one female TV producer who went to Dr. Giller. She goes on to say—probably more to the point—"Did you know Bianca Jagger's a client?"

In addition to Jagger, Dr. Giller has had many other clients known less for their common sense than for, as the saying goes, *being known*. George Hamilton, for instance, and former substance abusers Liza Minnelli, Judy Collins and Carrie Fisher. Mikhail Baryshnikov felt he needed Dr. Giller's vitamin supplements to keep him dancing, and Los Angeles Laker Kareem Abdul-Jabbar sought treatment from Dr. Giller for migraines.

Dr. Berger's patients are no slouches, either. They are, he writes in one of his books, "film and television celebrities, major power brokers from Wall Street, corporate heavy hitters . . . world-renowned artists, musicians, intellectuals, professional athletes, and members of the ruling families of several continents." More specifically, they have been Irene Papas, ballerina-actress Leslie Browne, Bella Abzug and Roberta Flack. Mrs. Joe Bologna (Renee Taylor) has in the past witnessed for Dr. Berger, using such credibility-boosting platforms as *The Donahue Show*.

But most of Dr. Berger's and Dr. Giller's patients are not famous, just as most of the people who eat at Elaine's or go to Vail aren't Woody Allen or Jack Nicholson. The majority of these patients are drawn from New York's sizable population of affluent women willing to grasp onto any novelty in the health, beauty and fitness fields—willing to pay any price and endure any process, no matter how humiliating, in order to stave off decay. Like used cars passing through one repair bay after another, they while away their days in offices, gyms and salons, hoping to emerge spanking new.

Doctors Berger and Giller have latched on to this gravy train and become rich themselves by writing diet books, appearing on talk shows and expanding their private practices into the most elite—and most neurotic—social and celebrity circles. For these two caring professionals—unlike so many of their remote colleagues—patients are more than just amalgams of symptoms and insurance forms; they are *friends*—the people the good doctors socialize with, the people they summer with, the people who introduce them to other wealthy and celebrated people, people who themselves might very well have multiple allergies or need liquid vitamin pick-me-ups. This is the nice part of doctoring.

The tough part of doctoring is the scientific–diagnostic–Hippocratic oath part. It is worth noting here that both Dr. Berger and Dr. Giller are, in fact, real doctors—the medical kind. Dr. Berger received his degree from Tufts University Medical School and also received a graduate degree from the Harvard School of Public Health (credentials he repeats over and over, as if they were mantras, in his books); he began but apparently never finished a residency in psychiatry. Dr. Giller's medical degree comes from the University of Illinois; he served in the Army as a specialist in preventive medicine but especially likes to point to the year he spent in Hong Kong training as an acupuncturist.

Anyone, however—even Paul Prudhomme—can become a nutritionist in New York State; there is no licensing or certification process here. In fact, one physician recently demonstrated just how easy it is to join the American Association of Nutrition and Dietary Consultants by sending in a $50 check and an application on behalf of his dog; soon after, the dog was accepted for membership. (*Dietitians*, on the other hand, are required to follow a specified course of study and are certified in New York State by the American Dietetic Association. Indeed, the ADA complained to *The New York Times* in 1986 that there has been a "dramatic increase" in the number of "unqualified nutritionists who dupe the public with gimmicks and quackery.") In their books, neither Dr. Berger nor Dr. Giller claims any *official* status as a dietitian or nutritionist; nor would they or their offices supply any professional associations. ("Just come and see him," one of Dr. Berger's receptionists told a SPY researcher she mistook for a potential patient. "All the best people see him.")

Interestingly, the two doctors have much in common besides best-sellers, high-profile patients and an easily exploited specialty. Both of their careers, for instance, have thrived on offering cures for the widest-ranging of symptoms—symptoms so common as to guarantee a plentiful pool of patients. According to Dr. Giller's

Copyrighted material

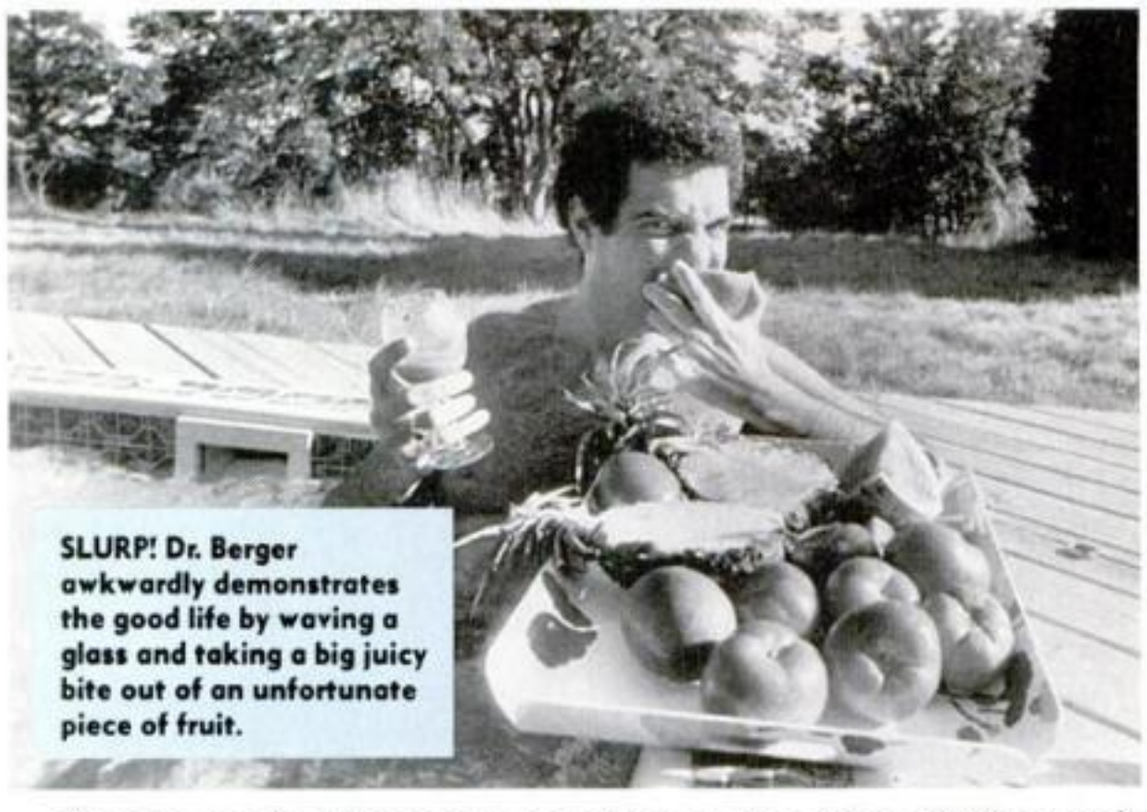
book, *Medical Makeover*, if you suffer from "headaches, afternoon fatigue, inability to concentrate, sleeplessness, depression [or] susceptibility to colds . . . your body may be trying to warn you of future chronic disease." (Your body may also be warning you that you live in the late twentieth century.) Stress, the complaint of favor in the 1980s, is a particular bugaboo of Dr. Giller's. The best-selling *Dr. Berger's Immune Power Diet* tells its readers that if they suffer from a whole textbook's worth of symptoms, ranging from jet lag to flatulence, they very likely harbor *hidden* allergies, not just the pedestrian ones (cat hair, dust balls, ragweed). Dr. Giller also discovers allergies, allergies that are as sophisticated as their wealthy victims, allergies to foods such as endive, mustard seed, paprika. "I have very specific allergies that I did not know I had until I saw him," notes an enthusiastic Bianca Jagger, sounding like M. Jourdain, Molière's would-be gentleman, who never realized that he'd been speaking *prose* all those years.

Both doctors have gone in for the hair testing and vitamin prescribing that Jane Doe noticed on the Brody warning list, and both doctors frequently prescribe the same regimens for many different patients (yet another Brody caveat). After sacrificing a drop of blood and a strand of hair to Dr. Giller, one patient was told that she was allergic to milk (among many other things); she later discovered, she claims, that "he tells lots of women they're allergic to milk." He also administers a lot of vitamin B_{12} shots (see "A Visit to Vitamin Hell," page 65). A former employee of Dr. Berger's said, in an interview with ABC News, "I was told to automatically mark them off [allergies to yeast, dairy, eggs and wheat]. Half of [the patients] don't even have reactions to these foods."

Both doctors also share a propensity for finding themselves at odds with the medical establishment. "The AMA says there is no such thing as antistress vitamins," Dr. Giller admitted cheerfully to *People* magazine. "But I feel that antioxidants help people feel better." He also asserted that while the AMA denies that doses of chromium, one of his favorite minerals, block a craving for sweets, his "clinical experience" shows that the pills work (so conclusively, it seems, that he indiscriminately handed a bottle over to me when I mentioned, off the cuff, that I like sweets: "Here," he said helpfully, "try *these*"). In a *New York* magazine interview, Dr. Berger whined about the Food and Drug Administration's statement that some of the tests he used to routinely employ are worthless as a way of detecting food allergies, adding that he found it "morally troublesome" that the FDA's pooh-poohing a test he had already used on thousands of people would affect general opinion so drastically.

And there's one other thing that Doctors Berger and Giller share. It's a factor that, perhaps more than anything else, explains their staggering success: both maintain offices within walking distance of Le Cirque.

Dr. Berger's ground-floor office is located on Fifth Avenue near 61st Street. Walking into it, one is at first impressed by the large David Hockney watercolor hanging on one wall (bought on the advice of his close personal friend Leonard Bernstein). But it's the checkout counter, situated in the middle of the pastel-tinted lobby, with its drugstore-style display of Dr. Berger's own line of expensive supernutrients and fiber supplements, that really sets the tone. It is here that up to 40 patients a day will sit and wait to see Stuart Berger.



SLURP! Dr. Berger awkwardly demonstrates the good life by waving a glass and taking a big juicy bite out of an unfortunate piece of fruit.

A pasty, pudgy giant who appears to carry at least 250 pounds on his six-foot-seven-inch frame, Dr. Berger in the flesh does not exactly inspire confidence in his regimens—how, one might ask, could a nutritionist allow himself to become so enormous that his collars cut into his neck like tourniquets? (Dr. Berger declined to be interviewed by SPY.)

"Any fool can lose weight," Dr. Berger says in a promotional video for one of his books. "People in concentration camps lost weight, people in prisoner-of-war camps lost weight"—which is one Dr. Berger assertion that few would debate. He likes to tell the story in his books of how, as a lonely boy growing up in Brooklyn over his family's candy store, he ate his way through childhood and adolescence until one night, when he was tipping the scale at over 400 pounds, he found he could no longer fit into his seat at the opera. He promptly started a diet, taking close to four years to lose 210 pounds; in the process, he says, he developed bleeding ulcers and migraines, which led him to study dieting and nutrition.

After receiving his degrees from Tufts and Harvard, Dr. Berger attempted a residency in psychiatry at New York University, but he left, according to various sources, after a "dispute" with the director; it is unclear whether he ever finished a residency anywhere. Nevertheless, at age 27, Dr. Berger became a media shrink, a lower-rent Joyce Brothers appearing on the *Midday* show with Bill Boggs to discuss the psychological implications of current events. But it was Dr. Berger's best-selling books, and subsequently booming Fifth Avenue practice, that made him the millions he continues to earn today.

In 1982, having had apparently no specific professional or academic experience in the field of nutrition, Dr. Berger coauthored with Marcia Cohen the book *Southampton Diet*—"the diet that keeps the 'Beautiful People' thin, beautiful and super active." *Southampton Diet* promised a weight loss of up to 15 pounds in two weeks and played profitably to readers' social anxieties about being snubbed by the rich. "In Southampton, thin is the name of the game," the book says, and the diet's fame lured many Hamptons residents—and many more Hamptons wanna-bes—to Dr. Berger's office, which was hastily opened to cash in on the book's success. Seemingly overnight, Dr. Berger became a practicing nutritionist. He began writing magazine articles and a weekly column for the *New York Post*, which was edited by his friend Roger Wood.

Unfortunately, Dr. Berger's new career drew the enmity of his two alma maters. Dr. Jean Mayer, the president of Tufts and for 26 years a Harvard professor of nutrition, wrote in a *Wall Street*

Copyrighted material

EAT, DRINK AND BE MERRY

(BUT SPARINGLY, AND WITH AN EYE ON ALL THAT WILL KILL YOU)

BRYAN MILLER, BON VIVANT, VS. JANE E. BRODY, KILLJOY

Every Friday, Bryan Miller, restaurant reviewer for *The New York Times*, describes the putative virtues of restaurants around town in an effort to help New Yorkers better enjoy the pleasures of food and drink. On Thursdays, Jane E. Brody, health columnist for the *Times*, reports at length the dismal news about some everyday human habit—often the eating of popular foods—that has proved to be shockingly unhealthful and, given sufficient repetition, lethal. Whom should we believe?

WHAT MILLER TELLS US	WHAT BRODY TELLS US*
At Zarela: "Virtually all the appetizers are recommended, including . . . chilaquiles, which are **fried** tortilla strips overlaid with shredded chicken, tart **sour cream** and white **cheddar cheese** . . . [and] flautas, . . . tacos served with fresh **guacamole**."	"[**Frying** is] not advisable if you're trying to cut down on fat."
	"**Sour cream** . . . is at least 18 percent fat, use yogurt instead."
	"In **cheddar** . . . 75 percent of the calories are fat calories."
	"**Avocados** also have a lot of fat."
At Aquavit: "A **salmon tartar** blended with minced oysters is an ethereal briny combination; ditto the sheets of this mildly smoked, silky **salmon with horseradish cream**. . . . [But] the **sweetbreads** [were] bland and spongy."	"High fat fish include **salmon**...."
	"Switch to skim milk. . . . Evaporated skim milk can be substituted for **cream**."
	"High cholesterol meats to avoid include all the organ meats—brains, **sweetbreads** . . . and heart."
At Sam's: "The hefty **hamburger** [is] among the best in town."	"Avoid . . . **hamburger** . . .
At Melrose: "Finally there is a simple but exquisite **roast duck**. . . ."	". . . **duck** . . ."
At Raintrees: "Recommended appetizers include . . . grilled fennel **sausage**."	". . . **sausages**."
At Sabor: "Sabor will prepare a complete feast around a **roast suckling pig** for groups of eight or more. . . . Another winner is coco quemado, a thick, hot **coconut** custard . . . served under a melting glacier of fresh **whipped cream**."	"There are **no** very **lean cuts of *pork***."
	"The highest blood cholesterol levels resulted from **coconut** oil."
	"Heavy **whipping cream** is 38 percent butterfat!"
At The Rainbow Room: "A . . . frozen praline soufflé is . . . lubricated with hot **chocolate** sauce."	"**Chocolate** . . . icings are on the watch-out list."

We mustn't, however, be overly quick to judge Brody as a stick-in-the-mud. "I agree with Dr. Myron Winick," she has written, "who says you don't have to abandon fine dining . . . to eat prudently. . . . Dr. Winick suggests that you avoid items described [on menus] in any of the following terms: buttery, buttered or butter sauce; sautéed, fried, pan-fried, or crispy; creamed, cream sauce, or in its own gravy; au gratin, Parmesan, in cheese sauce, or escalloped; au lait, à la mode, or au fromage; marinated, stewed, basted, or casserole; prime, hash, pot pie, and hollandaise." Other than that, *bon appétit*!

—*Jamie Malanowski*

*All quotes are from the best-selling *Jane Brody's Nutrition Book*.

Journal review of another of Dr. Berger's books, "It is my hope that no future graduate of the Tufts Medical School will exhibit as little knowledge of nutrition as does Dr. Berger." Fredrick Stare, the chairman of Harvard's nutrition department when Berger was a student, has taken the trouble to point out in a televised news report that Dr. Berger, despite his claims, never took a single nutrition course at Harvard. And not long after the publication of *Southampton Diet*, *American Health* magazine declared that the diet was "little more than a semantically upscaled version of a diet concept devised . . . by the late nutrition pioneer Norman Jolliffe, M.D., when he was working for the decidedly unchic New York City Department of Health."

None of the naysaying, however, has mattered. "Dr. Berger's main purpose in life is to be an actor, to be among the rich and famous, but not helping people," says a former employee. According to a source, around the time of *Southampton Diet* Dr. Berger began frantically looking for a Hamptons house of his own; he bought one shortly thereafter. (In New York, he lives in a penthouse duplex in The Beaumont, on West 61st Street, and can be seen around town driving up to his favorite Italian restaurants in a Rolls-Royce Silver Shadow.)

It wasn't long before Dr. Berger realized that while exploiting people's fears of looking unattractive was profitable, exploiting their fear of death was even more profitable. In 1985, just as the AIDS epidemic was beginning to frighten heterosexuals, Dr. Berger published *Immune Power Diet*. Given the increasingly panicky climate, that title alone was enough to cause a sensation, and the book topped the *New York Times* best-seller list for 16 weeks. In fact, Dr. Berger didn't directly address the question of AIDS; he just claimed that his new diet had the power to "strengthen and revitalize your body's immune system" by eliminating the foods to which everyone has "hidden food sensitivities."

Once again the medical establishment rained on Dr. Berger's parade. Dr. Mayer, the Tufts president and Dr. Berger debunker, wrote in a review of *Immune Power Diet* that food allergies are rare, difficult to diagnose and properly treated only by a registered dietitian. In his defense Dr. Berger has said, "The medical establishment has long debated the evidence on food sensitivities. . . . As I've said before, my practice is highly controversial and based on hypotheses only now being proved in the research laboratories." Medical ethics, of course—not to mention common sense—usually require treatments to be proved efficacious before they are indiscriminately put into practice.

To find out what "food sensitivities" a patient has, Dr. Berger has done tests in his own laboratory (the laboratory, presumably, where all his hypotheses are currently being proved). In a 1986 ABC News report on Dr. Berger, a number of his former employees revealed that they fabricated test results and got rid of the real slides. "[We were told to] throw them out," said one ex-employee on the program. "He had the disease of the week," another ex-employee told SPY. "One week all his patients had candida [a yeast infection]. The next week it was thyroid problems. He doesn't know what he's doing." Indeed, even before she could finish rattling off her symptoms, one recent prospective patient of Dr. Berger's was told by his cheerful receptionist, "Yup! Sounds like yeast!"

Joy Gabel, a former patient of Dr. Berger's, spent nearly $2,000 before realizing that he was not helping her. "The horror of this is," she told ABC, "that one of the things he told me I was

Copyrighted material

80 Proof Brandy, E&J Distillers, Modesto, CA.

"Clothes may make the man. I prefer to see what's in his liquor cabinet."

MELLOWED IN AGED OAK

ORIGINAL

EXTRA SMOOTH

E&J

BRANDY

Make a statement with E&J.

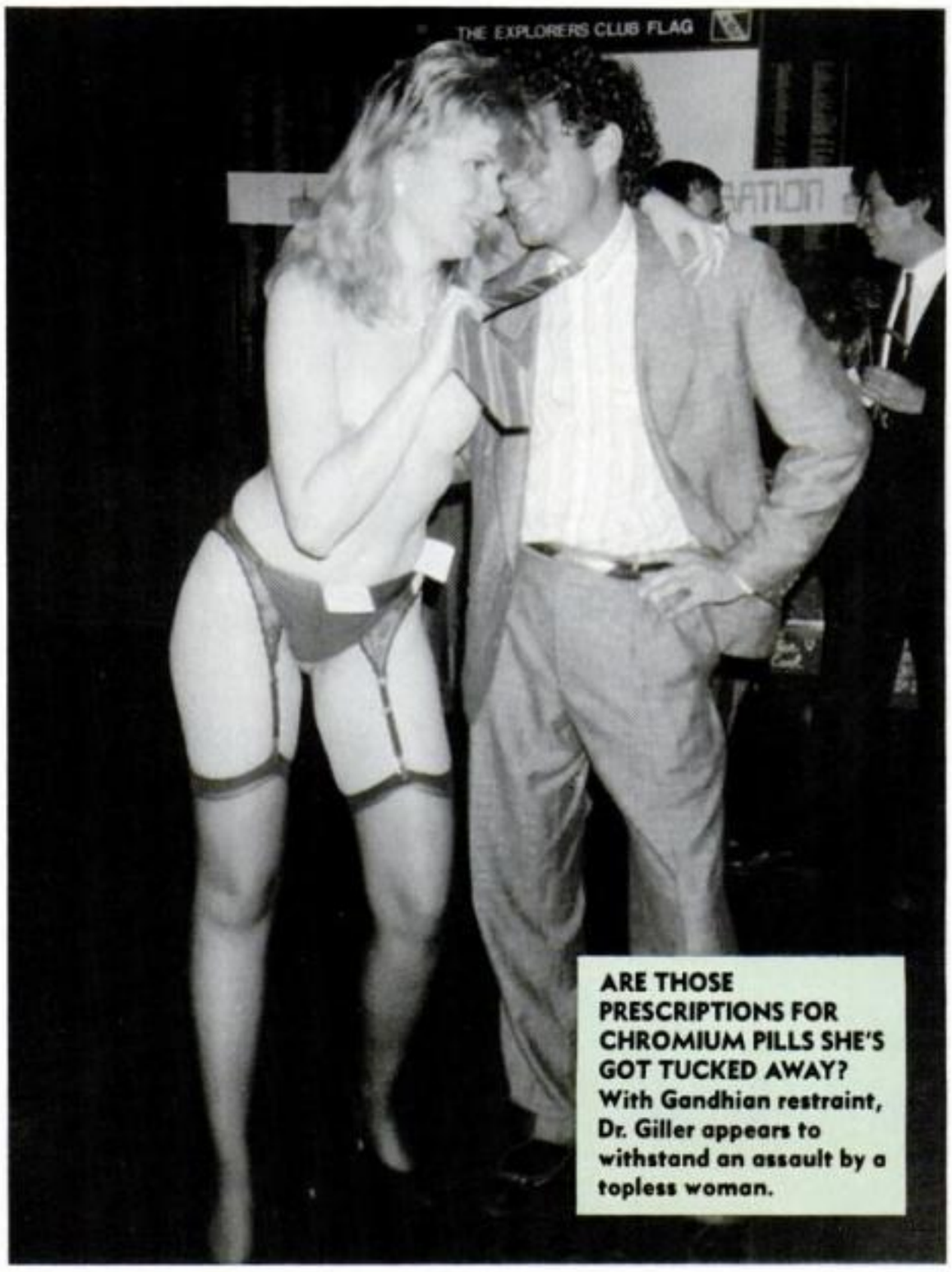
Copyrighted material

deathly allergic to was soy, and the supplement he gave me to drink twice a day was soy powder."

Dr. Berger's next book, *How to Be Your Own Nutritionist*, was published in 1987. Finally he seemed to be providing a real service—eliminating the need to see Stuart Berger. With an eye toward exploiting the public's occasional resentment of the medical establishment, the book tries to play up its supposedly pioneering iconoclasm by quoting the hostile reviews garnered by *Immune Power Diet*, including one that called it "a collection of quack ideas about food allergies."

Despite such bravado, patient complaints have prompted the investigation of Dr. Berger's practice by the New York State Department of Health. Just over a year ago Dr. Berger was served a subpoena requiring him to turn over records as well as provide a description of the ingredients in eleven different manufactured-exclusively-for-Dr.-Berger vitamin supplements with such energetic-sounding names as Power Booster, Power B-90 and Amino Power. According to papers filed by his lawyer, Anthony Scher, the doctor believes the investigation was spurred by insurance companies who disagree with Dr. Berger's methods.

As the investigation continues, Dr. Berger not only continues to practice but has also been promoting yet another new book, the honestly titled *What Your Doctor Didn't Learn in Medical School*. On *The Donahue Show* last year, he blasted away at colleagues, accusing doctors of not washing their hands, and urged his audiences to police their hospitals and demand the best treatments—such as the ones *he* provides.



ARE THOSE PRESCRIPTIONS FOR CHROMIUM PILLS SHE'S GOT TUCKED AWAY? With Gandhian restraint, Dr. Giller appears to withstand an assault by a topless woman.

Dr. Giller's best-selling *Medical Makeover* offers a "revolutionary no-willpower program for lifetime health." The book, as well as his current high-grossing practice, is based on the discovery that stress causes bad habits and that bad habits cause bad health. Dr. Giller described his unstartling epiphany to *Interview* magazine in 1986: "About four or five years ago, I noticed that I didn't have as much energy. . . . I noticed I was drinking more coffee . . . having a glass or two of wine . . . and eating more sugar and sweets. . . . I thought that might have been contributing to my feeling run-down."

What more likely was contributing to his blah feeling were the too many nights he spent at Studio 54 in the late 1970s and early '80s, burning the candle with such close personal friends as Jagger, Warhol and Steve Rubell. With the aid of his own treatments, he continues to lead a glamorous, somewhat fast-paced life. Two summers ago Dr. Giller and Jagger shared a house in East Hampton. Since then, like Dr. Berger, he has been able to move into his own Hamptons home, and he can be seen touring around eastern Long Island in his pink 1979 Cadillac. "I wanted something to make me laugh," Dr. Giller says of the color. In New York, Dr. Giller lives in a duplex on East 87th Street, filled with the ubiquitous Warhols. One member of the early-eighties New York demimonde remembers visiting the doctor's pad for a party and being struck by the porno movies being played on the large-screen video projector in the master bedroom.

"Getting one socially connected client is the ticket to success," says a friend. And although Dr. Giller had been practicing in New York since 1973 (specializing then in holistic medicine and acupuncture), his career didn't really take off until he met Halston and the two became friendly while working out together at the gym of Radu, the Romanian trainer who has also been paid to bully John Kennedy Jr. and Bianca Jagger. Dr. Giller began hanging out with Halston's crowd at Studio 54 and the Hamptons—where, of course, he met many other credulous, wealthy potential patients. "A lot of times the celebrities are friends of one another," says Dr. Giller, who, unlike Dr. Berger, was happy to discuss his professional techniques with SPY. "You get one and they tell their friends."

"He became sort of . . . well, *tacky* about connections," says a woman who knew him at the time his practice began to take off. "My friend took him to a Michael Jackson party at the Museum of Natural History and he dumped her at the door." "Dr. Giller networked at Studio 54 and started meeting a lot of celebrities who started coming to see him for the vitamin shots that made it possible to party the way everyone did then," says an early patient of Dr. Giller's and fellow Studio 54 habitué.

This patient was referring to the famous B_{12} shot. While much of Dr. Giller's practice involves such commonsense advice as telling patients to eliminate bad habits and eat well-balanced meals, the B_{12} shot is the sexy drawing card. One former Dr. Giller patient remembers in detail her first visit to his office in the early 1980s. "I went to him specifically to get the 'orgasm shot,' " she says. "That's what it was called, you know, at least around Studio 54." On her first visit, after prescribing enough pills to fill a medicine cabinet and suggesting that she "consider stopping smoking," Dr. Giller finally got down to business. "It's really a vitamin shot," the former patient insists, not wishing to draw any analogy between Dr. Giller and Dr. Charles Roberts, the shot-giving doctor who made much of the New York nightlife of the sixties possible. "I was really run-down, going through a divorce, doing too much cocaine. Dr. Giller said it would help, and in fact

Copyrighted material

said that biweekly vitamin shots would counteract any bad effects of the drugs."

The shot she received, which she remembers as a combination of vitamins C and B_{12} and ACE (adrenal cortical extract), did not have exactly the effect she hoped. Shortly after the cherry-colored syrup was injected into her arm through at least eight inches' worth of hypodermic needle, she saw the white Formica counter and peach-colored sheet spinning around the room. "There was the promised rush and then a tingling like after you're given nitrous oxide at the dentist's office," recalls the patient, adding that she began sneezing and coughing soon after and eventually experienced breathing difficulties. Dr. Giller promised her that on her second visit he wouldn't use the ACE, since she must have a "sensitivity to one of the preservatives used by the pharmaceutical company." She left his office about $300 poorer only to be surprised that night at 1:00 a.m. by a delayed burst of energy, which she attributes to the shot, that kept her up all night pacing. After her second visit, during which Dr. Giller gave her a shot of B_{12} alone, she stopped going to him. Says another former Dr. Giller patient, "I would sit there for 20 minutes while the vitamins were mainlined into my arm. When I got up, I was flying!" Many, of course, enjoy these infusions of vim. Eighty-one-year-old Evelyn Kovner, who sees Dr. Giller once a week for B_{12} shots, says she has the energy of a 40-year-old. "I believe in him 1,000 percent," she enthuses.

There is nevertheless widespread skepticism of vitamin shots within the medical community. "There is not a real need, in my view, to inject vitamins," says Patricia Hausman, author of a book on vitamin nutrition called *The Right Dose*. Dr. Marie Smith of the American Society of Hospital Pharmacists agrees: "[Vitamins] all have good oral absorption." Dr. Giller admits the practice is controversial but says he has found that B_{12} shots do revitalize fatigued patients. As for the patients who have experienced unusual reactions to the shot, he says, "I can't say that in all my years of practice no one has felt light-headed or sick after the shot . . . but I don't recall any severe reactions."

Jack M. Rosenberg, the director of the International Drug Information Center, admits that "B_{12} is sometimes better absorbed when injected. [But] a good, balanced diet should get a person all the necessary vitamins." When asked for his opinion of prescribing chromium and "supernutrient" supplements—frequent Dr. Giller nostrums—Rosenberg replied, "It's pretty much hocus-pocus."

But for the posh and would-be posh patients of both Dr. Giller and Dr. Berger, hocus-pocus is perhaps the point. After all, it's certainly far more pleasant to trust one's health to something like a vitamin shot or a "no-willpower" diet than to acquire the self-discipline necessary to eat well and exercise once in a while. And given the cliquishness of their two practices, becoming a patient of Dr. Giller's or Dr. Berger's can provide a reassuring sense of community. Patients get together outside the offices, sharing allergy anecdotes over kir royales.

One of Dr. Giller's patients recalls meeting another Dr. Giller patient outside the upscale 10 Downing St. Cleaners in Greenwich Village. "This nice lady asked me if I would mind going in and picking up her cleaning since she could not. I asked her why she couldn't go in, and she said she was allergic to dry-cleaning fluid. It turned out she went to Dr. Giller, too. We became friends immediately." ❸

A VISIT TO VITAMIN HELL

In search of the legendary "vitamin B_{12}" shot and armed with nothing but brio and blank checks, healthy SPY reporters RACHEL URQUHART and ELISSA SCHAPPELL paid two undercover visits each to the Park Avenue offices of celebrity nutritionist Dr. Robert Giller. Schappell complained of these imaginary symptoms: dry skin, hyperactivity, headaches, stomachaches and insomnia, as well as a desire to lose a few pounds. Urquhart feigned these more or less opposite complaints: fatigue, loss of appetite, frequent infections and overstimulated salivary glands—so-called wet mouth. Here is what these intrepid and still alive reporters found.

SCENES FROM THE WAITING ROOM

There is no Muzak; instead, a tabletop humidifier hums softly, breathing sterilized oxygen into the room. There are no magazines—no *People*, no dog-eared copies of *National Geographic*, no *Cosmopolitan*, not even any giveaway copies of *Special Reports*; instead there is a bookcase with an old volume of *Who's Who*, coffee-table art books and a copy of George Plimpton's *Fireworks*. There is nothing much to look at beyond the spare gray-and-white-and-chrome decor—mainly a dozen stressed-out, allergy-ridden, acupuncture-crazed women (plus a man or two) waiting to see Dr. Giller.

"Lotta nice new patients this week," says one of the two receptionists at the front desk, surveying the register of upcoming appointments and, perhaps, silently calculating the week's gross. "*Real nice.*"

As a client checks out, the receptionist asks her if she has had a shot or just a "treatment."

"You always ask me if I got a shot," answers the bewildered client. "What are these shots?"

A chorus of patients and personnel sings out cheerfully and in unison: "*The B_{12} shot!*"

ELISSA SCHAPPELL'S FIRST VISIT

Since doctors, in my experience, require criminally long waits, I am surprised when a nurse comes and retrieves me from the waiting room shortly after I finish filling out Dr. Giller's copious forms. I am led into a small white room. The nurse takes a sample of my blood. Then I am seated in a low chair. "Don't be surprised," she cautions as a sharp stainless-steel instrument enters my peripheral vision. "These are thinning scissors. It sounds like I'm cutting a lot, but you won't be able to see a thing." *Schutch, schutch, schutch.* Locks of my hair fall away and are slipped into a pre-addressed envelope. I write the first check of my visit, made out to Doctor's Data Hair Test, for $23.[1]

FOOTNOTES

Editor's note: Although in most cases the footnotes cite only one source, the opinions expressed in the quotes were generally backed up by a number of the 12 nutritional authorities we spoke to; opinions differed only in their degree of vehemence.



[1]"The efficacy of hair tests is very low to nil," says Johanna Dwyer, D.Sc., R.D., professor of medicine (nutrition) at Tufts University Medical School and director of the Frances Stern Nutrition Center at the New England Medical Center Hospital. "The FDA doesn't believe in them. . . . A doctor might continue giving them because he is out of date, or because it makes things look scientific."

Copyrighted material

I am led into another white room, where a nurse comes in and takes my blood pressure. I tell her my symptoms: anxiety, headaches, stomachaches, dry mouth, dry skin and inability to sleep. Without even glancing up from her notepad she makes a snap diagnosis: "That would be calcium," she says confidently.[2]

When I say that the concept of rampant, undiagnosed food allergies—one of the bases of Dr. Giller's practice—is new to me, she responds, "Oh God, everybody's got food allergies,"[3] and assures me that Dr. Giller can help me just as he's helped countless others, herself included. After this Moonie-like outburst of faith, the doctor enters and introduces himself with the ease and élan of a lounge singer. As he shakes my hand and looks right into my eyes I think—or am meant to think, at any rate—*this man cares*. I discuss my symptoms and tell him a bit about the way I live.

The doctor wants to know if I'm married, and if my marriage causes me any stress. He wants to know if I have read his book, *Medical Makeover*. When I say I haven't, he produces a copy and, right in the middle of the examining room, personally autographs it: TO ELISSA, FOR YOUR HEALTH. He then decides that a full exam is necessary. Before leaving the room he instructs me to "get undressed and get under the towel."

Dr. Giller returns and the full exam begins. Holding on to my calf as if to steady himself, he looks at my shins and asks me if I have leg cramps. He feels my throat and abdomen, quietly making doctor's noises—"Hmm." "Uh-huh." I sit up and he listens to my heart with his stethoscope, first at the top of my rib cage, then, moving lower, through the top of my right breast.

He says my heartbeat sounds a little peculiar and thinks it best to have a technician do an EKG on the spot.

The EKG finished, I am alone and half into my trousers when the door opens and the doctor bounds in and sits down, which forces me to finish dressing in front of him.

"Well, how's my heartbeat?" I ask.

He replies in a sobering tone, and I am a little taken aback. "You seem to have an extra heartbeat," he explains. "Are you ever aware when you hear your heart beating . . . does it sound like *bum*, *bum*, *bum*, *BOOM!* . . . You know what I mean? I think we should look into this. I have a friend, a very good cardiologist. You should see him." He gives me a name to call. I manage to find some comfort in the fact that the doctor thinks my skittish heartbeat might be controlled by nothing more than a new diet and vitamins.[4]

He goes on to explain that my supposed stomach ailments, headaches and occasional sluggishness in the late afternoon (to which he got me to admit) are attributable to low blood sugar. He gives me a list of no-no's: no sweets, no coffee or tea, no cigarettes—and cut back on the red meat and diet soda. Not dangerous quackery, but not exactly ground-breaking work in the field of nutrition, either.

"What we will do is give you some vitamins, not a lot to start, 'cause I don't want to overload you at first." He also gives me some soothing advice. "Allergies don't have to be forever," he says, although he has yet to diagnose any. "Hey, you might outgrow some of these allergies, and some you'll learn to live with." He gives me a friendly pat on the shoulder and disappears, but not before telling me I must schedule another appointment to discuss the food-allergy test—the $250 food-allergy test—that he is going to run on my blood.

At the front desk I am given a shiny red-paper goody sack, which resembles a swank department-store cosmetics-sample bag. This bag, however, is full of pills, and the receptionist tells me in what dosages I am to take them: "These are chromium pills—they are going to stabilize your blood sugar and control your cravings for sweets.[5] He wants you to take the multivitamins three times a day and these magnesium pills two times a day."[6]

The nurse also tells me that my health insurance won't pay for the $32 worth of vitamins. "They don't cover vitamins, because they don't think they work; they're behind the times. They are tax-deductible, though." She then instructs me to "avoid the no-no's." I make out a check to Dr. Giller for $332. As I leave I notice that the waiting room is filling up.

Back at the SPY office, I take two identical-looking brown capsules and a yellow one—chromium, magnesium, a multivitamin. I am prepared to feel like a new woman, and indeed I do. I feel gleeful, almost giddy—I feel like cleaning up my desk and scrubbing the tea stains out of my cup. Then I alphabetize my junk mail and scratch the rust off my scissors. I'm soaring, amiable, toe-tapping and not hungry in the least.

SECOND VISIT

A very tan woman returns to her place on the waiting-room sofa after filling out the preliminary papers. No sooner has she given herself a Binaca blast than the nurse comes and takes her into the first chamber. "Oh no, *not shot*!" the woman exclaims with a thick German accent. "I have bad brains for shots!"

I wait.

After almost an hour I am escorted back to a small consultation room. When Dr. Giller appears, he demonstrates a memory for detail. "Did you get your hair cut?" he asks. "It looks good, really good." He swings into his chair and smiles at me. "So how do you feel?" I say I feel all right but not great.

[2] "Horsefeathers," says Dr. Victor Herbert, chief of hematology and nutrition at the Bronx Veterans Administration Medical Center, as well as a professor at Mount Sinai School of Medicine. "Calcium deficiency is a very unlikely thing unless you have a metabolic disorder," says Dr. Stephen Barrett, editor of the *Nutrition Forum* newsletter and a board member of the National Council Against Health Fraud.



[3] Dr. Herbert: "It is a false representation to say everyone has food allergies. It's like saying everyone has automobile accidents."



[4] Dr. Herbert: "It is almost certainly a fraudulent diagnosis to represent that a heart condition would go away with supplements or diets."



[5] "Not all people with low blood sugar would have a deficiency in chromium. You would have to be deficient in chromium for chromium to help you," says Dr. Walter Mertz, director of the Beltsville Human Nutrition Research Center of the U.S. Department of Agriculture. Dr. Herbert: "The level of sugar in the blood must be tested first to determine if a low-blood-sugar condition exists. And chromium pills are not the way to treat it after the test has been done."



[6] Dr. Herbert: "There is no basis in reality for prescribing vitamin pills for insomnia. And no basis for prescribing them for any of those other symptoms [dry skin, hyperactivity, headaches]."

Copyrighted material

Gloss

Gloria Marciano

Copyrighted material

GUESS®
USA

macy's

Copyrighted m

Georges Marciano

GUESS®
USA

bloomingdale's

Copyrighted material

George Faircloth

Copyrighted material

GUESS®
USA

AD: DIR: PAUL MARCIANO PHOTO: ELLEN VON UNWERTH

georges marciano

"How's your heart, did you schedule an appointment to have it checked out?"

I mention that I intend to see another cardiologist, a friend of my father's.

Abruptly, he takes my wrist between his thumb and forefinger and feels my pulse. He says, "You know what I think? I think that when you go visit your father's friend he won't find anything wrong. I think it may have just been because you hadn't eaten in 12 hours and you were hungry."[7]

"So my extra heartbeat is gone?"

"It sounds crazy, but I think it may be in part due to the vitamins and the fact that you've eaten. So your heartbeat is regular. Maybe your heartbeat is irregular when you haven't eaten."

We discussed the results of my tests—including my "Immuno 1 Bloodprint Food Sensitivities test." It turned out I had a predisposition for "delayed food sensitivity" to almonds, barley, kidney beans, pinto beans, lamb, rye, wheat, baker's yeast and brewer's yeast, and a possible allergy to eggs. I had a "sensitive" reaction[8] to 28.4 percent of the 102 foods tested. He said I needed to schedule an appointment in two weeks so we could talk about the results of my hair sample and my computerized food-allergy tests. As he got up to leave he reiterated, "I like your haircut. . . ."

At the front desk I made out a check to Dr. Giller for $50 and left without making another appointment.

RACHEL URQUHART'S FIRST VISIT

It is 9:00 a.m., and I have already spent 40 minutes in Dr. Giller's waiting room, filling out forms and having my blood taken, my urine collected and my hair snipped. I have filled out two questionnaires, answered at least 100 questions (*How much junk food do you eat? Do you drink water from the tap? What's your brand of shampoo?*). I have spoken to three members of Dr. Giller's staff about my hypothetical symptoms: the nagging tiredness, the loss of appetite, the inability to get up in the morning, the inexplicable wet mouth.

"I just don't feel quite right," I keep saying, and the nurses nod solemnly and scribble more and more notes on their charts. When they speak of Dr. Giller, they do so in hushed, reverential tones, as one would a higher being endowed with unfathomable curative powers.

Finally the healer enters. He is young, with curly brown hair and a dazed, I-didn't-get-too-much-sleep-last-night look on his face. He is also, for a doctor, rather nattily dressed. He wears a tailored medical blazer with blue pants, white bucks and a tie brimming with spermatozoa-shaped squiggles. He rubs his eyes and asks me many of the same questions to which one of Dr. Giller's nurses has just finished recording the answers. Stress is what really interests him. Am I under a lot of it? Am I married? Does my marriage cause me stress?

"Not really," I answer to all his questions.

"I get a lot of people suffering from fatigue," he explains. "That's what my book is about. Have you read my book?"

"No," I answer.

"How did you hear about me? Did you read about me?" he asks, his eyes focusing sharply on me for the first time.

"Yes, I did," I say enthusiastically.

Dr. Giller continues with his diagnosis: "Fatigue comes from stress, lack of vitamins and a poor diet. They call it Chronic Fatigue Syndrome these days."

Then he hits me with the bad news, the bad news that I suspect Giller's patients both fear and long to hear: "But I'm also going to test you for Epstein-Barr. It's a virus. You've heard about it, right? It's got a lot of the same symptoms as those you described."[9]

Before leaving the room Dr. Giller instructs me to remove my clothes and lie down under a small white towel. When he returns, he walks straight over to my feet and grabs my calves, checking for muscle cramps. I tell him that I don't suffer from sore muscles, but he checks anyway. He then moves on to my stomach and, after a few pokes and prods, pronounces me "very healthy."

"Your habits aren't half as bad as most of my patients'," he says.

"What do they do that's so bad?" I ask.

Dr. Giller smiles and dismisses the question with a vague shrug.

"Okay," he says, patting my knee. "You can get dressed now." And off he goes again into the busy corridor.

I barely have time to slip back into my dress and stockings before Dr. Giller returns with my chart in one hand and a shiny red bag in the other. He sits down, pulls from the bag a paperback copy of *Medical Makeover* and autographs it: TO RACHEL, FOR YOUR HEALTH.

Dr. Giller then goes over the six bottles of megavitamins he's chosen for my particular case of (imaginary) fatigue, infections and wet mouth—a multivitamin, vitamin C, vitamin E, selenium, a hypoglycemia formula and calcium[10]—reading me the names on each bottle, telling me how often I am supposed to take them, referring only vaguely to what they are supposed to help: "Well, the vitamins will help guard against infection,[11] and the other stuff—along with the right food at the right times—will help you with that low blood sugar."[12]

He then lists my "no-no's." There aren't too many surprises: no sugar, ice cream, coffee, tea, sodas, sweeteners, honey, dried fruit, chocolate. Eat regular meals at regular times. Eat fish and chicken. Eat fresh fruit. Eat oat bran. "It's not all that different

[7] **Dr. Herbert: "This is most likely a fraudulent diagnosis. A heart rate would not be altered unless there was an underlying medical problem. Fasting for 12 hours would not ordinarily alter one's heartbeat."**



[8] **Dr. Barrett: "These are not medical terms. Either you have an allergy or you don't."**



[9] **Dr. Herbert: "Exploitative nutritionists often claim Epstein-Barr virus infections [as the cause of ailments]. Over 20 percent of the population has been infected with Epstein-Barr and therefore has the antibody to Epstein-Barr, but no disease requiring any treatment."**



[10] **Professor Dwyer: "For most people, the U.S. Recommended Daily Allowance [for these nutrients] is enough. Those are pharmacological dosages he's talking about, and unless there is a specific demonstrated deficiency, there's no reason for them."**



[11] **Professor Dwyer: "It may be true that people who are malnourished will be helped by vitamins where infection is concerned. But taking 100 times the normal dosage will not make you 100 times less susceptible to infection."**



[12] **"You cannot intelligently diagnose hypoglycemia—which is a fancy name for low blood sugar—without first measuring the blood sugar," says Dr. Lynn Bennion, author of *Hypoglycemia, Fact or Fad.***

Copyrighted material

from what you're already doing," he admits, "but I just want to stress those good eating habits.

"I'm also going to recommend a B_{12} shot. It's a vitamin shot that helps build you up. It'll build up your immune system, prevent infection, give you some calcium and boost your energy. I take them whenever I'm feeling run-down. When someone comes in with the flu, I don't give them an antibiotic," Dr. Giller explains. "I give them one of these. We'll give you two a week for two weeks. You'll be feeling great."[13]

He shakes my hand, tells me he will see me for another shot in two days and leaves me to wait for the nurse who will administer the $50-per-shot B_{12}.

When she arrives, the nurse lays me down and opens a drawer under the table. She takes out a long tube with a small needle attached and a large syringe filled with cherry-soda-colored liquid.

"What's in there?" I ask nervously.

"Oh, there's vitamin B_{12}; vitamin C; vitamin B_5, which is like an antistress vitamin; some calcium; and a little bit of bicarbonate to counter the acidity of the vitamin C."[14]

She pokes a new hole next to my blood-test wound and empties the entire plunger into my vein. "You may feel a little light-headed at first. Some people even say they can taste it—like a cherry flavor in their mouth—but I think that's because of the color or something, because I never taste anything when I take these."

She dims the lights, telling me I should just try to relax for a little while, and leaves me lying on the table.

After a minute or two, I decide to get up and leave. I feel fine lying down, but a confusing fuzziness comes over me when I stand up. In my stupor I run headlong into Dr. Giller in the hallway, where he has resumed shuttling between fatigue sufferers and the allergy-ridden.

"You'll pee red," he booms loudly, putting his hand on the back of my neck as we enter the waiting room. "The nurse told you that, right?"[15]

"Yes," I say quietly.

The receptionist who dispenses vitamins smiles and shakes her head with a that-crazy-doctor look on her face.

"*Pee red*," she clucks, in mock disapproval of Dr. Giller's outburst. I reach for my checkbook and begin calculating the damage: $225 for the initial visit, $37 for the blood work, $23 for the hair work, $50 for the shot and around $80 for the vitamins—approximately $415 just for starters.

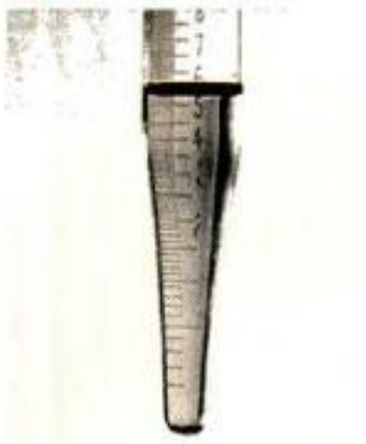
The waiting room is now full. There is another woman at the counter, restocking her vitamin cabinet. "Let's see," she says, "I need some more bran, you know, fiber pills. And then, some calcium." She looks over at my list of no-no's and nods her head knowingly. She's *been there*.



[13]Dr. Herbert: "Before getting a shot like this, your B_{12} level would have to be measured. There are only two reasons to have these shots: (1) you have a diagnosed B_{12} deficiency; (2) as a placebo." Dr. Mertz: "The frequency of B_{12} deficiency in our population is very rare." Dr. Barrett: "If a person can absorb vitamins, there's no reason for an injection."



[14]Dr. Barrett: "You're not getting anything there that you couldn't get in one or two pills for a dime or so."



[15]Dr Herbert: "An enormous amount of certain vitamins will change the color of the urine. He gave her expensive urine. This is a lucrative nutrition fraud."



[16]Professor Dwyer: "The chances are infinitesimal that this would be true."

SECOND VISIT

One week later I am back in Dr. Giller's waiting room. Among the patients there is much talk of the B_{12} shot, which, as it made me feel alternately woozy and wound-up for an entire day, I have decided this time to decline.

One well-dressed woman is trying to switch her "treatment" and instead receive the B_{12} shot, which she is officially scheduled to get later in the week. "I've had an awfully difficult week," she pleads to the receptionist. "My mother passed away, and I could really use the boost."

Another young woman, clad almost entirely in black, paces restlessly between the reception desk and several different waiting-room chairs. She is jockeying to get her shot before her consultation instead of after. It is easily arranged. "How many of these shots do I have to take before I feel like Wonder Woman?" she asks.

"A lot," the receptionist answers.

I wait a solid hour before the nurse who took my blood last time shows me into a consultation room and starts rolling up my sleeve for a second jolt of B_{12}. When I inform her that I've decided not to take any more shots, she looks surprised and leads me into another room.

"The doctor will be with you shortly," she says.

In fact, it takes a good half hour for Dr. Giller to appear. When he does, it takes him another ten minutes to tell me that I look much better already—this despite the fact that I am suffering from a powerful hangover and have not been taking any of the vitamins he has prescribed. Dr. Giller says that my tests look good, that although the lab has not yet run the Epstein-Barr test he asked for, he nevertheless thinks the root of my problem may be leftover traces of the mononucleosis virus I had seven years earlier,[16] and that they'll have to draw more of my blood so that he can look at the Epstein-Barr results. When I ask him about the jittery feeling I had after the shot, he tells me he doesn't understand this but not to worry, that the concentration of C and B_{12} sometimes accounts for a "burst of energy" similar to the one I experienced.

Later, as I'm leaving the building, the doorman asks, "Feel better? For that kinda money, you better, right? But he's good. Lotta famous people go to him."

When I ask him who, he says, "Like Farrah Fawcett and Ryan O'Neal, they were here the other day. And Nipsey Russell. And another actor came in on a Saturday—you know, *special*—so he could go onstage."

He scratched his head, concentrating hard on what other names he could dredge up. "Oh, yeah. Bianca Jagger comes here quite a bit. She's nice. I got her autograph." D

Copyrighted material

In 1753, the renegade Cluny MacTavish was tried and convicted of stealing a bottle of Drambuie. And the lesser charge of murdering the coachman.



As with most legends, the details here may have grown fuzzy with the years. But one thing remains crystal clear. Drambuie is the unique liqueur flavored with wild heather honey and the finest malt whiskies. So it has a taste that people would kill for. Drambuie. Scottish in origin, distinctive in taste, unchanged since 1745.

Drambuie. The stuff legends are made of.

To send a gift of Drambuie anywhere in the U.S. where legal, call 1-800-238-4373.

40% Alc./Vol. © W.A. Taylor & Co., Miami, FL 1989

Copyrighted material

LIFE IMITATES ART



People We Confuse With

Paintings and Sculpture,





Paintings and Sculpture

We Confuse With People

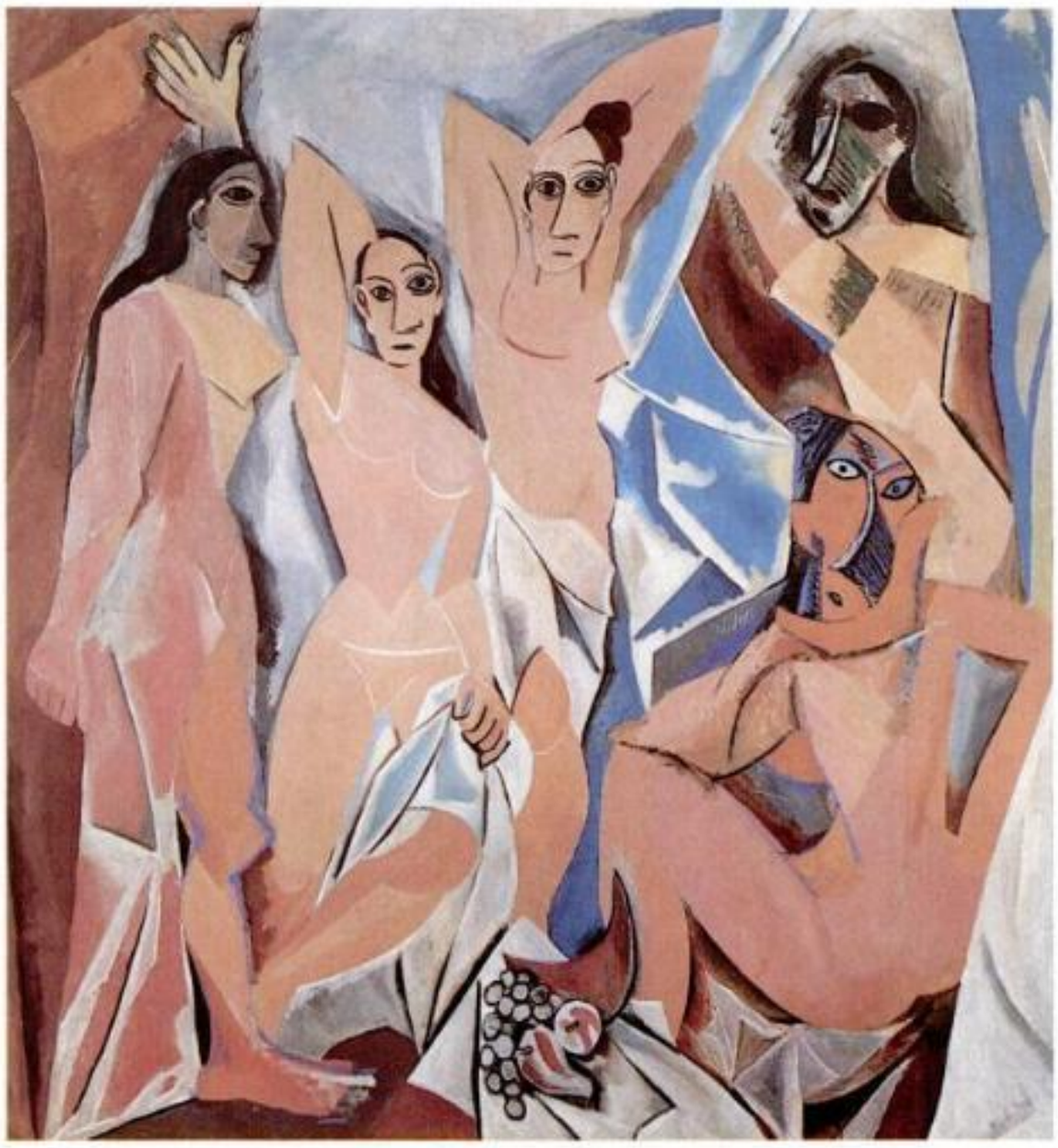


Copyrighted material





Girl Without a Mandolin
Performance-shy **Carly Simon** (b. 1945) surely grew up in the Paris of the twenties, not the Riverdale of the fifties. Otherwise, where could she possibly have posed for **Pablo Picasso** (1881–1973)? *Maybe* Martha's Vineyard, except that the diminutive artist, unlike Carly, never played there. On the other hand, Picasso never played Tahoe either,







yet here, undeniably, is multitalented singer–dancer–drummer–Cubist masterpiece **Sammy Davis Jr.** (b. 1925). Note the tension Picasso achieves through the interplay between Davis's mutually exclusive orbs. Picassoesque draftsmanship is also apparent in the sliding, colliding, disconcertingly masklike features of Academy Awards cutup **Bette Davis** (b. 1908).

Whenever we think of Sammy Davis Jr., which is often, we think of the singer, the dancer, the entertainer. We think of Jerry and Frank and the big rooms in Vegas and Nixon and Linda Lovelace. We think of "Candy Man." And we think of cubism.

That's right. *Cubism.*

And to be perfectly honest about it, whenever we look at certain Picassos, we think of Sammy.

It may be an unintended by-product of an art-history lecture that Rosamond Bernier gave years ago—back in the days when . . . why, it was still Hoving's Met. Whatever the cause, we can't help seeing great art everywhere we look. A glance at the New York *Daily News* tells us that it is not Liz Smith writing the gossip column but a Willem de Kooning canvas come to heavily airbrushed photographic life. Keith Richards (English, b. 1942) goes on tour and we think of the terrifying Expressionist faces of Egon Schiele (Austrian, 1890–1918). And to us, the hellish canvases of Hieronymous Bosch teem with all manner of Roy Cohns (American, 1927–86).

In every case, it isn't so much that *these* people look exactly like *those* paintings. If that were so, we would simply have presented you with a series of cheap analogies: Frank Zappa and Leon Redbone as Van Dycks, Katharine Hepburn as *Nude Descending a Staircase*, Buddy Holly and the Big Bopper as . . . well . . . a Jackson Pollock. (Did we mention that some of the cheap analogies would also have been in questionable taste?) And we could have stretched things a bit to include works of contemporary architecture, so many of which look like De Chiricos with tax abatements (although Peter Allen, it must be said, reminds us of certain Helmut Jahn buildings). On the other hand, that affinity is half deliberate on the part of the architects (and possibly even in Peter Allen's case). Similarly, Henry Geldzahler seems to have leapt to life from a Hockney painting only because Hockney has painted him. And just because Sarah Brightman describes her hair as Pre-Raphaelite doesn't mean we'll run a publicity shot of her next to a color plate of a Rossetti.

No, what we've gathered here in this pioneering art-historical monograph are not look-alikes. Rather, the people in our gallery *profoundly suggest* the work of a certain painter or sculptor or school. And—we know this could be a little alarming to those who take their art seriously—vice versa. How utterly remarkable that Diego Velázquez, applying his rich brush strokes in seventeenth-century Madrid, could have captured the essence, the very soul, of Herve Villechaize; and yet he has. Uncannily, their names are similar, too.

Having such a peculiarly trained eye is a curse as well as a blessing. It's now impossible for us to look at a Brancusi without thinking of a Grimaldi—specifically, of Princess Stephanie and then, in rapid succession, of whether *she* was actually driving, of the young Grace Kelly, of Gary Cooper and *High Noon* and the melody to "Do Not Forsake Me," which subsequently lodges itself in our heads for the next two days as if on a maddening internal tape loop. When this starts to happen, museums and galleries become dangerous, strictly off-limits. As are, by the same token, any celebrity-clogged venues. (When the two types of danger spots converge, as at last fall's sale of French Impressionists at Sotheby's, *forget it*—that night we asked Degas's *Danseuses Russes* for its autograph and came very close to bidding $3.2 million for Gayfryd Steinberg.)

In the pages ahead, suffer us our appreciation, and appreciate our suffering as we catalog the well-known late-twentieth-century people who look like art and the art that looks like well-known late-twentieth-century people. If nothing else, it should give you a whole new appreciation for the surface dynamism and iconographic subtleties of Shelley Duvall.

Copyrighted material

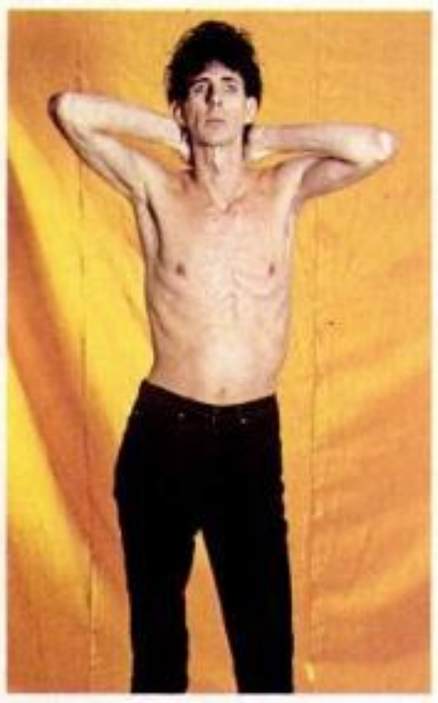
It's Deliberately Elongated at the Top

How can it be that such glamorous, high-profile and *alive!* celebrities summon forth the oeuvre of so weltschmerzy and comparatively obscure an Expressionist as **Egon Schiele** (1890–1918)? Nouveau intellectual actress **Daryl Hannah** (b. 1960) uses





her attenuated, highly descriptive limbs. Sleeping-with-fashion-models rock musicians **Ric Ocasek** (probably younger than Bill Wyman) and **Keith Richards**



(b. 1943) are left to use their haggard Lost Generation faces. Ocasek came by his Schielisms genetically, while Richards achieved his through years and years of too much fun, plus one picture (*Hail! Hail! Rock 'n' Roll*) with Chuck Berry.



Copyrighted material





Exquisite Solidity
It's no surprise that Colombian painter **Fernando Botero** (b. 1932), vein-clotted conglomerateur **Saul Steinberg** (b. 1939) and spooky matricide manquée **Sukhreet Gabel** (b. 1949) are contemporaries.



Although Steinberg remains tethered to his wife's side in Manhattan, and although Gabel doesn't get out much, either, now that the Myerson trial is over, who can deny their influence on Botero's work, and/or vice versa? *Dancing in Colombia* (oil on canvas, 1980) boasts a playful cameo appearance by Steinberg (there, on the far left—does painting Steinberg qualify Botero as a landscapist?). And there's Gabel (note the virtually expressionist gestures—preternaturally red hair, overstuffed-rag-doll face). And there, finally, is Steinberg himself, looking as though he's being squeezed out of the top of a tuxedo-shaped oil-paint tube. No preoccupation with form *here*!



Grosso
Pumping and selling iron—that's just one of the things **Umberto Boccioni** (1882–1916), the Italian Futurist, and **Arnold Schwarzenegger** (b. 1947), the Austrian Reaganite, have in common. Here's another: although it was completed in 1913, Boccioni's *Unique Forms of Continuity in Space*, some scholars now believe, was conceived as a sculptural ode to the dynamism of last Christmas's comedy laff-riot, *Twins*.



And She Didn't Even Name Her Fragrance *Guernica*
There is no question that **Paloma Picasso** (b. 1949) has an interesting provenance. And so it's disquieting that the twentieth-century painter she evokes so insistently is not her father, Pablo, the misogynist Cubist, but his second-drawer contemporary, **Fernand Léger** (1881–1955). Go figure. *Abstract* figure.





Perfect Replicas
Critics who suspect that pop artist **Roy Lichtenstein**'s (b. 1923) comic-strip characters don't resemble living, breathing human beings any more closely than does your average Paul Klee will find all the proof they require in plasticman New York *Daily News* publisher **Jim Hoge** (b. 1935) and plasticwoman **Vanna White** (b. 1957). Only the thought bubbles are missing.



Copyrighted material







Beyond the Limits of Form and Femininity

Woman and Bicycle, you say? That's no bicycle, that's **Carol Channing**. Only the wild brushstrokes of **Willem de Kooning** (b. 1904) could capture so splendidly the exuberant vigor, not to say syntactical imbalance, of such merry, cackling ladies-about-town as Channing (b. 1921), **Liz Smith** (b. circa 1928), **Bubbles Rothermere** (b. 1934) and **Aileen "Suzy" Mehle** (b. 1924—that's A.D.). And only De Kooning's drawing, with its haunting teeth-in-a-windstorm effects, could do justice to this group.











Chicks Nouveaux

There's certainly a case to be made that author–study-in-black-and-white **Tama Janowitz** (b. 1956) has taken an **Aubrey Beardsley** (1872–98) drawing as one of her spiritual/aesthetic mentors. But it takes two really *great* decorative artists to bridge the gap between *The Yellow Book* and Jack La Lanne television ads—Beardsley (sinful, decadent) and **Cher** (game, uninhibited). Forget about the sort of technical problems only time travel can solve: Cher (b.1946) is a walking, talking pen-and-ink drawing at every award ceremony she attends, and the influence of her fevered post–Bob Mackie dressmakers on Beardsley's illustrations of Salome and Lysistrata is undeniable. Do we have to add that an Oscar figured prominently in both their careers?







Trompe l'Oy!

Once seen, the overripe, grotesque faces painted by **James Ensor** (1860–1949) are not forgotten: smiling yet hideous, they terrify even as they would be jolly. The same might be said about the expressionist comedy of **Jackie Mason** (b. 1931), the expressionist eyeliner of **Louise Nevelson** (1900–88) and the expressionist ersatz-personality of **Ronald Reagan** (b. 1911).







Free-Throw Monumentalism

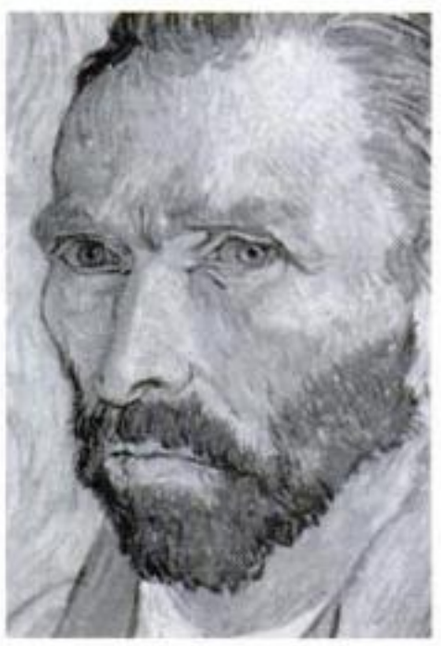
This is either the best starting five since the 1970 Knicks or the beginnings of a nice little gallery off Spring Street. **Manute Bol** (b. 1962), by the way, may pull down about $400,000 a year from the Warriors, but one piece from the *Walking Man* series brought $7.65 million at Christie's in London last November, a new auction record for **Alberto Giacometti** (1901–66), the Bob Cousy of figurative twentieth-century sculpture. Way to go, 'Berto!





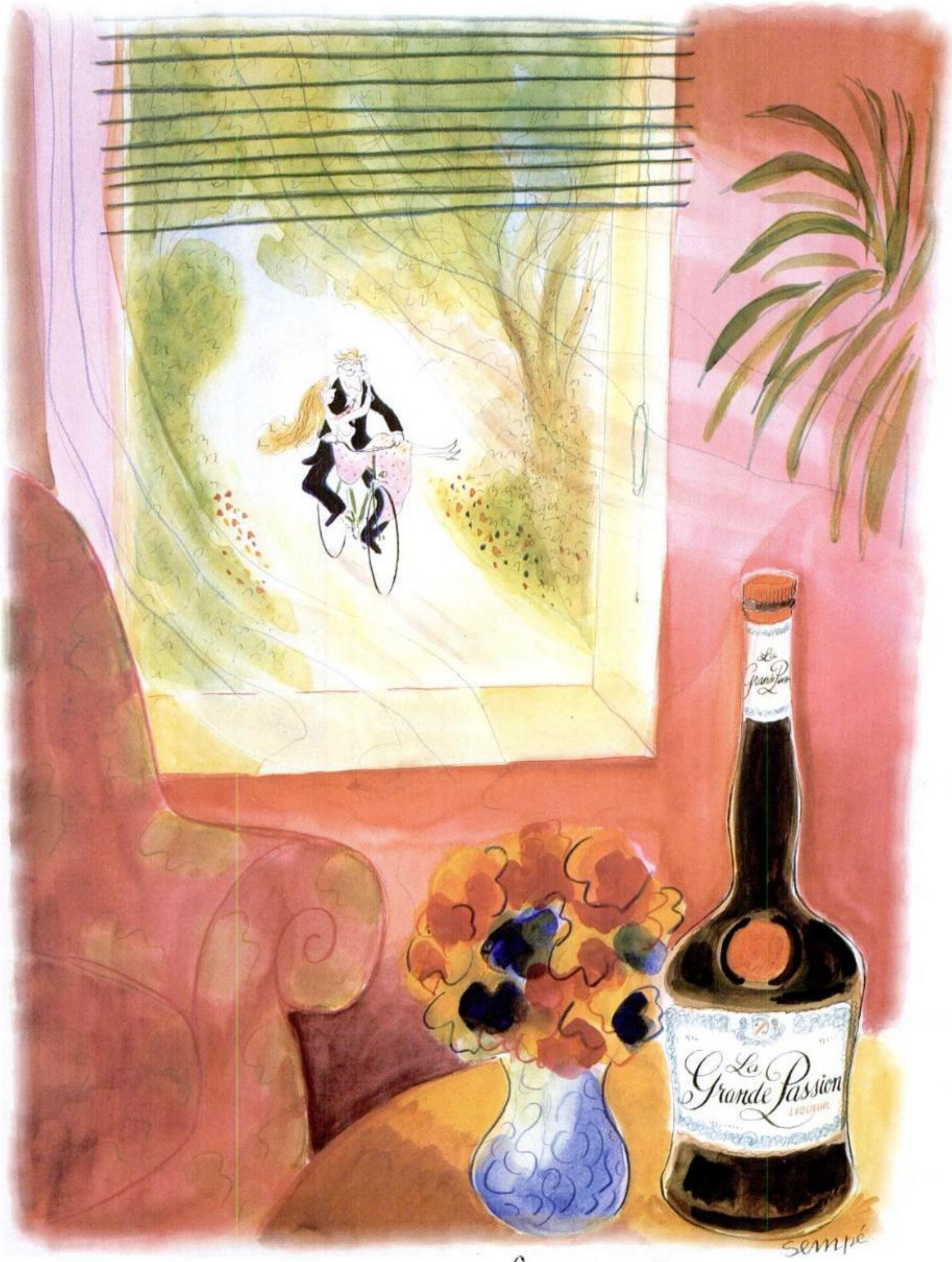
Quasi-Starry Night

Certain questions arise. Does **Linda Hunt** (b. 1945) eat potatoes? Would **Vincent van Gogh** (1853–90) have painted so many self-portraits if he'd known that a century later they would end up looking like publicity stills for *Platoon* and *The Last Temptation of Christ*? Meanwhile, contemporary postimpressionism buffs debate the restoration of *Lust for Life*, with **Willem Dafoe** (b. 1955) as Vincent—and Harvey Keitel as Paul!





Copyrighted material



a passion for spring

la grande passion. A sensual coupling of passion fruit and french armagnac,

For gift delivery of La Grande Passion anywhere, call 1-800-CHEER-UP (except where prohibited by law). Product of France. 48 proof. ©1988 Carillon Importers, Ltd., Teaneck, N.J.

Copyrighted material

THE SPY MAP OF TOXIC NEW YORK

Hazardous material is defined by the Triborough Bridge and Tunnel Authority as "any explosive or flammable liquid . . . combustible liquid, flammable solid, corrosive material, nonflammable compressed gas which is poisonous . . . radioactive material, or any other poisonous substance."

You're probably standing in it.

New York's tap-water and smog ratings may be acceptable, but in and around Manhattan we're awash in radioactive, infectious and otherwise hazardous waste—and we're not speaking metaphorically here. A utility spokesman claims he can safely stand right next to plutonium "as long as I don't inhale it," but many of us don't know when and where not to inhale. These days there's more medical waste on the streets of New York than BABY ON BOARD signs. And factories are required by law to report chemicals released through smokestacks and air vents or into sewers, but you may not want to hear about it. (Note: we couldn't include everything; see future SPY Maps for chemicals released into the air, radon clouds hovering in homes, ten tons of asbestos sitting in a Bronx parking lot and other apocalyptic highlights.)

9 RADIAC RESEARCH CORPORATION, WILLIAMSBURG The *Superman*-ishly named Radiac is a storage facility, mostly for lab chemicals and low-level radioactive waste awaiting shipment to disposal sites elsewhere.

10 RADIUM CHEMICAL CO., WOODSIDE Its operating license was revoked in 1983, but that didn't stop the 76-year-old company from receiving at least 30 more shipments of radium, used in the Dark Ages of cancer therapy, and storing it in vials that leaked. Since 1983 it's received over 114 citations for state safety violations, including mishandling and *losing* radium. Gamma rays outside the building are only 40 times the legal limit; inside you get your yearly dose in two and a half hours. The owner abandoned two other contaminated sites in Queens and switched roles: a block-long trail of hundreds of needles, scalpels, bloody gauze pads, blood-filled tubes and vials, and an issue of *Modern Healthcare* addressed to an administrator at St. Luke's–Roosevelt Hospital Center, way across town at 114th Street and Amsterdam Avenue.

13 ALL BEACHES: BROOKLYN, QUEENS, STATEN ISLAND, LONG ISLAND, CONNECTICUT, NEW JERSEY, RHODE ISLAND, LAKE ERIE

14 VAN DAM STREET BETWEEN MEEKER AVENUE AND BRIDGEWATER STREET, GREENPOINT Eight bags of disposable hospital sheets, adult diapers, food waste, syringes, bloody surgical gloves and forceps *with skin still attached* were found strewn along the street. Some of the waste bore labels from two Bronx moved 1,700 truckloads of PCB-contaminated soil from the site without a permit.

17 FEATURE ENTERPRISES, 130 WEST 46TH STREET Feature, a jewelry manufacturer, empties 98,000 pounds of sodium hydroxide per year into city sewers—almost a ton every week. Sodium hydroxide is fatal to animals.

18 MOBIL OIL STORAGE TANKS, GREENPOINT This is where Mobil stores 23 million gallons of fuel oil, gasoline and naphtha, 17 million gallons of which have leaked into the ground over 40 years; 14 million gallons are still at large. Mobil is on the case, however, digging recovery wells, which have so far succeeded only in exposing a new leak. The city's Environmental Protection Department says the groundwater is ruined. Surprisingly, Mobil PR man Mark Cohen disagrees: "It's not true."

19 63RD STREET–EAST RIVER SUBWAY TUNNEL After $850 million and 20 years, the still-unused 2½-mile tunnel is flooded from leaks and seepage and has become a romantic, *Phantom*-like, garbage-filled river as deep as six feet. Featured are rotted electrical equipment, stalactites of what appears to be disintegrated concrete, and rusted pieces of track.

20 PYMM THERMOMETER COMPANY In 1987 a Brooklyn jury convicted owners William and Edward Pymm of assault for forcing workers to inhale mercury fumes in an unventilated basement for two years. (The State Supreme Court set aside the guilty verdict on a technicality.)

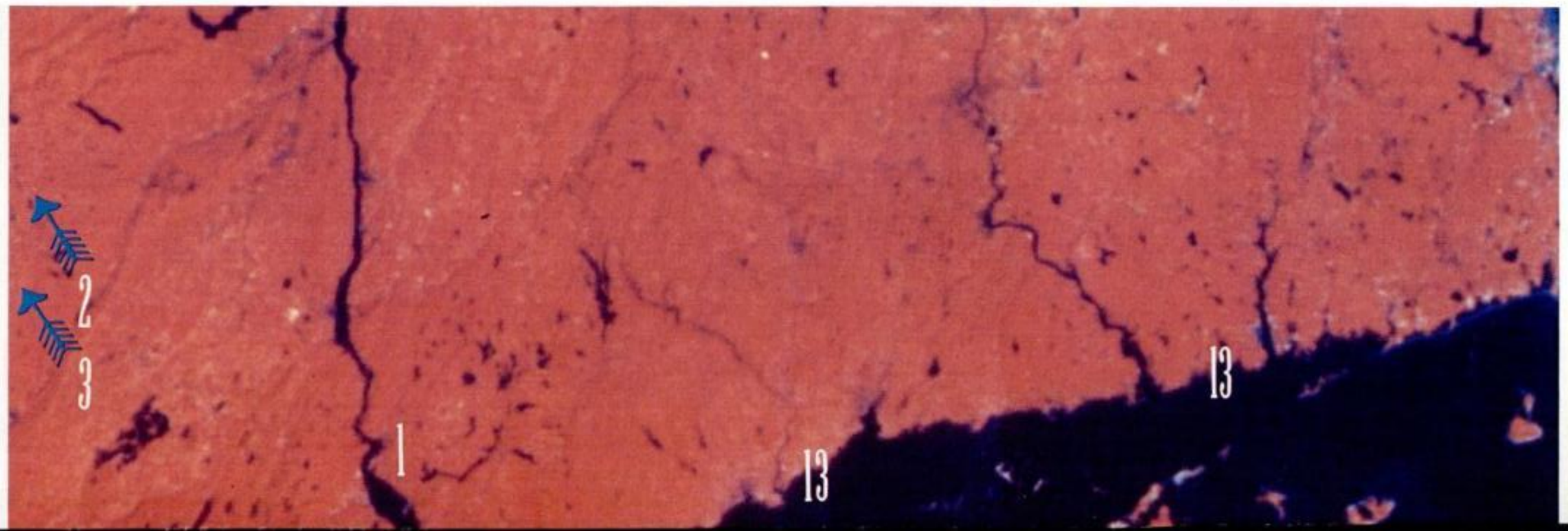
21 PELHAM BAY LANDFILL From 1963 to 1979 this spot was used by 14 major corporations to illegally dump toxic wastes that may now be leaking into Long Island Sound and Eastchester Bay. Residents of nearby communities believe that as a result they are disproportionately afflicted with Hodgkin's disease and other kinds of cancer, and that their children are unusually prone to autism.

22 LOWER BAY BETWEEN BREEZY POINT AND GREAT KILLS HARBOR A thousand yards from the Rockaways, Coney Island and South Beach is the Army Corps of Engineers' proposed dump site for PCBs, heavy metals and other variously lethal sediments.

23 ATLANTIC OCEAN, TEN MILES EAST OF SANDY HOOK Site used for 73 years to dump sewage sludge, lead and dioxins.

24 LONG ISLAND Fifty-four public wells have been closed because of contamination from fertilizers and pet feces.

25 LONG ISLAND One hundred forty-two hazardous-waste disposal sites, of which 22 are poisonous enough to qualify for federal Superfund cleanup allocations. ⓑ



Copyrighted material



A GLOWING IN THE DARK

Radioactive waste in the area comes primarily from nuclear power plants, hospitals and research labs. "Nuclear power plants are generally located away from earthquake-prone areas," says the American Nuclear Society. Yes, *generally*—except for *all* of the ones around New York, among them:

1 INDIAN POINT 2, INDIAN POINT 3, BUCHANAN

2 NINE MILE POINT ONE, NINE MILE POINT TWO, OSWEGO

3 JAMES A. FITZPATRICK NUCLEAR PLANT, OSWEGO

4 GINNA NUCLEAR PLANT, ROCHESTER

5 SHOREHAM NUCLEAR POWER STATION Shoreham's fate is still up in the air at this writing, but if Cuomo's plan for the state to buy the LILCO boondoggle for $1 is consummated, it would then take at least 2 to 5 years for an environmental-impact study, probably 5 to 10 more years to dismantle the plant and another 10,000 years for Shoreham to stop glowing in the dark.

6 BELLPORT Contaminated soil has been found at the former site of the Long Island Nuclear Services Corp., a nuclear-waste storage and transfer business.

7 BROOKHAVEN NATIONAL LABORATORY, UPTON Prolific low-level radioactive-waste producer.

8 235 EAST 44TH STREET Just an isotope's throw from Katharine Hepburn's brownstone, the building was occupied from 1939 to 1944 by the Radium Chemical Company and now emits radiation at levels three times the state limit.

nated factories, in Georgia and Illinois, forcing those states to pay for the cleanup; he was last seen trying to foist off his Woodside inventory on Third World countries. In 1987 a spokesman claimed, "In the history of the company, there has never been a safety-related incident"; it was under criminal investigation by the state Attorney General's Office at the time.

B VALUABLE DOCTOR'S EQUIPMENT *FOR FREE*

11 GREENPOINT INCINERATOR The latest site for Cabrini Medical Center in Manhattan to illegally dispose of its infectious waste, according to Department of Sanitation charges.

12 PLAYGROUND AT 135TH STREET AND MADISON AVENUE It's as if Hansel and Gretel and the witch hospitals, St. Barnabas and Hebrew Hospital for the Chronic Sick. Spokesmen at both denied any knowledge of the bags, and St. Barnabas spokeswoman Barbara Buchner told the *Post*, "Nothing like this has ever happened."

C MYSTERY INGREDIENTS: MISCELLANEOUS POLLUTERS

15 NEW YORK HARBOR Three billion gallons a day of waste water containing pesticides, fertilizers, oil, grease and sewage end up here.

16 TRUMP (NÉ TELEVISION) CITY, WEST END AVENUE BETWEEN 59TH AND 72ND STREETS Boorish condo peddler Donald Trump's latest plans for the site of his defunct NBC relocation scheme. According to the Environmental Protection Department, someone furtively re-

BY SYDNEY SCHUSTER • ILLUSTRATIONS BY NATASHA LESSNIK

Copyrighted material



ILLUSTRATIONS BY ED BRIANT

Copyrighted material



the Irony Epidemic

HOW CAMP CHANGED FROM LUSH TO LITE,
WHY DAVID LETTERMAN IS A GOD,
OUR FIELD GUIDE TO THE UNWITTINGLY HIP
AND THE FASHIONABLY UNFASHIONABLE,
AND AN INTRODUCTION TO THE
TINY CONVERSATIONAL ART OF AIR QUOTES

BY PAUL RUDNICK AND KURT ANDERSEN

Meet Bob and Betty. Bob is wearing a

Copyrighted material

hibiscusy Hawaiian shirt that he purchased at a "vintage" clothing boutique for approximately six times the garment's original 1952 price. He also carries his lunch in a tackle box and wears a Gumby wristwatch, Converse high-tops and baggy khakis from Banana Republic; at the store, the pants had been stacked in an artfully ruined Indiana Jones–style jeep. Bob describes his look as "Harry Truman mixed with early Jerry Mathers." Bob assumes we know that Mathers played the title role on *Leave It to Beaver*.

Betty wears Capri pants, ballet flats and a man's oversize white shirt, along with a multizippered black-leather motorcycle jacket imprinted with Cyrillic letters. She's "Audrey Hepburn by way of Patty Duke as James Dean's girlfriend waiting on the drag strip." Betty refers to herself as Bob's "old lady." Bob calls himself "Dad." When Bob and Betty describe themselves in these ways, they raise the middle and forefingers of both hands, momentarily forming twitching bunny ears—*air quotes*, the quintessential contemporary gesture that says, *We're not serious.*

Betty and Bob have a child, a two-year-old whom they call "Kitten." The child is probably too young to catch the reference to *Father Knows Best*, even though she sits with her parents when they watch *Nick at Nite*, the cable TV service devoted almost entirely to the quasi-ironic recapitulation of shows from the early 1960s. The invitations to Betty and Bob's wedding were printed with sketches of jitterbugging couples; for their honeymoon they rented a station wagon and drove south, visiting Graceland, Cypress Gardens and the Texas School Book Depository. Betty and Bob buy Fiestaware and Bakelite jewelry and beaded "Injun" belts, as well as souvenirs from the 1964 World's Fair and "atomic" furniture from the fifties—"real Jetsons stuff." Bob has taught the family mutt, Spot, to do the twist. Bob dreams that his animal will one day appear on the "Stupid Pet Tricks" segment of *Late Night With David Letterman*. Bob works in advertising, "like Darrin on *Bewitched*." Betty is a corporate attorney—"a lawyer from hell," she says. Bob and Betty are fictional, but Bob and Betty are everywhere. Welcome to the wacky, totally awesome, very late-1980s world of heterosexual camp, Camp Lite. This is the era of the permanent smirk, the knowing chuckle, of jokey ambivalence as a way of life. This is the Irony Epidemic.

LET YOUR FINGERS DO THE TALKING

How Hand Semaphore Evolved from Thumbs-Up Earnestness to Air-Quotes Irony



1935–44

NO WONDER IT'S COME TO THIS—WE'VE BEEN building up to a mass outbreak for a century. Oscar Wilde was a major celebrity, remember, even in America. There were the Symbolists and Ronald Firbank and Dada—Marcel Duchamp was the Letterman of his generation as much as he was the Schnabel—and Hollywood comedies of the 1930s. It was Cary Grant's ironic swerves that put him over, not his dinner jackets: in *His Girl Friday*, when Grant refers to Bruce Baldwin, played by Ralph Bellamy, he describes him as "that guy who looks like that fella in the movies—Ralph Bellamy."

From the 1940s through the 1960s, America had plenty of everything—big appliances, steady jobs, Crest with fluoride—everything except irony. Bob's and Betty's parents, having survived a depression and a world war intact, were perhaps disinclined to dress up in outfits amusingly evocative of the Hoover era, or to see the inherent comedy in their new tract houses. Little Bob and little Betty, however, sprawled in front of the Sylvania, gorging on Hydroxes and doing their social studies homework between *Soupy Sales* and *The George Burns and Gracie Allen Show*, were learning to bite the hands that overfed them, ironists in the making. Instead of war and economic cataclysm, their coming-of-age rituals consisted of signing petitions and taking drugs; more than any previous generation, they have the luxury of making fun, of grinning and scoffing, of being ironic. Irony has always been a luxury item, but now, like foreign travel and original art, it is a luxury that millions of people can afford. When you have spent your whole life on Easy Street, you can become Dan Quayle, or you can become part of the Irony Epidemic. Or, if you're of a mind to organize an absolutely nutty George Hamilton Memorial Limbo Competition at the country club, both.

Among the early symptoms of the Irony Epidemic was pop art. Paintings of soup cans, paintings of Elvis, paintings of comic-book panels, sculptures made out of detergent boxes . . . *hey, art isn't serious, it's a hoot!* The allusions were to fifties Hollywood and sixties television, not to Periclean Athens or the eighteenth century; irony was suddenly accessible, irony was fun.

The year for pop art was 1964, the same year Susan Sontag published "Notes on Camp." Sontag's essay was like a thrilling, open-ended mother's excuse note for a whole generation of gifted children: *To Whom It May Concern: Johnny has my permission to enjoy TV and Jacqueline Susann books.* The most serious woman in America gave her imprimatur to a jolly, perverse sensibility that was, back then and in the main, homosexual and male, a sensibility that embraced pop junk—Judy Garland, complicated floral prints, truck-stop waitresses, The Supremes, plastic purses, the tango, whatever—as well as the high-culture obligatories. A campy outlook, Sontag announced, permitted refined people to wander happily through an unrefined world: if you can't prevent Miami Beach, you can learn to love it, sort of. During the sixties, irony was camp, camp was irony.

Camp was patented by gay men; camp is a kind of gay soul. Ostracized groups tend to create their own art forms, out of necessity; soul music, with its

Copyrighted material



1941–45

gospel heritage, means something to Aretha Franklin that it cannot possibly mean to Hall and Oates. Old camp obsesses on the brazen, the sophisticated, even the European. Old camp wants to puff a cigarette in an ivory holder while lolling atop a baby grand at the Ritz. Old camp fetishizes self-sacrifice and romantic agony, the scale of emotions usually available only to women, especially women in important wigs.

"Notes on Camp" was still ricocheting around intellectuals' heretofore orderly brains—*Diana! Lionel! We've just gotten back from* Disneyland, *of all places!*—when Robert Venturi wrote his book

CAMP LITE DOMESTIC LIFE

"FOOD"

Sno Balls

Oreos

Fizzies

S'Mores

Fluffernutters—or any dessert made from a recipe on the Rice Krispies or Ritz crackers box

Tuna casserole

Jell-O

Cheez Whiz

Pigs-in-blankets

TV dinners

"ADULT LEISURE ACTIVITIES"

Twister

Etch A Sketch

Tee Vee Toons's three-volume set of television theme songs, *Television's Greatest Hits*

Trade paperbacks that detail every episode of *The Honeymooners*, *The Beverly Hillbillies* or *Gilligan's Island*

Slumber parties, bachelor parties and sock hops

Barbecues

Bowling

Cocktails after work

"CLOTHING"

Ray-Ban Wayfarers

Schott leather jackets

Beaded cashmere sweaters

Madras sports jackets and Bermuda shorts

Oversize "vintage" overcoats

Seamed hosiery

Garter belts

Old prom dresses

Gaudy neckties worn with gabardine shirts and suspenders

Levi's jackets with Elvis or Marilyn hand-painted on the back

Opera gloves

Patent-leather purses

Bright-colored Converse high-tops

"DECOR"

Boomerang-shaped tables

Patterned linoleum

Beanbag chairs

Lava lamps

Black-and-white RCA TVs

Framed pre-1970 *Life* magazine covers

Jukeboxes

—*P.R.*



1946–65

celebrating Las Vegas, thus pushing architecture off on its own snickery detour. After Venturi (even his name sounded like some kitschy car, an Impala with fins and cruise control), major buildings could look like billboards and motels—as long as they looked that way *ironically*. Or major buildings could have columns and gables and keystones and all kinds of quaint bric-a-brac—as long as the old-fashioned geegaws were applied *ironically*.

Warhol, Sontag, Venturi—then, during the same Big Bang, *Batman* came to TV, demonstrating that ordinary Americans would go for stylized, mock-bad entertainment. Roy Lichtenstein was prime-time. Camp Lite had arrived.

The larger epidemic of irony, meanwhile, was spreading more slowly. The counterculture was virtually irony-free: for every Firesign Theater record, there were hundreds of Earth Day manifestos, Jane Fonda declarations of solidarity, John Lindsay displays of earnestness, communal suppers of tofu and human placenta.

Just when it became clear that John Lindsay and placenta-eating were not going to transform the world, an irony industry sprang up to fill the void. Bob had subscribed to *National Lampoon* when he was still in high school; for their first date, Bob took Betty to the *Lampoon*'s Off-Broadway show, *Lemmings*; their first purchase as a couple was a color Sony, bought so they could watch *Saturday Night Live*. In a few years, a generation's perpetual frown had become a perpetual smirk.

One minute everything had been deadly earnest. The next minute everything was amusing. Gerald Ford bumping his head was funny. Patty Hearst as a revolutionary bank robber was funny. Jimmy Carter fighting off a rabbit was funny. Even Richard Nixon, once he had been purged, became a laughable character, Oscar the Grouch with underlings. Thanks to Steve Martin and Bill Murray and *SCTV*, schlock comedians and schlock singers were funny—unintentionally so, *ironically* so. The entire malformed, third-rate pop culture universe was, in fact, suddenly a wellspring of unwitting mirth, of "found humor." To get the joke, all you had to do was what you had always done best—*watch a lot of TV*: game shows were funny, cheap late-night commercials were funny, cable (especially public-access cable) was funny, Jack Lord was funny, Marie Osmond was funny, Tom Snyder was funny, Jerry Lewis and his telethon were funny—*and none of them knew it*, which made them all the funnier. Even chunks of nontelevised life—trailer parks, theme parks, the *National Enquirer*, the *New York Post*, morticians' trade magazines—were funny. The Irony Epidemic was just gathering steam when Bob and Betty first started going to certain movies (*Plan 9 from Outer Space*, for instance) *because they were so bad*, and it had achieved its full range when there was a whole subculture devoted to bad movies—bad-film books, bad-film festivals, bad-film scholars (see "Camp Lite Goes to College," page 96).

Camp Lite consists especially of a fetishism for the good-old-days artifacts that the Irony Epidemic has turned up—Ray-Bans and skinny ties, *Sergeant Bilko* and Bermuda shorts. The rise of Camp Lite can be traced to the Hollywood nostalgia productions of the 1970s: *American Graffiti* and *Animal House*, *Grease* and *Happy Days*. These were the works that portrayed the fifties and early sixties as something to be pined for, something cute and

Copyrighted material



1967–75

pastel-colored and fun rather than racist and oppressive and un-air-conditioned.

Whereas camp *during* the fifties and sixties emerged from the more passionate, fabled art forms of ballet, opera and Joan Crawford vehicles, Camp Lite is almost purely the spawn of fifties and sixties television, with its bland sitcom chuckles and tiny, comfy dilemmas. Camp Lite is limited to the nonintellectual, to lunch boxes and memories of summer Scout outings. True camp, homo- or heterosexual, lampoons and adores, while Camp Lite reflexively eulogizes and coddles.

Camp can curdle in the benign clutches of 10 million Bobs and Bettys, and in nostalgia junkyards such as *Nick at Nite*. When a minority form is coopted, there is always a loss of dynamic, of nuance. Imagine a Debbie Gibson rendition of "Respect." Consider Bruce Willis's Camp Lite pseudo-Bogie shtick. Camp Lite at its mass-marketed worst—Spuds Mackenzie, Hard Rock Cafes, Willis—has no edge, no gilded layers. Its allusions can become entirely arbitrary. The new Fox science-and-technology TV show, *Beyond Tomorrow*, features human Camp Lite artifacts—Alan Hale Jr., Jo Anne Worley, Mickey Dolenz, Charo—in its commercials *for no particular reason*, a Fox spokesperson says, *just because . . . well, we thought they were cool*. Even in its more wholesome forms, Camp Lite is mere Trivial Pursuit, a matter of lists, of congratulating oneself on remembering, for instance, all the first names of the Brady Bunch.

The only thing more unnerving than the proliferation of air quotes (*Between my "significant other" and my "career," I sometimes wonder whether going for the "good life" makes sense*) is when they imperceptibly fade away. Camp Lite, after all, began with a genuine ironic impulse—the first few dozen 1980s buildings with columns, the first few hundred times "*They laugh alike, they walk alike, at times they even talk alike*" was sung by young adults late at night, the first few thousand men who buttoned their top shirt buttons. But after a million and then 10 million repetitions, the once ironic gesture begins to lose the perversity that made it interesting in the first place.

In the middle of an Irony Epidemic, nothing stays ironic for very long: in record time, the vogue for sixties fashion (peace symbols, miniskirts, Day-Glo) evolved from a jokey cognoscenti revival to a straight-faced mass-market merchandising phenomenon—has already drifted, for the second time in two decades, toward the dustheap of the passé. From Avenue C to K Mart in five years flat, via *Elle* and MTV—such is the force of Camp Lite. A knowing Bohemian flicker becomes a mindless national bonfire, mock nostalgia turns into the real thing. What starts out as a perverse, essentially ironic appreciation of the detritus of the last several decades—of porkpie hats, *Mr. Ed*, Twister, Led Zeppelin, poodle skirts—very quickly becomes an

CAMP LITE GOES TO COLLEGE

I. "What? Me Study?: A Selective Survey of the Mildly Antiauthoritarian Thesis Topics of Late-Twentieth-Century University Students"

You're a college student. It's time to choose a topic for your senior paper. You don't want to write about Keats or feudalism like everyone else. You're not about to buy into the whole academically correct establishment thing. Plus, the only primary sources you know really, really well, the only texts in which you have a deep fluency, are old TV sitcoms, game shows, pop music, comic books. Like other ironically inclined contemporaries, you'll write a thesis on pop culture: "The Outsider as Hero of Urban Mythology in *Superfly* and *Shaft*," for instance, or "Elysian Fielders: The Chrono-Spatial Existentialism of Professional Baseball." It's strident *sprezzatura*, risk-free scholarship: the text, the footnotes and the title page will look perfectly legitimate to professors and parents, while the topic (camouflaged in academic jargon, as in "Strategies for Heterosexual Interaction in Singles Bars") is a wink to classmates and your own ironic self that you're not really a grade-grubbing weenie.

None of the titles cited in the preceding paragraph is, as far as we know, an actual thesis. Those cataloged below, however—*attention, Allan Bloom!*—are real titles from Amherst, Harvard, Stanford and Yale.

- "The Glory Shall Be a Defense: The 1969 Mets and New York City" (1984)
- "Elvis as Hero of Global Village Culture" (1984)
- "Rebuilding the Dream: Artifice and Authenticity in the American Shopping Mall" (1985)
- "All My Children: A Literary Study of Soap Operas" (1985)
- "Organized Summer Camping: An Institution of Stability for American Youth in Times of Transition" (1986)
- " 'I Heard It Through the Grapevine': An Exploration of the Motown Sound" (1986)
- "Why Spock Isn't Captain: Control and Self-Determination in *STAR TREK*" (1987)
- "Nostalgia for the 1960s in Popular Culture: The Mythification of the Age of Aquarius" (1988)
- " 'Rhymin' and Stealin' ': The Beastie Boys Phenomenon 1987" (1988)

Gets you thinking, doesn't it? After all, you *have* always thought Scrooge McDuck was an overlooked manifestation of the Jay Gatsby ethos. You can champion the cause of the common man, proving the relevance and value of TV shows and T-shirt slogans by means of pseudo-Derridean deconstruction and favorable comparison with such accepted academic benchmarks as the Eliot canon and tribal courtship rituals. You can quote both Roland Barthes *and* Larry the dorm janitor (a typical McDuck fan). It's all a slightly more intellectual version of the *But Dad, Jesus had long hair!* dinner-table argument. And no matter how hard you work on it, you are still, after all, getting credit for *reading comics*: indeed, you're living the undergraduate dream—obeying authority while giving the impression that you're not the sort of person who obeys authority.

II. "The 'Real' World: Toward an Understanding of the Problem of Postgraduate-Career-Decision Deferral Processes"

You've graduated. Your thesis grader conceded that Huey, Dewey and Louie did resemble, to some extent, a zoomorphic tripartite Nick Carraway. Now what? Get a job? That would be as embarrassingly straightforward as . . . well . . . having written a serious thesis. The alternative? *Live the joke*—graduate school.

Copyrighted material



1970–80

automatic, essentially earnest appreciation. As this decade began, postmodern architects and painters were playing around, fun-lovingly "quoting" the taboo past with their cartoony colonnades and corny arches, their human figures and realistic tableaux; before the decade was half over, the postmodernists were proffering their columns and portraits with deadly seriousness. As this decade began, Bob and Betty thought kidney-shaped coffee tables were amusing monstrosities; as the decade ends, Bob and Betty consider them merely stylish. Does anyone think *New Yorker* editor Robert Gottlieb doesn't *really like* plastic purses? The Irony Epidemic has been a way for all kinds of taboo styles to sneak past the tastefulness authorities—*Don't mind us, we're just kidding*—and then, once inside, turn serious. By the end of the Bush administration, Grand Funk Railroad will be on a smash comeback tour.

During the Irony Epidemic, even interesting artists become art directors in anthropologists' clothing, advance men for Camp Lite: in his film *True Stories*, David Byrne cooed over Dust Bowl trailer parks, teased hair and prefab shopping malls as if murmuring, *I must get that pole lamp for my loft!* Directors John Waters, Jonathan Demme and Susan Seidelman, in films such as *Hairspray*, *Married to the Mob* and *Making Mr. Right*, have also indulged in kitsch glut, piling the screen with hot pink T-Bird convertibles and rustling prom petticoats to be applauded on their knack for retro chic. The trend toward re-created fifties chromium diners, like Ed Debevic's in Chicago and L.A., or Manhattan's Dine-o-Mats, are pure exercises in overeager Camp Lite merchandising. Dine-o-Mat on Third Avenue and 57th Street teems with where-it's-at youngsters at all hours; the genuine Horn & Hardart Automat (owned by the same corporation as the ersatz Dine-o-Mat), at 42nd and Third, is patronized by a few bums and cops and household workers. Camp Lite produced the Monkees revival, the brand-name-studded pages of Stephen King and Ann Beattie, the return of cigar smoking, white cotton anklets worn with high heels and the concept of Deb of the Year.

Camp Lite does not celebrate *or* savage; it does not get its hands dirty. Camp Lite is about avoidance. Today's irony-stricken yuppie lives in terror of becoming . . . *anything*. Staking a claim can inspire ridicule: *You're a lawyer?* Admitting to marriage, parenthood—to maturity—implies aging, stolidity. If everything is a pose, a sitcom riff, then you're still a kid, just goofing around.

The punk movement, exported to the U.S. during the early years of the Irony Epidemic, became a pretext for a certain kind of Camp Lite artifact—safety-pin jewelry, Astor Place Mohawks, Debbie Harry. And punk was a way for nerds to be cool: a certain fey artlessness and arch egghead lyrics (*My building has every convenience/It's going*

Back around 1975, as papers on roadside diners began appearing in academic journals and spaghetti-western experts became full professors, American Studies departments turned their attention from the historically significant (e.g., Herman Melville) to the quaint and the commonplace (e.g., Herman Munster). Now graduate school can be a perfect mark-time paradise, scholarship with a smirk, the ultimate noncommittal, ironic life-style.

III. "Going Pro: The Ethnosociological Implications of the Pre- and Postdoctoral Self-Justification Process"

Welcome to the faculty. You've settled in at your carrel, decorating it with Trans Formers and Caesars Palace postcards. Your office hours are posted on the door, between unintentionally hilarious *National Enquirer* clippings and Xeroxed pages from the 1953 *Boy Scout Handbook*. You go to all the grad-student—make air quotes here—"mixers" in an ESSO gas pumper's jumpsuit and an RFK memorial bolo tie. You fancy yourself a human hodgepodge of amusing American trash.

But somewhere along the way, the savvy smirk has become an affectionate grin. The implicit irony of studying the Godzilla/Mothra schism or K Mart iconography has been replaced by reverence. You actually start *believing* that Scrooge McDuck can tell us quite a bit about ourselves as Americans.

Eventually you trade in your hand-painted hula-girl tie and Brooklyn Dodgers cap for a tweed jacket and Bean boots—both worn, of course, ironically: once you were Maynard G. Krebs, now you're Professor Lawrence from *Gidget*. In pursuit of tenure, you publish an article in the *Journal of American Culture*, put out by Bowling Green State University and the Popular Culture Association. You flesh out your McDuck thesis (expanding the Meyer Wolfsheim/Gyro Gearloose parallel) and submit it. It's as relevant now as it ever was, and it's sure to measure up alongside these actual excerpts from recent issues of the *Journal*:

"Reinterpreting the Fifties: Changing Views of a 'Dull' Decade" (Summer 1985)—"Put in the context of the 'Happy Days' format, was it a stable, simple era of Richie Cunninghams or a fantasy-land populated with Fonzie-like rebels?"

"The Whimsey and Its Contexts: A Multi-Cultural Model of Material Culture Study" (Spring 1986)—"The model is illustrated by an examination of a distinct type of beaded novelty object made by Tuscarora Iroquois women and marketed as a souvenir in the tourist area of Niagara Falls."

" 'The Love Boat': High Art on the High Seas" (Fall 1983)—"The study includes a surprising list of some other behaviors that were observed to be accompanying or interrupting viewing: looking out of windows, picking one's nose, scratching . . . smoking, rocking . . . dressing and undressing, posing . . . reciting . . . fighting . . . throwing things . . . mimicking or answering the TV . . . picking up objects . . . pacing, asking questions about the TV, teasing and hair combing were among some of these behaviors. This extensive list is cited because it reveals the complexity of television viewing behavior."

"The 'McDonaldization' of Society" (Spring 1983)

"The Venereal Confronts the Venerable: 'Playboy' on Christmas" (Winter 1984)—"The costume's white beard has fallen round her neck to cover the front of her bosom; her buttocks stick out from the costume's waistband."

"California Girls and the American Eden" (Winter 1984)

"Comic Book Luddite: The Saga of 'Magnus, Robot Fighter' " (Spring/Summer 1984)—"As a comic book, *Magnus, Robot Fighter* falls into that amorphous category known as 'popular culture,' part of the literature of the masses, the vernacular reading of the common folk. Because of this, comic books have only recently become the subject of serious scholarly inquiry." —*Paul Simms*

Copyrighted material



1976–84

to make life easy for me) became, in the case of Talking Heads, ironic rock, Sondheim for kids. Dylan had made alienation stylish, but now it chuckled instead of whined. As the Irony Epidemic kicked into high gear Sid Vicious, a bona fide angry young punk, recorded, sniggeringly, "My Way." And today even rap music, the quintessential underclass form, incorporates snatches of the *I Dream of Jeannie* theme; who says Camp Lite is lily-white?

Victims of the Irony Epidemic do not dread commitment—they fear uncoolness. When Bob wears his garish shirts or his black-rimmed nerd glasses, he implicitly announces, *I am aware enough to appreciate the squareness of this shirt and these glasses; I don't like them—I* get *them.* When Betty dons her thrift shop Holly Golightly strapless, she wears it as a costume, so she can't be accused of becoming her mother. Bob and Betty idolize Letterman; because he keeps things goofy and light, there's no danger of embarrassment. Letterman is enormously talented, of course, but he can become the hipster's Perry Como. Letterman, as the avatar of Camp Lite, as Mr. Ambivalence, is usually thrown by anything truly, weirdly campy. Pee-wee Herman makes him uncomfortable, as does Sandra Bernhard. Pee-wee and Bernhard possess the heedless risk of true camp. They toy with gender, with anguish and dementia.

CAMP LITE

- Watching a videocassette of *One Million Years B.C.*, starring Raquel Welch as a cavewoman
- Having a cookout, wearing madras Bermudas and playing Beach Boys tapes
- Giving someone a copy of Jackie Collins's *Hollywood Wives* as a joke gift
- Ritual group viewings of *Lifestyles of the Rich and Famous*
- Attending the Warhol auction

TRUE CAMP

- Working out to Raquel's exercise video and wondering if Tahnee, Raquel's daughter, is a happy girl
- Attending the trial of a particularly baroque serial killer
- Buying a gown from The Dynasty Collection and wearing Forever Krystle toilet water
- Watching only those *Lifestyles* segments that feature Donna Mills behind the Iron Curtain
- Attending the Warhol funeral

Letterman is far happier around people like Larry "Bud" Melman, his proprietary piece of flesh-and-blood found humor—targets, curious oafs, threatless.

Camp Lite tends to focus on the mild, the rural or suburban, and the male. Witness Letterman's fixation on small-town news items, on animal acts and the lad who nurtured the largest okra in Iowa. Camp Lite yearns for childhood in a wheat field, adolescence on the beach at Rincón; Dad at the barbecue is God. Camp Lite, at worst, is a cocktail party that descends into group renditions of the theme from *The Flintstones* and critical debates about whether Gilligan ever got off the island.

The Reagan years have been Camp Lite incarnate, the great winking downside of the Irony Epidemic. By seeing Reagan as a joke, as Mr. Magoo or Don DeFore's dim Mr. B from *Hazel*, young America denatured him. No one had to dwell on the ugliness of his policies if he was treated as a cartoon, sleepily wed to Cruella De Vil. Voting Republican has become a pose rather than a sin.

Air quotes abound nowadays. Air quotes eliminate responsibility for one's actions, one's choices. Bob tells co-workers with a grin that he's got to get home to—raise hands, insert air quotes here—*the little woman*, or to *the wife and kids*, as if his family didn't really exist, as if he's still "a wild and crazy guy." Betty tells friends she's "ultra–Type A" and, with air quotes, "a yuppie madwoman," so they won't imagine she actually enjoys her 12-hour days at the firm.

Air quotes undermine any real art. The paintings of David Salle, endlessly and almost purely referential, *Moonlighting*, even *Who Framed Roger Rabbit*—all of them are Xeroxed clip jobs, Cliffs Notes on fondly remembered original works of the past. Real art and regular hobbies you can happily experience in solitude. But given the choice, who would play miniature golf or go to a Cindy Sherman show *alone?* Art in the age of air quotes requires a fellow smirker, someone else smart enough to get it. Irony is a group sport. A certain sort of postgraduate boy can go with other postgraduate boys to the Baby Doll Lounge to watch strippers and enjoy the shows ironically; alone, he would consider himself pathetic.

Camp Lite uses irony as an anesthetic, an escape route. It is a breed of timidity, a reluctance to rock the yacht. Camp Lite can redeem itself, by cultivating some danger, some bracing recklessness, some of the alienating weirdness that spawned it. Otherwise, Camp Lite will remain a smug reflex, a painless roost for guys 'n' gals without imagination or real spunk, a mask for easy condescension—"I *love* Joe Franklin."

The place of Joe Franklin may be a benchmark for the remarkable sweep of the Irony Epidemic, circa 1989. Franklin now *knows* he has become an object of jokes, a piece of found humor. He even claims to be complicit in the process. "Look, my friend," Franklin told the *Times*, "Billy Crystal, he's doing a satire on a satire. I'm putting on the whole world! I'm tongue-in-cheeking every moment of my life." Nor is he the only one: Tab Hunter appeared in a John Waters movie, Frankie Avalon and Annette Funicello made the Camp Lite *Back to the Beach* in 1987, Robert Goulet was in both *Beetlejuice* and *Scrooged*, Zsa Zsa Gabor and Charo flounced around on Pee-wee's CBS special last Christmas, Vanna White suggests she *understands* she's just a Pet Rock with blond hair and breasts. When the kitsch starts talking back—*Look, I know I'm schlock, I know I'm a joke*—it's almost enough to make a person turn earnest. ❸

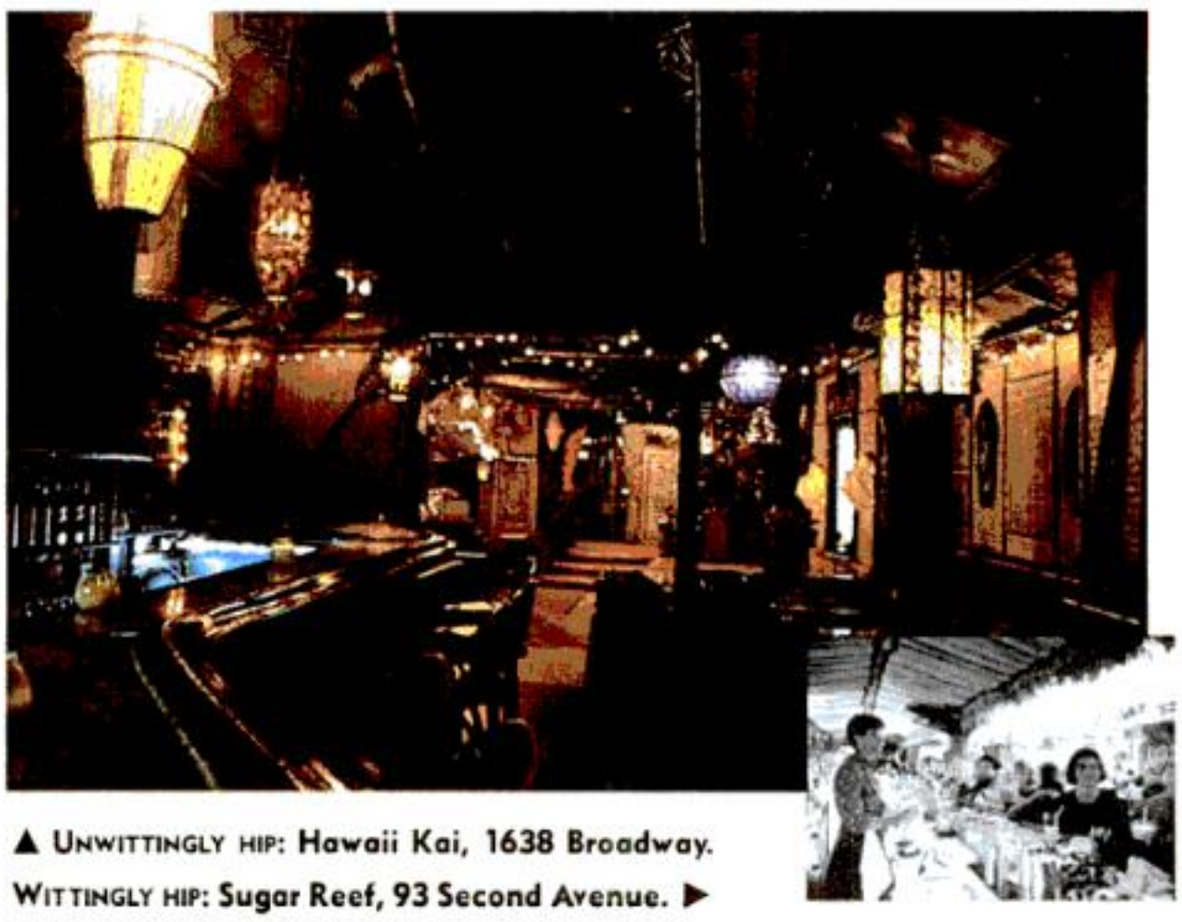


1980–present

Copyrighted material

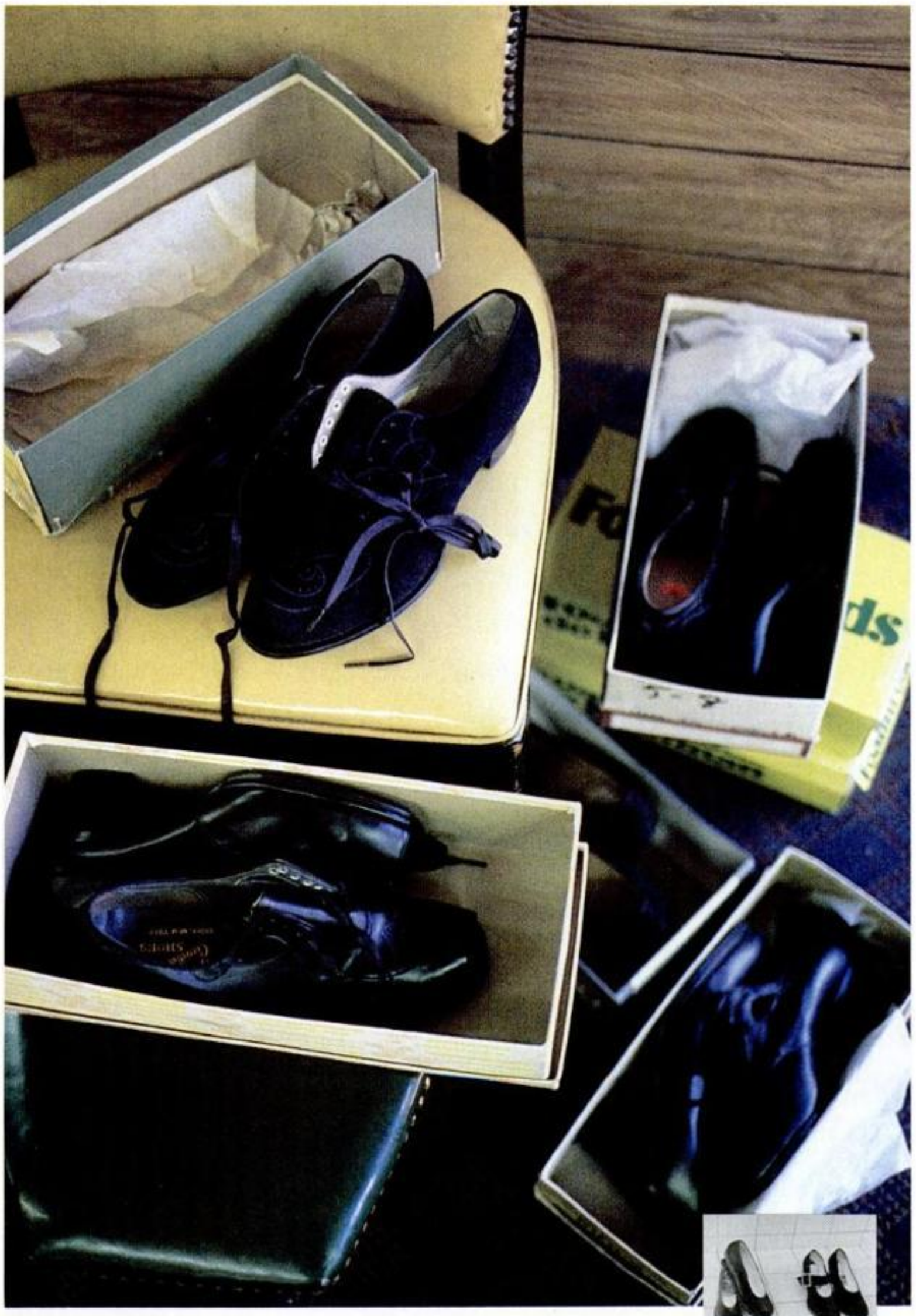
EATING MEAT LOAF NEAR THE UNISPHERE: LET US NOW PRAISE THE UNWITTINGLY

In big, interesting cities today (and nowhere more than New York) it seems that almost everything and everybody is hip—willfully, relentlessly hip. There is slick-as-glass modern sophistication—the women's store at Barneys, Broadway Video and the World Financial Center, Gregory Mosher and Richard Meier. And, more to the present point, there is quasi-Bohemian hip, the hip of those people and places with carefully calibrated ironic poses—Trixie's, the East Village and Broadcast Arts, Paul Shaffer, Tama Janowitz, Buster Poindexter. Practically everyone is hip—and everyone knows it. Except, that is, for the *unwittingly hip*. If the world today cleaves into two groups, they are those who *amuse* themselves with kitsch (people like Paul Shaffer and Tama Janowitz) and those who just plain like—or are—kitsch. The unwittingly hip are a subset of the latter group, those precious few artifacts and entities and people and places that are accidentally, naively avant-garde—that look really, really cool *but don't know it*. The unwittingly hip is a niche occupied by just barely old-fashioned packaging and decorations of a certain no-longer-swanky era, by old Las Vegas and post-deco Miami Beach, by objects that have decayed in a way that happens to appeal to aesthetes at the end of the century. The unwittingly hip are those people and styles that are, in 1989, precisely the right number of years behind the times. There is unwitting hipness all over America and the world—the rural South is chockablock with it, and beauty parlors are good bets. And New York, despite its aggressive stylishness, has a rich supply of the unwittingly hip. That's partly because the city still takes in tens of thousands of immigrants every year, earnest naïfs who have neither the inclination nor the training to be hip deliberately, people who wear wide Day-Glo flowered ties and clunky black Buddy Holly glasses because that's all they own, people who decorate their storefronts with tin and Caribbean aquas because that's what they know. It's also because in New York, the shopkeepers selling tinsel on 22nd Street or ladies' hats on lower Broadway for the last 30 or 40 years are still in business, looking just as they did when Eisenhower was elected president and atomic energy sounded neat. Thus, with a mandate to document the innocently with-it and naively stylish wherever we found it, photographer JENNY LYNN roamed the city for days. The results of our search are on the following pages—along with some of the corresponding *wittingly* hip places and things that have proliferated during the Irony Epidemic.



▲ UNWITTINGLY HIP: **Hawaii Kai, 1638 Broadway.**
WITTINGLY HIP: **Sugar Reef, 93 Second Avenue.** ▶

Copyrighted material



UNWITTINGLY HIP: leftover 1940s shoes at Eneslow Shoes, 924 Broadway. WITTINGLY HIP: Tootsi Plohound, 110 Prince Street.



UNWITTINGLY HIP: Genroku Sushi's conveyor-belt service, 366 Fifth Avenue. WITTINGLY HIP: Dine-o-Mat's conveyor-belt service, circa 1985, 175 Madison Avenue.



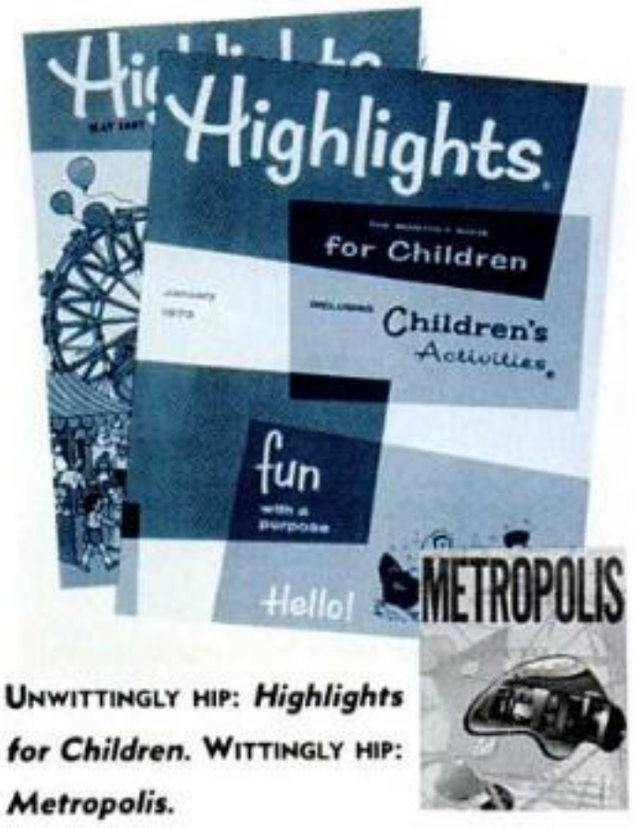
UNWITTINGLY HIP: OTB habitué, Chinatown. WITTINGLY HIP: Elvis Costello.



UNWITTINGLY HIP: cake display with lava lamp, La Delice Pastry Shop, 372 Third Avenue. WITTINGLY HIP: sculpture by Thomas Lanigan Schmidt, Holly Solomon Gallery (price: around $30,000).



UWITTINGLY HIP: bellhop at The Plaza hotel. WITTINGLY HIP: Azzedine Alaïa's Fall 1987 collection.



UNWITTINGLY HIP: *Highlights for Children*. WITTINGLY HIP: *Metropolis*.

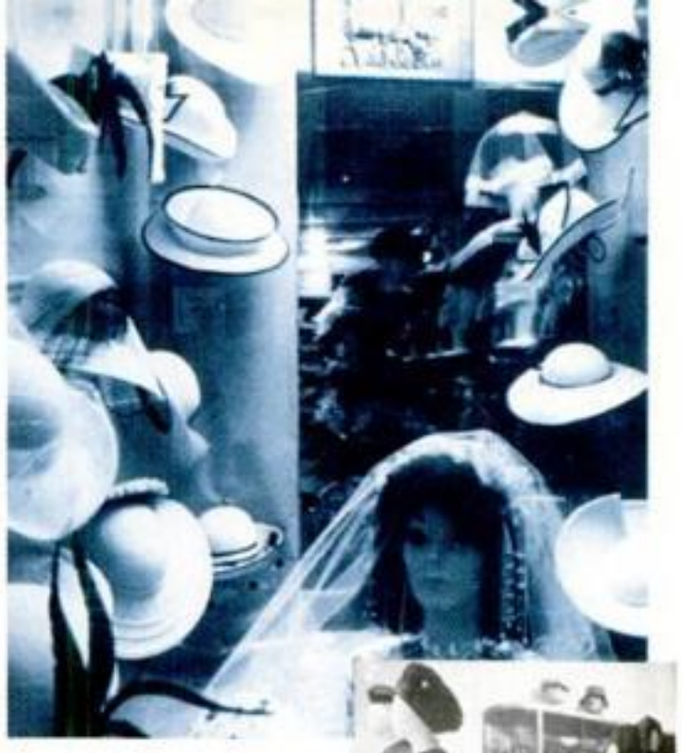


UNWITTINGLY HIP: the 1964–65 World's Fair unisphere, Flushing Meadow Park, Queens. WITTINGLY HIP: Globey, from *Pee-wee's Playhouse*.

Copyrighted material



UNWITTINGLY HIP: burned and melted pier, 58th Street and Hudson River. WITTINGLY HIP: apartment building model by deconstructivist architects Coop Himmelblau.





UNWITTINGLY HIP: window display at Fashion Hats, 579 Broadway. WITTINGLY HIP: window display at New Republic Clothier, 93 Spring Street.



UNWITTINGLY HIP: sign in coffee shop, Second Avenue and 55th Street. WITTINGLY HIP: SPY masthead artwork.



UNWITTINGLY HIP: De Witt Bros. Tool Company, 237 Lafayette Street. WITTINGLY HIP: Meriken restaurant, 162 West 21st Street.



UNWITTINGLY HIP: place setting at Silver Star Restaurant, 1236 Second Avenue. WITTINGLY HIP: T-shirt from Design East, 7 Second Avenue.



UNWITTINGLY HIP: assorted current grocery-store-bought objects. WITTINGLY HIP: menu and matches designed by M&Co. design firm for Restaurant Florent.

Copyrighted material





UNWITTINGLY HIP: meat loaf, $4.50 with two vegetables, Blarney Stone, 410 Eighth Avenue. WITTINGLY HIP: meat loaf, $8.50 a pound, Dean & Deluca, 560 Broadway.

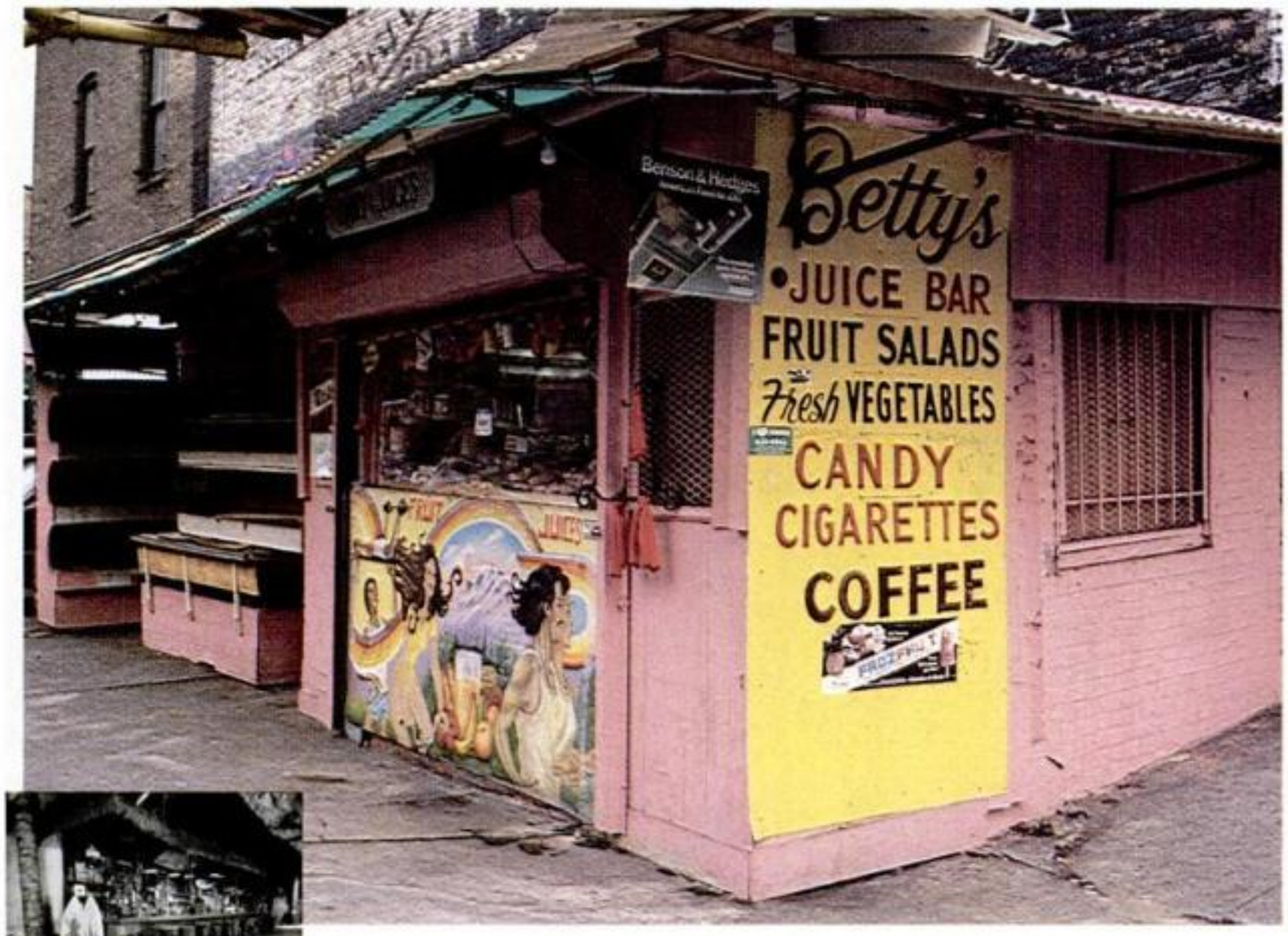


UNWITTINGLY HIP: posters in Vanity Fair Cleaners, 376 Third Avenue. WITTINGLY HIP: ads for Reminiscence clothing store.





UNWITTINGLY HIP: street person, lower Broadway. WITTINGLY HIP: Alice Farley, performance artist.



UNWITTINGLY HIP: Betty's Juice Stand, east side of Lafayette Street at Bond. WITTINGLY HIP: the Big Kahuna, 622 Broadway.





UNWITTINGLY HIP: Futurama Cleaners, 158 Avenue C. WITTINGLY HIP: *Bowl-O-Rama*, published by Abbeville Press, 1986.





UNWITTINGLY HIP: oxidized copper floater in older toilet tanks. WITTINGLY HIP: oxidized copper candlesticks from Rogers-Tropea Inc.

RESEARCH ASSISTANCE BY ELISSA SCHAPPELL.

Copyrighted material



IF THERE WERE A HARVARD SCHOOL OF FITNESS, THIS WOULD BE IT.

Of all the fitness centers and health clubs New York has to offer, one outranks them all: Doral Saturnia Fitness Center.

Here, men's and women's programs are tailored to personal goals, then we team you up with a top-rated trainer who works with you one-on-one.

This assures you quality training time, surrounded by facilities as luxurious and exclusive as our Park Avenue address suggests.

Our exercise rooms are spacious and plush, with vaulted ceilings and 14 ft. windows that allow an abundance of natural light.

Everything for your comfort is included: A full-size personal locker for maximum privacy. Toiletries and amenities for your grooming needs. Training attire and big thick towels—always clean and fresh the moment you arrive.

In all, Doral Saturnia Fitness Center offers a level of training that is simply not available anywhere else.

Call us, we'll be happy to arrange a tour for you and introduce our staff.

Doral
SATURNIA
FITNESS CENTER

DORAL SATURNIA FITNESS CENTER

90 PARK AVENUE (39th Street), NEW YORK, NY
212-370-9692

NOTE: Doral Saturnia Fitness Center is part of the Doral Hotel and Resort group, including the luxurious Doral Saturnia International Spa Resort in Miami, Florida. Ask about our Florida bonus for new members in New York.

Copyrighted material

HORSING AROUND

A long haul with a few of the pack mules of the rag trade

BY IGNATZ RAZTWIZKIWZKI

A merkin is a—well, isn't a merkin a sort of small kind of wig? A miniature type of basically triangle-shaped hairpiece? But small? A sort of wiglet? Worn quite privately?

REVIEW OF REVIEWERS

GQ's arbiter of style, Richard Merkin, is one of those people who seem to be simply bursting with personal style—so much so that he defies ordinary labels. *GQ* identifies him as "an artist and writer who lives in New York." But you get the feeling from reading his monthly column, called Merkin on Style, that mere nouns come nowhere close to capturing the man. Let me see if I can't do a little better:

Richard Merkin, one-third of those Three Amigos of Bespoke (the other two being Tom Wolfe and lawyer Eddie "Whaddaya, Whaddaya" Hayes), has just one outrageous opinion after another. He thinks Meryl Streep is overrated and that the New York Post *is "contemptible." He is quite comfortable hobnobbing with classy, rich aristocrats.*

Or this:

Richard Merkin is a right-wing Anglophiliac old fart, but young people respect him because he has the guts to tell it like it is, man ("Show me a guy who refers to women as 'ladies' or to his companion as 'my lady,' and I'll show you a macho chauvinist, whether he be in gold chains or striped braces").

Or maybe this:

Richard Merkin is a master of the memorable phrase, as in his description of eccentrics: "Like pandas, they are proof of the Lord's sense of humor, and, like pandas, they prefer not to copulate upon request."

Richard Merkin is a sort of *GQ*-ish Oscar Wilde, in other words. Eccentrics and copulating pandas—yes, that's it exactly.

Merkin is something of an eccentric himself, as no doubt he would be the first to admit (while grabbing you by the lapels and wheezing, *You know, I'm something of an eccentric myself*). Many of his columns include his pet articulation, *midth*, a grating, pseudo-Chaucerian neologism that apparently means the same thing as *amid*: "When I was growing up in Gotham, midth a plethora of shops . . ." (Merkin on ordering clothes from catalogs); "Midth a plethora of old uniforms . . ." (Merkin on retirement); "Here, midth the 'bop cardigans' and the pegged pants with contrasting saddle stitching and 'pistol pockets' . . ." (Merkin on himself as a young dog); "Midth the conformity of this Kevin Costner Look-alike Contest that runs from coast to coast . . ." (Merkin on eccentrics).

Merkin also makes misuse of a phrase from Shakespeare. Hamlet at one point describes a certain play as having been "caviare to the general," meaning that it was too fine to be appreciated by its vulgar audience, the "general" populace. Merkin habitually garbles the phrase and gives it exactly the opposite meaning. When he says that three songs sung by Bobby Short would be "caviar for the general," he means



PHOTOGRAPHS BY GEOFF KERN

Copyrighted material

that they are so wonderful that they are fit for a commanding officer. He commits the same error in another column, a journey back to his adolescence: "These apocalyptic visions bring to mind a flashback to those cheery halcyon days when shopping was a glorious activity, and New York a Casbah of the serendipitous for a young man seeking, and often finding, the caviar reserved for the general."

This last sentence also provides a taste of Merkin's usual prose style: the deflating, superfluous *cheery*; the awkwardness of a flashback being "brought to mind" (and by *visions?*); the whiff of the thesaurus.

Like *Esquire* ("that compromised mummy"—R. Merkin), *GQ* vaguely imitates the *Esquire* of the days when *Esquire* meant something. Both magazines reek of perfume. Fashion spreads in both are out of the *Vogue* mold: scowling, low-IQ types in striped pants, checked shirts, plaid jackets and polka-dot ties, and, often, a woman with her boobs hanging out. (What better accessory for a well-dressed guy than a half-dressed gal?)

The trouble with fashion reviewing in any magazine is that so much of it is so nakedly calculated to suck up to advertisers. Of course, magazines themselves are nakedly calculated to suck up to advertisers. But the fashion writers really burrow down there and *slurp*.

Off and on over the last decade, *Esquire* has run winter features on the tuxedo. The only theme connecting these pieces is an eagerness to please those who pay the bills. One year dinner jackets with shawl lapels are dismissed as "a staple of bandleaders and headwaiters [that] rarely looks anything but dated and lackluster" (1980); the very next year the same jacket is hailed by the same reviewer as "a subdued, time-honored choice." In 1987 *Esquire* counseled "no loopy prints or noisy colors" for evening wear; in 1988 the lead photograph in the tux spread featured a loopy print in a noisy color—a swirling "printed velvet vest" in gold and, in an ad for Lord West four pages later, a vest and tie in an even loopier print and decidedly noisier colors. In *GQ's* tuxedo feature that same month, the scowling, low-IQ type modeling the dinner jacket was accompanied by three naked women lolling around in puddles of blue paint.

For the grumpy magazine reader, there's a certain amount of fun in watching clothes reviewers jump through hoops in order to say what they think the advertisers want them to say. It's nothing about nothing, season after season: "It has *everything* to do with attitude. Toward quality. Toward style. Toward detail" (*Esquire* on the "New York Look"). "At every moment, a consistency in attitude . . . and in the way a look comes together—with striking accessories and with the kind of unexcessive makeup and hair that maintain the 'purity' " (*Vogue* on fall fashions and, I guess, the new unexcessiveness). "It is a season for filling in gaps in a wardrobe and replacing old favorites. Now is the time to buy a black sweater, a couple of good pairs of pants, skirts in several lengths and styles, a new jacket, and even a dress or two" (*New York*'s Michael Gross on fall fashions and the new understatedness). "Designers have gone mad for plaid this season. But then, plaid has never really been out of fashion" (*New York*'s Wendy Goodman on, uh, the new plaidness).

7 *Days* (a magazine eerily referred to orally by several of its editors as "us," as in "Have you seen us?") recently made a heroic effort to scare up a little cologne advertising. At the end of a lame essay on the importance of after-shave, Allen Frame suddenly breaks out of Earth orbit: "I would like to imagine a cologne for myself. There would be fresh top notes of a sunny southern childhood, lemon and orange, with a body of herbaceous rural isolation (and floral notes of magnolia and honeysuckle) blending unexpectedly with a spicy urban frenzy, drying down to a base note of amber woody retreat."

Yuck!

In closing, a few odds and ends concerning the nation's two greatest newspapers:

Mervyn "Once Upon a Time" Rothstein, the *Times* theater reporter with a flair for arresting first sentences (see January/February Review of Reviewers), has outdone himself recently. Here's how he began a piece about Richard Greenberg, the tubby author of *Eastern Standard*, a play about some young people who take a bag lady to their house in the Hamptons: "O.K., Richard Greenberg, let's get to the point right away."

Take a closer look at that lead. Seemingly without effort, Rothstein has grabbed the reader's attention and fixed it on the message, or "point," of his story. He continues, "You, a self-acknowledged yuppie, have been termed a defender of your breed. So what do you have to say for yourself, Mr. Greenberg?" From there to the end of the story it's very easy sailing for Rothstein: he merely strings together footage from his tape recorder.

I wish someone would explain to me why the *Times* employs most of its music reviewers. The lamest recent offering (in a very crowded field) is Jon Pareles's Sunday think piece, "Art and Rock: An 80's Love Affair." Pareles's contention is that art and rock are inextricably linked in some brand-new way.

"Music and art have never been strangers," Pareles concedes. "Musicologists study illuminated manuscripts to determine the shape of a lute; the Cubists wore out their charcoal sketching cafe guitarists. But over the last decade rock has replaced classical music as the primary musical inspiration for art to the point where the two may seem inseparable."

I'm only sorry that Pareles couldn't think of a third example of the historical link between art and music. Didn't Michelangelo whistle while he worked?

Runner-up in the competition for the Laziest Reviewer of 1988 Award is Brock Yates, *The Washington Post Magazine*'s automotive reviewer. Yates devoted an entire column to a "long drive" he said he had taken "last night." Nothing happened during this drive. The brand of automobile was not specified. Yates's column was filled with the sort of facts that don't have to be looked up: meandering deer cause "countless" collisions; alcohol probably leads to "an inordinate number" of late-night accidents; nighttime travel is preferred by "many" people; on journeys after dark, "drowsiness can impede progress."

The *Laziest* Reviewer of 1988 Award goes to the *Times*'s chief film critic, Vincent Canby, who seems to find even the undemanding task of rewatching old movies too demanding. Reviewing *Dirty Rotten Scoundrels*, the remake of *Bedtime Story*, he writes: "Except for its title, the earlier film has receded from memory, but I can't imagine that it could have been anywhere near as entertaining as [*Dirty Rotten Scoundrels*]." A week later the industrious Mr. Canby was in the rigorous throes of critiquing *Dangerous Liaisons*. "Though I have fond, fuzzy memories of [a 1959 Roger Vadim version of the story]," he writes, "I can't imagine that it could come anywhere near the [current] version in terms of witty, entertaining, if occasionally overripe decadence." ◆

On
a street
which is
unmistakably
New York
is a bistro
which is
unmistakably
Paris.

·QUATORZE·

240 West 14th Street
New York City
Tel 206-7006

Accepting
only one
card.



Membership
Has Its Privileges.™

®

© 1989 American Express Travel Related Services Company, Inc.

BRING THE KIDS

Hollywood's littlest stars

and biggest egos

in their middle ages

BY CELIA BRADY

A short story: This is a short column about a short subject with a short temper and a big ego. Yes, I know, *everybody* in Hollywood fits this general description. But to be more specific, let's choose just one person. Let's choose . . . oh . . . how about Dustin Hoffman? He's certainly short (five foot six). And he is certainly known for his incendiary (offscreen) performances with producers, writers and directors. And he has a hit movie out now, *Rain Man*, costarring Tom Cruise.



Hoffman was apparently so upset by the failure of his Elaine May–Warren Beatty desert epic, *Ishtar*, that his agent, Creative Artists Agency's Mike "the Manipulator" Ovitz, told him to stop fretting and make some movies—most notably *Rain Man*, which had been in development for years. (Virtually all of Hoffman's pictures have long, tortured development histories—as movies that rise high above the pedestrian often do. Director Robert Benton and producer Stanley Jaffe anguished for years trying to get *Kramer vs. Kramer* made. *Tootsie* went through no fewer than eight writers and two directors before Sydney Pollack came aboard—only to endure continuous squabbling with Hoffman.) On *Rain Man*, director Martin (*Beverly Hills Cop*, *Midnight Run*) Brest, another Ovitz client, was originally going to direct; but following the usual creative differences, Hoffman brought in Pollack, who did his own treatment. Pollack was replaced by Steven Spielberg (an Ovitz *non*client!), who also quit the project. Enter Barry Levinson, a director with the proper credentials for a Mike Ovitz package: (1) he has had a string of well-regarded hits—*Diner*, *The Natural*, *Tin Men*, *Good Morning, Vietnam*; (2) he is a client of Ovitz's; (3) he is one of Ovitz's closest friends; and (4) he has developed a reputation for solving difficult script problems and working congenially with big-name actors.

According to people who worked on *Rain Man*, Hoffman's greatest concern was that after the enormous failure of *Ishtar* he might have lost his audience. The prime moviegoing audience (18-to-24-year-olds) turns over every few years. And since actors like Hoffman and Warren Beatty only rarely actually *make* films, they may still be stars—but only to people who don't go to movies anymore. And no matter who you are or what you've made, the cold, hard bottom line remains: If you can't draw them in, you're no longer a star. And if you're no longer a star, your previous price of $5 million per picture plummets to a fifth of that, and people are no longer willing to submit to your tantrums on the set.

Over at Disney, Sparky

Katzenberg's deal-making

(and -breaking) is

unarguably up to snuff

(For a more complete demonstration of career ascension, see Burt Reynolds on the hoary Burt Reynolds–produced TV game show *Win, Lose or Draw*.)

In an especially shrewd instance of career salvation, Hoffman's solution to the problem of declining bankability was to overrule the director, studio heads and casting people and insist that the role of the younger brother in *Rain Man*—a part originally conceived as a 38-year-old—be written for a 26-year-old. A 26-year-old named Tom Cruise. In short, Hoffman wanted Cruise's audience—the *Top Gun* kids who sort-of-but-not-quite remember

Copyrighted material

Hoffman as "the guy who dressed up in women's clothing in *Tootsie*."

Hoffman took out similar audience insurance on Sidney Lumet's *Family Business*: he signed only when he was certain that Matthew Broderick and Sean Connery were on board. The thinking here was, evidently, *Why not cover* all *the demographic bases?*

(Note: in an eerily parallel move, the other perpetrator of *Ishtar*, Warren Beatty, has also recently taken out a would-be career insurance policy by casting Madonna as his love interest in *Dick Tracy*. Beatty obviously felt he needed to be reintroduced to the underage lace gloves–and–*bustier* set. Do I see a trend here?)

All of which brings us to Disney chairman Jeffrey "Sparky" Katzenberg, who has been credited with reviving the careers of a screening-roomful of worthy but nevertheless fading stars—Bette Midler, Richard Dreyfuss, Lily Tomlin, Nick Nolte. Hollywood being Hollywood, though, Katzenberg did not perform this sort of name-above-the-title resuscitation entirely as a product of from-the-heart altruism. Disney has a reputation as the financially tightest studio; no matter what you were paid on your last film, Disney will try to pay you less. (More often than not this is as beneficial to the career-in-decline actors as it is to the studio itself.)

Katzenberg's deal-making (and -breaking) is unarguably up to snuff. Last year Disney was scheduled to begin production of *The Dead Poets Society*. The film was to be made by Jeff Kanew. When the picture was scheduled to begin shooting—with hundreds of thousands of dollars already spent in preproduction costs—Kanew received an urgent call from Sparky telling him to stop.

Jeff Kanew had been fired.

New writers had been hired.

In what some read as a career panic, Dustin Hoffman had suddenly expressed interest in directing and starring in the picture.

There's a postscript. Reverting to his old ways (after being reasonably assured that *Rain Man* would be a hit), Hoffman backed out of *The Dead Poets Society*. And then, stuck without a director or a star, Disney hired Peter Weir and Robin Williams—as it happens, a more promising-sounding package by far.

Great to have seen you at Don and Jerry's in Aspen. ◆





Copyrighted material

THE WRITER'S VOICE

of the West Side Y Center for the Arts

presents

THE END OF

THE CENTURY



An Evening of Readings

by SPY *Writers*

featuring

BRUCE HANDY

ANN HODGMAN

JOHN LEO

PAUL RUDNICK

& ELLIS WEINER

Thursday, March 16, at 8 p.m.

Ethical Culture Auditorium

2 West 64th Street

◆

A reception hosted by Amaretto di Saronno will follow the readings.

◆

Tickets $7 at the door or in advance at the Center for the Arts office, second floor, West Side YMCA, 5 West 63rd Street Monday to Friday, 12 p.m. to 7 p.m. (212) 787-6557/4400

BUY NOW, WELSH LATER

Chapter One: Spend, spend, spend.

Chapter Five: Bills, bills, bills.

Chapter Eleven: Chapter 11

BY JAMES GRANT

As winter turns to spring America is evidently richer than ever, yet Americans in record numbers are going broke. Perhaps there is a wholesome explanation for this paradox, but in all of 1946 fewer than 9,000 Americans declared bankruptcy, whereas in 1987 bankruptcy petitions were filed at the rate of about 9,000 a *week*.

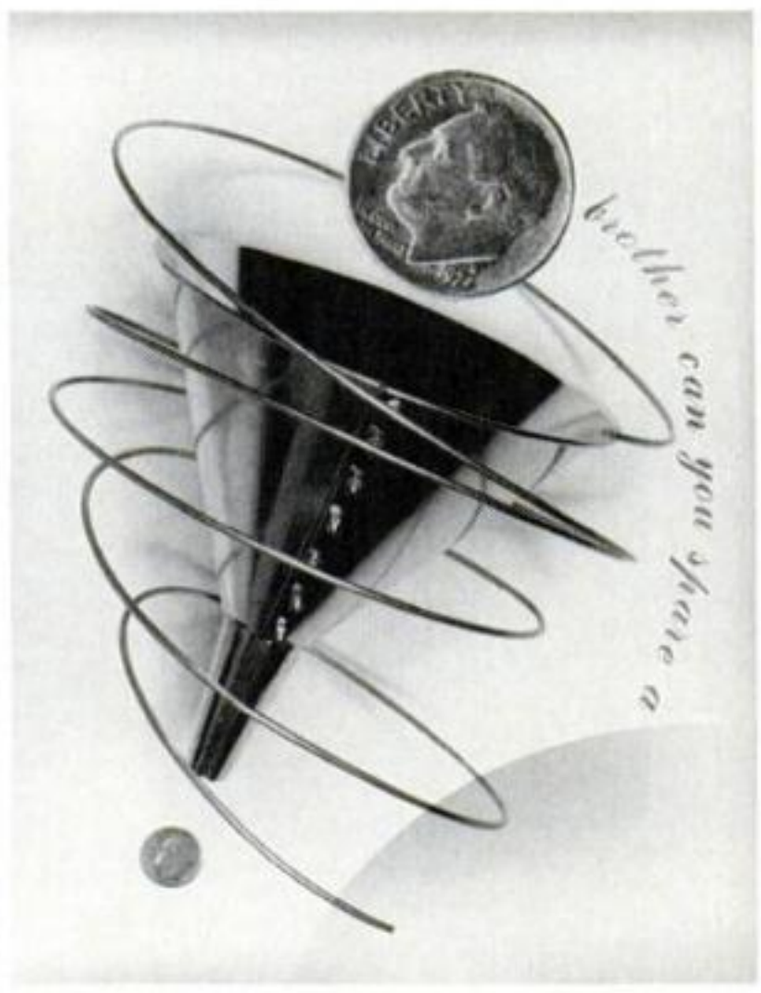


It is easier to borrow money today than it was in 1946, and it is easier to shuck off one's debts today too. "The easier we make the possibility of debt," the preeminent philosopher of debt, Freeman Tilden, pronounced in the 1930s, "the more failures there will naturally be."

Tilden could not have imagined the mass mailing of credit cards, the magnum leveraged buyout or the five-year loan on the $29.95 Yugo (or, for that matter, the $650 million fines paid by insatiable junk-bond-peddling brokerage houses). Nevertheless, he put his finger on something when he recast the fable of the grasshopper and the ant in modern terms: "Behind all the complexities of modern political economy lies the simple fact that human beings are, speaking generally, of two persuasions: the first would spend tomorrow what they earn today; the second would spend today what they hope to earn tomorrow."

The 1980s have been the grasshopper decade. Interestingly, personal-bankruptcy statistics took a turn for the worse in the very shank of the Reagan boom. In 1982, the last recession year on record, 315,000 bankruptcy cases were filed—up from 200,000 just three years earlier. Filings declined in 1983 and 1984, as is customary in prosperous years. Custom thereupon ceased to apply, as the *Federal Reserve Bulletin*, an esteemed but unread journal of the Federal Reserve Board, recently noted: "Historical patterns went awry in 1985 and 1986 when bankruptcies shot up more than 20 percent in each year despite the strength of the economy. . . . On the whole, the 1985–87 surge in bankruptcies is a puzzling development. . . ." Sort of like the arrival of the Goths in Rome was a puzzling development and the Great Depression was baffling.

On a faintly hopeful note, bankruptcy filings through the first half of last year were up by a mere 12.8 percent, less than the galloping rates in 1985 and 1986. On a frankly worrisome note, however, those six months of 1988 were an ideal time not to go broke—nobody had *any excuse* to run out of money. The economy was growing and employment was rising, and the stock market crash was receding from memory. It is unnerving to realize that those were the good old days.



A truism of bankruptcy is that the debtor has too many debts, but the recent startling rise in credit card, charge account and automobile loan debt (up to 19 cents per dollar of disposable income from 14 cents in 1984) is singled out by the *Federal Reserve Bulletin* as the root cause of the trouble. "A lessening of the stigma of bankruptcy" was given as a subsidiary cause, but I wonder if the Federal Reserve authors didn't underestimate the change in

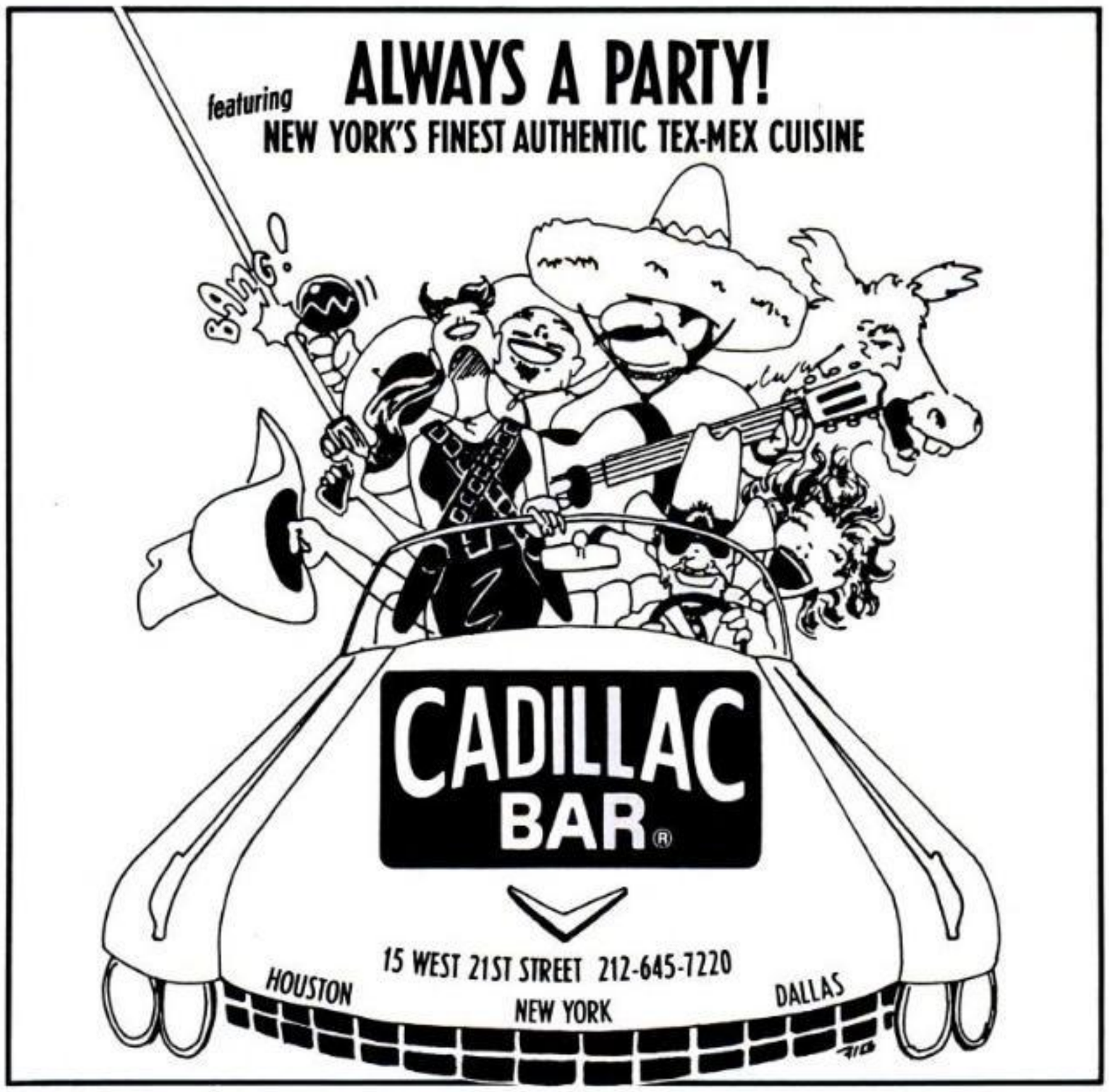
Copyrighted material

social attitudes. No longer at all embarrassed to borrow, people are no longer afraid to welsh. "The fraud that is practised under cover of insolvency, is doubtless the most extensive of all species of private robbery," said an official document of the Society of Friends in the early nineteenth century. That was before $10,000 credit lines and Optima cards and powerboats purchased for no money down.

A recent *Times* story told of a New York salesman who was swamped by credit card applications after he finished paying off a car loan. "Soon he had seven credit cards from five different banks, plus two credit lines, even though his annual income was only about $24,000 and came solely from commissions. When business slowed he began using the credit cards for living expenses. Several banks responded to his increased use of their cards by raising his credit limit. . . . Even after [he received] two dunning letters from a bank, a different group in the bank sent him a letter offering to raise his credit line by an additional $1,000."

Note how the trouble started: the so-called victim gratuitously *repaid his car loan*, thereby inciting—virtually entrapping—the banks. If similarly tempted, a debtor should consult one of the recognized debt-counseling services, if he can get in the door. The National Foundation for Consumer Credit has some 400 offices—twice as many as in 1986—yet it still cannot accommodate the overflow of borrowers in search of help. "Banks are not being diligent in investigating debt levels," says David Caplovitz, a New York bankruptcy lawyer. "One division of the bank doesn't know what the other is doing." Doesn't know, and is probably afraid to ask.

There is a moral side to bankruptcy that sophisticated financial people are inclined to dismiss as corny or irrelevant. Now that America is a debtor nation, however, the personal honor of the average americano must begin to inform the national finances. The story of the surge in personal bankruptcies among individual Americans, I should think, will play badly among the foreign holders of United States government debt. If Americans, in growing numbers, are not paying their credit card debts, will these same Americans scruple to honor their government's national debts? I think I have the answer: yes, they will pay, and in good money too, if that is convenient. ❸





Please SEND ME THE SPY T-SHIRT,
MADE OF WASHABLE, WEARABLE 100% COTTON.
AVAILABLE ONLY IN BLACK WITH YELLOW LOGO

NAME _____
ADDRESS _____
CITY _____
STATE _____ ZIP CODE _____
QUANTITY: S ____ M ____ L ____ XL ____ TOTAL ENCLOSED: $ ____
OFFER LIMITED TO U.S. AND CANADA. CANADIAN RESIDENTS PLEASE PAY U.S. $18.
GOOD ONLY WHILE SUPPLY LASTS. PLEASE ALLOW 4-6 WEEKS FOR DELIVERY.

ENCLOSE CHECK OR MONEY ORDER
(NO CASH OR CREDIT CARDS ACCEPTED)
FOR $12 (INCLUDES POSTAGE AND HANDLING; NY STATE RESIDENTS ADD 8.25% SALES TAX)
SPECIFY QUANTITY
DETACH COUPON AND MAIL TO:

SPY
295 LAFAYETTE ST.
NY, NY 10012

Copyrighted material



WHIFFEN PFFFT

Why are they wrecking the Yale business school? And how will it look on my CV?

BY M. SLOBODKIN

Up in New Haven, former TV host and current Yale president Benno Schmidt got a jump on the once-traditional spring riots by appointing Michael Levine to be the new dean of Yale's once-idealistic School of Organization and Management, thereby granting Levine a mandate to preside over the gutting of the graduate school's curriculum and ostensible raison d'être. Levine, a former professor at the school, is surely the right man for the job, having gained the requisite experience by beginning the dismantling of the Civil Aeronautics Board during the 1970s and presiding over union-buster Frank Lorenzo's nonunion New York Air during the 1980s.



The school, known as SOM, was founded in 1973 to compete for the alumni donations of Yale College graduates who too frequently went on to business school at Harvard or Stanford, and also to train the public-sector executives of tomorrow. Yale's then president, Kingman Brewster, eased the school on campus by dressing up the capitalist wolf in woolly liberal clothing. But SOM was more successful in its high-minded endeavors than most expected, and graduates now help run such institutions as the Guggenheim Museum and the Metropolitan Museum of Art. This being the 1980s, however, much attention has gone to graduates who went on to investment banks. SOM people alternately complain that so many of their graduates have gone on to high-paying jobs on Wall Street and brag that their graduates are getting the same high-paying jobs as other M.B.A.'s. Among SOM faculty and administrators there have been fairly continual disputes over what the school was or wasn't and whom it should or shouldn't be training.

When the last dean resigned more than a year ago, Yale formed a committee to search for someone who might resolve the squabbling over SOM's mission—but before the committee could finish its work, Schmidt conducted his own search (*Mike? Hi, it's Benno . . .*), resulting in the selection of Levine, who had been, coincidentally, one of his best pals at Yale Law School in the precountercultural 1960s. SOM's advisory board—which includes Cooper Union president John Jay Iselin, Alice Rivlin of the Brookings Institution and "Dollar Bill" Donaldson, a founder of both SOM and the investment bank Donaldson, Lufkin & Jenrette—received official word of Schmidt's new appointment only when it convened at the school for its regular meeting the same day the appointment was made public. Even though Schmidt didn't seek the advice of the advisory board, he did let the members know through *The New York Times* that he was influenced "from many, many sources," including, as it happened, wise, scholarly former attorney general Edwin Meese.

He was influenced "from many, many sources," including wise, scholarly former attorney general Edwin Meese

Not long after, Dean Levine began to enrage students and alumni. The union pariah turned management sage explained that he wanted to transform the professional school into a scholarly institution comparable to Yale Law School—an analogy that especially intrigues those colleagues who know about Levine's own problems winning tenure at SOM (he barely got it) and a professorial appointment at the law school (according to a former law school colleague, he was judged unqualified).

Copyrighted material

Levine has so far shown a finely honed manager's ability to make tough choices, however, and never more so than when he announced he would purge *all* nontenured faculty from the organizational behavior department because it was just too darn hard to decide whom to keep. Then, showing where he comes out in the debate over whether America ought to focus its energies on actually making things rather than perpetuating the current round of paper-pushing bust-ups and restructurings, the new dean announced that the operations research faculty—the professors who teach the unglamorous particulars of production and quality control—would be moved out of the school to the faculty of arts and sciences. The finance department, meanwhile, which teaches the particulars of bust-ups and restructurings, will almost surely have its standing and budget enhanced.

Levine's various changes (he declared that students would lose all real function on the SOM admissions committee, where they have served since 1977) and his high-handed announcement of them have angered alumni, who spent their two years at SOM being drilled on the importance of cooperative decision-making to assure that everyone feels a part of the process. The organizers of a letter-writing campaign to the Yale Corporation, which rules over the university, doubt that their efforts will dislodge Levine. But now he has managed to whip up their antipathy further by revising and impounding a letter that the SOM Alumni Association had written to all graduates, on the grounds that it was an "implicit declaration of war," until he could get his own, semicoherent letter out to alumni.

The SOM drama has exacerbated the queasy feeling in New Haven and beyond that the tiresome wunderkind Schmidt, only three years into his presidency, was an imperfect choice for Yale. Schmidt still lives on East 95th Street in New York City, and he has been so invisible around Yale that students have posted WHERE THE HELL IS BENNO? signs on campus. Even in the continuity-worshiping precincts of Skull and Bones, the crucible that formed George Bush, there are whispers that Schmidt may not be long for New Haven. Which might suit him fine, if, as reasonable speculation has it, he's got his sights set on appointment by Bush to the Supreme Court. And unlike those nasty administrative jobs at Yale, that seat's for life. ◆



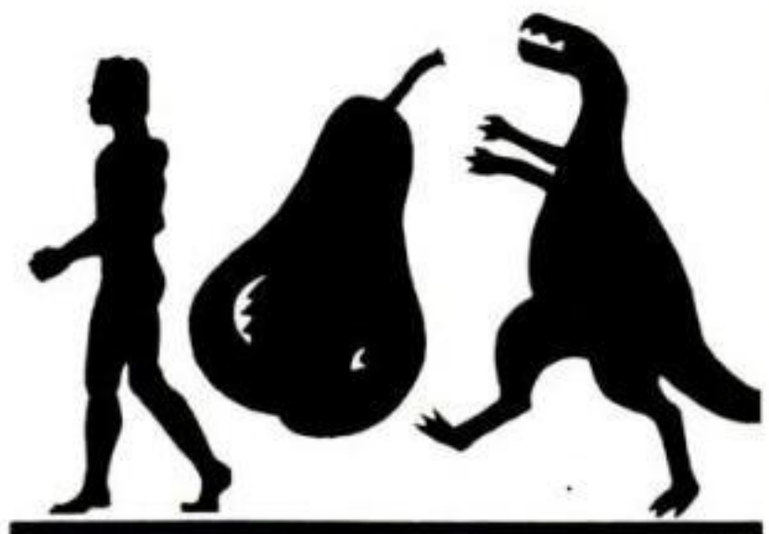
Finally, Mexican Food That Satisfies Even The Toughest Food Critics.

Years ago, you could lose more than your license for serving tasteless tacos or inferior enchiladas. At Cinco De Mayo we adhere to the same authentic recipes found in old Mexico. After all, our critics wouldn't settle for anything less.

CINCO·DE·MAYO

Call (212) 226-5255 at 349 West Broadway or (212) 661-5070 at 45 Tudor City Place.

Copyrighted material



EVERYBODY'S
RESTAURANT

31 SECOND AVENUE NYC 212-473-1884

DANISH SOUPERBAG™



"The ultimate in relaxed panache"
– ESQUIRE

Our practical Danish import features six nifty pockets, expandable sides, sturdy straps; wears like cold-rolled steel; hauls everything sensibly; will organize your life. Perfect carry-on flight bag, practical gift. In squashy grey, black, brown, red, blue, turquoise waterproof canvas. **$75** plus $3.50 shipping. Send for brochure.

THE CHOCOLATE SOUP
946 Madison Avenue, New York City 10021 (212) 861-2210

Joining Us Late?



For back issues of SPY, write to us at The Puck Building, 295 Lafayette Street, New York, N.Y. 10012. Enclose $4.00 per copy, please.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Issues: _____

Total enclosed: _____

PUBLICIZE OR PERISH

Hi! You don't know anything about me or my writing partner or our book, but . . .

BY PATRICIA MARX AND DOUGLAS McGRATH

The official publication date of our book, *Blockbuster* (219 pages, Bantam, $7.95), fell at the end of last summer. But by then



it was already flying off bookstore shelves from Philadelphia, where Benjamin Franklin wrote his celebrated autobiography, to Midland, Texas, where little Jessica McClure was trapped in an abandoned well for 58 hours. In Wilmington, Delaware, two visitors recently found *Blockbuster* in the best-seller section, not far from Tom Clancy's *Patriot Games*.

To be truthful, our mothers live in Philadelphia and Midland. They have worked tirelessly to promote the book, putting in long hours with no pay. As for Wilmington, Doug's aunt works for a local bookstore. She says she has sold 25 copies of *Blockbuster* so far and those were a mail order for Mrs. McGrath, who had already bought all the copies in Midland.

Apart from these three cities, our book came out to whatever is the opposite of great fanfare. Though we demonstrated a degrading willingness to do whatever was necessary to promote the book, Barb Burg, our publicist at Bantam, had planned only one promotional event. "But it's a really big event," she promised.

The event was a reading, but not the Susan-Sontag-salmon-and-sherry-upstairs-at-Books-&-Co. kind of reading. We were to read one Sunday afternoon at the Hampton Beach Club in Hampton Bays. Barb told us 20,000 people were expected, including 2,000 Jewish singles. *Blockbuster* was the only book the Hampton Beach Club gift shop was selling, an omen we confused with a compliment.

Our confidence in the Hampton Beach Club was shaken when we were carded at the entrance to the parking lot. We believe we are the only authors ever to be carded at their reading.

We met the man who was to introduce us. He was wearing a baseball cap, on the top of which was a plastic woman swinging in a hammock between two palm trees. This was the funmeister of the Hampton Beach Club, Dan the Man. We believe we are the only people ever to be introduced at their reading by Dan the Man.

Webster's would not count the Hampton Beach Club as a beach club: it had no tennis courts, no pool, no cabanas, no boys to set up your chairs, no chairs. It was just a deck overlooking the beach, and a dance floor. We were to read on the dance floor.

"Don't worry about the people," Dan the Man said. "I'll get them up here." Over the loudspeaker, he appealed to the crowds on the beach. "*Free hats for anyone who can guess the TV theme song!* Plus two writers



who want to read their book."

Everyone came. And no sooner was the final free hat awarded, to a woman who identified the theme from *Hazel* in one note, than everyone left. We read to the empty dance floor, like idiots, clinging to the hope that someone was listening.

Then, miraculously, we heard a burst of laughter and applause. We looked up. Dan the Man had changed into a hat with

Copyrighted material

a basketball hoop on it, and someone had just made a basket.

It was time to autograph books. Of course, no one came near us. Our hearts rose when a woman walked right up to us holding the book. "I don't read books," she said, "but this does look easy."

At the end of the day, we had sold one book, to a boy who sold ice cream on the beach and felt sorry for us.

If we do this for the next million days, we figured, *we'll have a best-seller.*

Bantam had no other events planned, so we decided to hire our own publicist. We met a scrawny southern man with a mustache like Hitler's. He told us that an appearance on *The Donahue Show* would sell 50,000 copies of the book, but that we couldn't get on *The Donahue Show*. "Not the way you are," he said. "You need an angle. Let's ask ourselves: *who are Phil's guests?* Teachers who push crack, women married to snipers." He looked at us. "Do you see what your problem is?"

We had an idea. "How about what it's like when a tall author collaborates with a short author?"

"No," the publicist said. "Let's think what those shows I told you about have in common." He waited patiently.

We had a brainstorm. "What about authors who abuse each other?"

He did not think we could get on *The Donahue Show*.

We decided to shop for another publicist.

One publicist told us that our book could become known only if *we* became known. This publicist told us the story of Aeschylus, who was killed by a tortoise dropped by an eagle flying overhead that mistook Aeschylus's bald head for a rock. Just one day after Aeschylus died, the publicist said, his play *The Suppliant Women*, which had been sparsely attended and about to close, was sold out. "That could happen to you," the publicist said.

The last publicist we questioned was a depressed young woman who insisted we meet at her apartment because Sasha, her parakeet, couldn't be left alone. Sasha was in precarious health. The publicist held the bird in her lap and brushed her with a toothbrush as we talked. "Even if I could get you publicity for the book," she said, "which is highly, highly doubtful, what's the difference? Fifty years from now, two weeks, you won't be here, I won't be here, your book won't be here. Nothing lasts."

We gave up looking for a publicist. ❸

CLASSPY

Classifieds appear monthly in SPY. *All orders must be typed and prepaid. To place orders by phone, call (212) 925-5509. To calculate the cost, count each letter, space and punctuation mark in the ad you want to run, and divide by 50. The result is the number of lines in a typeset ad. Figure price accordingly (see prices, right). On request, we will set the first line in all capital letters. Minimum ad size is two lines. Please include your daytime phone number and address on all correspondence, and send to* SPY, *295 Lafayette Street, New York, N.Y. 10012, Attention Larry Hettleman. Ads are accepted at the publisher's discretion.*

CLASSIFIED ADS: $30 per line; $25 per line for two or more consecutive months.

PERSONALS: $25 per line; limited abbreviations accepted. Add $15 for SPY box number. Mail will be forwarded for eight weeks following publication.



CLASSIFIED DISPLAY: $200 per column inch; $180 for two or more consecutive months.

When replying to Personals, address your response to SPY *Classifieds, followed by the box number to which you are responding.* ❸

POLITICS/SATIRE

Hilarious Political Satire Cassette: Reagan's Greatest Hits. The press conference you never heard, featuring Reagan's actual voice. $9.95 to: Daily Feed, 1377 K St. NW, Ste. 662-S, Washington, D.C. 20005. Or charge by phone ($10.95) 800-336-6546 (MC/Visa).

PHOTOGRAPHY

UNCOMMONLY GOOD PHOTOGRAPHY FOR WEDDINGS AND PARTIES. Color or black and white; hand coloring too—Call Tracy Lord at the Photography Bureau: (212) 255-3333.

GIFTS

FREE GIFT! WORLD'S ZANIEST WHOLE SALE CATALOG. Videos, electronics & HAT'S?! Mind Candy Emporium, Box 931437S, Hollywood, CA 90093.

"Stand Small, America! WEENIES FOR BUSH" button. $2. Box 42044, Phila., PA 19101.

UNIQUE POSTER (23" × 35") depicts male genitalia of 12 animals (man to whale). $10: Poster M, Box 1348, NY, NY 10025.

ENTERTAINMENT

BIZROCK—"Annual Report" by *The VPs*. 10 great song parodies incl. Jap Rap, Insider Tradin', Perestroika, Madison Ave Man, Ollie's Girl, Stockbroker on the Line, etc. Send $9.99 check to: *Annual Report Prods*, 67 W. 69th St., #1C, NYC 10023. Album or Cassette. We also do parties.

HIP, LIVE MUSIC by BLUE MOO. Duo or Band. All occasions. Anywhere. (201) 462-5535.

Marc Salem—Mentalist Extraordinaire, mind games that leave you breathless. "Spellbinding entertainment"—ABCTV. All occasions. Call: (212) 974-5300.

Experienced book writer/lyricist seeks Broadway-style composer/arranger with satirical bent to collaborate on high-spirited musical comedy set in tourist-infested Mexico. Some standard folk tunes to arrange, new tunes to write, otherwise show is complete. No pay yet, but work will be produced with an eye to Broadway or TV. Send resume, sample cassette to: Mexico, 99 Chrystie St. #3, New York, NY 10002.

ATTORNEY

Your Mid-West Attorney for Business & Personal matters. Graham Carlton (312) 328-0400.

PERSONALS

CONFIDANTE WANTED. SWM 29, seeks SWF for S.F. area intrigue. Character sketch to SPY Box 96.

Happy birthday Nancy Jo Pussylips. Love, D. Styler.

BEEZER—WE'RE VERY PROUD OF YOU. JAILBAIT & WHITEY & TABBY.

You read SPY so you're smart with a sense of humor. You're a 30-ish guy, Jewish AND sexy. Let's go have fun. SPY Box 98.

Bonjour Tete de la Dinde! Hope it's as much fun as bachelor #1 told me it would be. Wanna make bread? Chunkey monkey misses you.

NEXT MONTH IN *SPY*

EVERYBODY'S A WINNER!
Mark Lasswell goes inside the proliferating, promiscuous world of prizes and awards

IT'S MORNING IN AMERIKA
Guy Martin on this country's ever-increasing similarity to her potato-shaped sister to the east

THE RISE AND FALL OF AN AMERICAN SUPERSTAR! OVER A TWO-WEEK PERIOD. IN BRAZIL.

MR. PERELMAN BUILDS HIS DREAM HOUSE

ALSO

How to handle an Uzi; Joseph Heller's long-lost sitcom oeuvre; and a chat with some advance men for Jesus

Copyrighted material

UN-BRITISH CROSSWORD ANSWERS

George Bush is now president of the United States; I did not prevent it. At the end of the campaign I did submit a partisan statement to the Times *Op-Ed page, but they rejected it. Here it is, many days late and dollars short (which could be the story of the Bush era):*

Could I make a quaint, belated, entirely moot statement about the 1988 presidential (ha!) campaign?

I voted for the liberal Democrat because I'm one.

Also because I dread getting stuck in a cab with someone who argues like George Bush. Why would I want him to represent *me?*

You don't have to tell me liberal Democrats do embarrassing things. Criticize America, pander shamelessly to the dispossessed and so on. But I try to make sense of politics in terms of words. And I've never heard a liberal Democrat subvert the language by (for example) calling his opponent—as Bush has called Dukakis—the "so-called Stealth candidate."

Dukakis, though he took a higher road than Bush, is shorter and darker. He has heavier eyebrows. To attach the word stealth *to him was to stir subrational perceptions of shiftiness. That was one justification for referring to him as the Stealth candidate. A trashy justification.*

Another justification would be that Dukakis favored development of the Stealth bomber. As, I gather, he does. But so does Bush—and Bush accused Dukakis of opposing *the Stealth technologies.*

To call Dukakis the Stealth candidate, then, was a way of reinforcing a false accusation while imputing to Dukakis the pejorative connotations of the name of a weapons system Bush also favors. Trashiness compounded.

But Bush went further. He called Dukakis the so-called *Stealth candidate—when the only person who called Dukakis that was Bush. With great restraint I would liken this ploy to blowing your nose, showily, yet stealthily, on someone else's sleeve.*

You can say to me that Russians would rather deal with a conservative Republican. If this is so, it is because Russians do not have a high enough opinion of the American character. Also because conservative Republicans make it easier for Gorbachev to look like a liberal Democrat.

I grew up in the South in the 1950s and '60s, and therefore you may say that I have a peculiar bias against conservatives (Lester Maddox) and especially against conservative Republicans (Strom Thurmond, i.e., Lester Maddox for the well off).

So sue me. When I was growing up, liberal Democrats were people of spirit, and so are they now, sometimes. At the height of Olliemania my Washington lawyer friend Ruff Fant happened to drive past a federal building as Oliver North emerged from it to the sound of spontaneous street-crowd huzzahs. Ruff did what anyone with pride in America should have done: stuck his head out of his car window and hollered, "Shame! Shame!"

How in the world did liberal Democrats get to be so out of fashion? The answer is obvious to Bush, no doubt, but by that very token it is not clear to me. Of course, as Dan Quayle would put it, my type of thinking is "out of touch and out of order." —R. B.

ACROSS

1. *Lapdog* is a term George Will used for George Bush in a column, back before Bush became a pit bull. Will has also expressed disdain for Dan Quayle, predicting that "Quayle will not be trusted to handle even the more serious foreign funerals." Will has also come out in favor of higher taxes. Will Will, who used to lunch with Nancy, be lunching with Barbara, or even Marilyn? Will Will be dismissed as a liberal? Well, we'll see. (To follow closely is to dog; a lap is a runaround.)

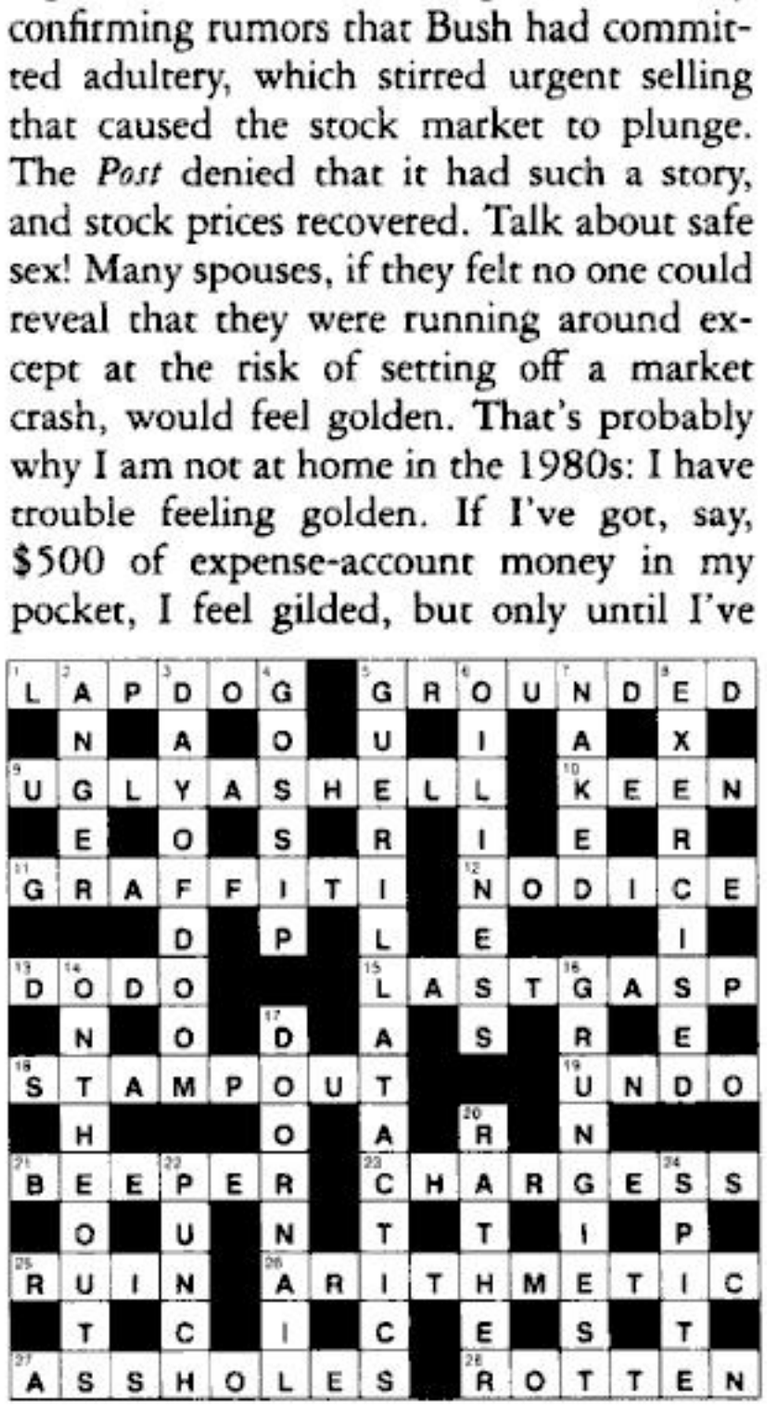
9. *Yale gush'll* rearranged ("in a way").

11. *I tiff a r.g.* backward.

18. To "ankle in a huff" is one meaning of *stamp out*, to "destroy" is another.

21. *P.e.* breaking into *beer*.

23. *Charges* and *S*. A new term for "credit-card prosperity," or what Lloyd Bentsen, in his debate with Dan Quayle, referred to as hot checks. There's a great old gospel song called "Jesus Dropped the Charges." Perhaps all Americans, of whatever faith, had better start singing that song. Or perhaps Reaganesque luck will prevail in the Bush administration and the economy will still be able to flout the bottom line. An indication that economy-linked fortune might shine upon Bush came during the campaign when rumors arose that *The Washington Post* was about to publish a story confirming rumors that Bush had committed adultery, which stirred urgent selling that caused the stock market to plunge. The *Post* denied that it had such a story, and stock prices recovered. Talk about safe sex! Many spouses, if they felt no one could reveal that they were running around except at the risk of setting off a market crash, would feel golden. That's probably why I am not at home in the 1980s: I have trouble feeling golden. If I've got, say, $500 of expense-account money in my pocket, I feel gilded, but only until I've spent it. Then I start worrying about what I am going to spend on whatever it is I am meant to spend the expense-account money on. What the eighties keeps doing is drawing another advance. I blame it on the Japanese—when they introduced sushi over here and Americans developed a taste for those little raw dabs of marine life, it broke down the age-old taboo against eating your bait. After a while, what have you got left to fish with?



26. *Hit at crime* rearranged ("goofily"). It worked for the Bush campaign. Incidentally, have you noticed that critics often apply the adjective *goofy* to Bush? Another break for Bush—Americans like Disney characters.

28. The "heads" of *teeny*, *tiny* and *elephant* are *t*, *t* and *e*. Inside *Ron*.

DOWN

2. Donald *Regan* rearranged.

3. *D.A.*, *yo* and *f* (the musical symbol for "loud") plus *mood* backward.

8. Jim Harrison, the Michigan poet-novelist whose mustache has often been likened to Pancho Villa's, reveals in *The Paris Review*, "I usually dance a half-hour a day to Mexican reggae music with fifteen-pound dumbbells. I guess it's aerobic, and the weights keep your chest and arms in shape." I can't tell you how envious I am of this exercise. I know Harrison, and although I don't recall any such behavior on his part in those places (barrooms) where I have run into him, I do not doubt that he would do improvised Latin dances while pumping, or waving, iron at home. And it suits his work. It doesn't suit mine. But what workout would? The last aerobic exercise I can remember that came from my heart was running up and down flights of Brooklyn brownstone stairs with two children in my arms, and that was years ago. (My son can now dunk.) No wonder *The Paris Review* has never interviewed me. When we got into the area of exercise, I would have to mumble, "Oh . . . stationary bicycle . . . tennis . . ." *The Paris Review* doesn't want to embarrass me. So. Several large dogs to toss into the air? Hogsheads to bang together? Buckets of sand to drive my typing fingers into? But it's not just elements of heft and grit we're after here, but also of eurythmy. Backflips to whale song? Synchronized swimming to gut-bucket blues? Something. Liberals have got to get *vigorous* again. I'll tell you this: I voted for Dukakis, but I'm not going to go out walking with Heavy Hands. A heavy heart, yes.

24. *P* in *site*. We are talking healthy, wholesome malice here, a kinder and gentler malice, a malice of compassion and hope. ❸

Copyrighted material

CAR TROUBLE

How does a car work?

Why does it break?

How can you fix it? Why me?

BY ELLIS WEINER

Previously in How to Be a Grown-up:

"I have recently descended into the hell of major car repairs (the 'trans' broke, was fixed, and broke again, taking other vital car organs with it). . . . Naturally I expect, in the end, to obtain complete satisfaction, as regards both the roadworthiness of the vehicle and the disbursements I have been obliged to outlay for rental cars, etc. . . . "



Courageous, if stupid, words. I think I knew even then that my quest would be in vain. And yet I learned something from this experience, something that has made me a better man, a better human being, a better grown-up. I learned about life. I learned about human fallibility. I learned about automatic transmissions.

Rather than bore you with the details, let me bore you with the general plot: Drive into Manhattan one Sun. a.m. Car hemorrhages transmission fluid, smokes and roars its way through Holland Tunnel, comes to dead halt. Have it towed to nearby, open-all-the-time garage ("Shop A"). Israelis. Big color photo of Lubavitcher rebbe on wall of cramped office, like wife's grandmother's framed Sun.-supplement pix of JFK and pope. Yikes, Jewish mechanics, contr. in terms? Or whew, car off street, in hands of pious men of G-d?

Return two days later, hand over cashier's check for low four figures, drive off. Downshift feels like coronary arrest, makes grinding noise. Ninety minutes later, trans caves in. Hobble home in second gear. Make enraged phone call. Eddie, the mechanic, says car not road-tested at high speeds. Take it to nearby trans shop ("Shop B"), agree on phone with Sam, boss at Shop A, to have X done, for which self will pay, to be reimbursed by A. Begin renting car for pers. use. Days later, pick up real car, drive 100 feet, bang, zoom, whole thing caves in, comes to dead halt. Have towed back to B. On phone with A, agree to have trans "taken down" (low three figs.) but have no work done. Done. Problem with "rear." Shop A: We'll tow it back here and fix it. Tell them to put the transmission in a box. (Self, to self: *This is what it's come to? A box?*)

Days pass, tow truck arrives, driver tells me he hasn't slept in 36 hours. Ha ha, next chapter in comedy? Or yikes, not funny, car itself in grave peril? Hoist car, load box, watch truck tow car away. Like seeing relative being carted off to prison, sort of.

Self and wife in N.Y. for two-day child-free holiday. Call Shop A. Need new rear unit, at cost approaching four figures. In cash. Before work commences. Tomorrow.

SELF: Less what I paid Shop B, right? As per agreement with Sam the Boss?

The grown-up thinks,

You mean it's possible to resolve disputes without hiring either lawyers or Luca Brasi?

MAN AT SHOP A: No. Sam on vacation.

Sitting on the edge of the hotel bed in my underwear, freezing, I do what just about anyone would do. Granted, to Dan Quayle that means one thing: phone Mother and Father. But the plain fact is, most of us don't know the Quayles' home number. So I call the Department of Motor Vehicles and am given a number for the "Lemon Law office." According to a secretary, "They should be able to affiliate you with someone who can help you."

It turns out to be the Attorney General's Office. Wow, now to flex some consumer muscle? Or uh-oh, pip-squeak car complaint too puny, get outta here you knucklehead?

Incredibly, a gentleman answers the phone, listens patiently to my story, asks pertinent questions, expresses credible sympathy and, over the course of the next five hours, does the following: calls Shop A, mediates in a conference call between them and self, hunts down vacationing Sam, mediates in conference call between Sam and self, brings disputing parties together in mutually acceptable compromise.

"I used to be a salesman," the attorney general's man says while Sam's wife, at Shop A, summons Eddie the Mechanic.

"Now you're on the other side of the fence," I say. "How do you like this job?"

"I love this job. I would do this for free."

More touching than this, in the realm of civil service, it doesn't get. The grown-up, determined not to be pushed around and made a sap of while he is being pushed around and made a sap of, thinks, *Gee. You mean it's possible, in New York, to resolve disputes without hiring either lawyers or Luca Brasi?* It's enough to make one think about rezoning one's cynicism.

Not that one's cynicism should be gerrymandered out of existence entirely. No, not when there is this Amusing Development: two brackets that mount the trans to the car are missing. Low three figures. (Mislaid by Shop A? By Shop B? Bounced off truck, unseen by sleep-deprived tow-trucker? Speculation rife as both sides disclaim responsibility.) No, one's native paranoia about car repairs remains, not only undiminished but somehow enhanced.

But to meet one perfectly reasonable, intelligent person, working for the state of New York, who will help solve this sort of problem without seeking money either over the counter or under the table, without exercising influence for a future quid pro quo, without even asking you to prove your bona fides—this, if not actually inspiring, is at least very nice. And let not the grown-up sneer at nice. *Niceness counts.* In a city in which the difference between cynicism and realism is increasingly academic, one ounce of niceness from an interaction with actual people can neutralize this much excess theoretical bile about the world.

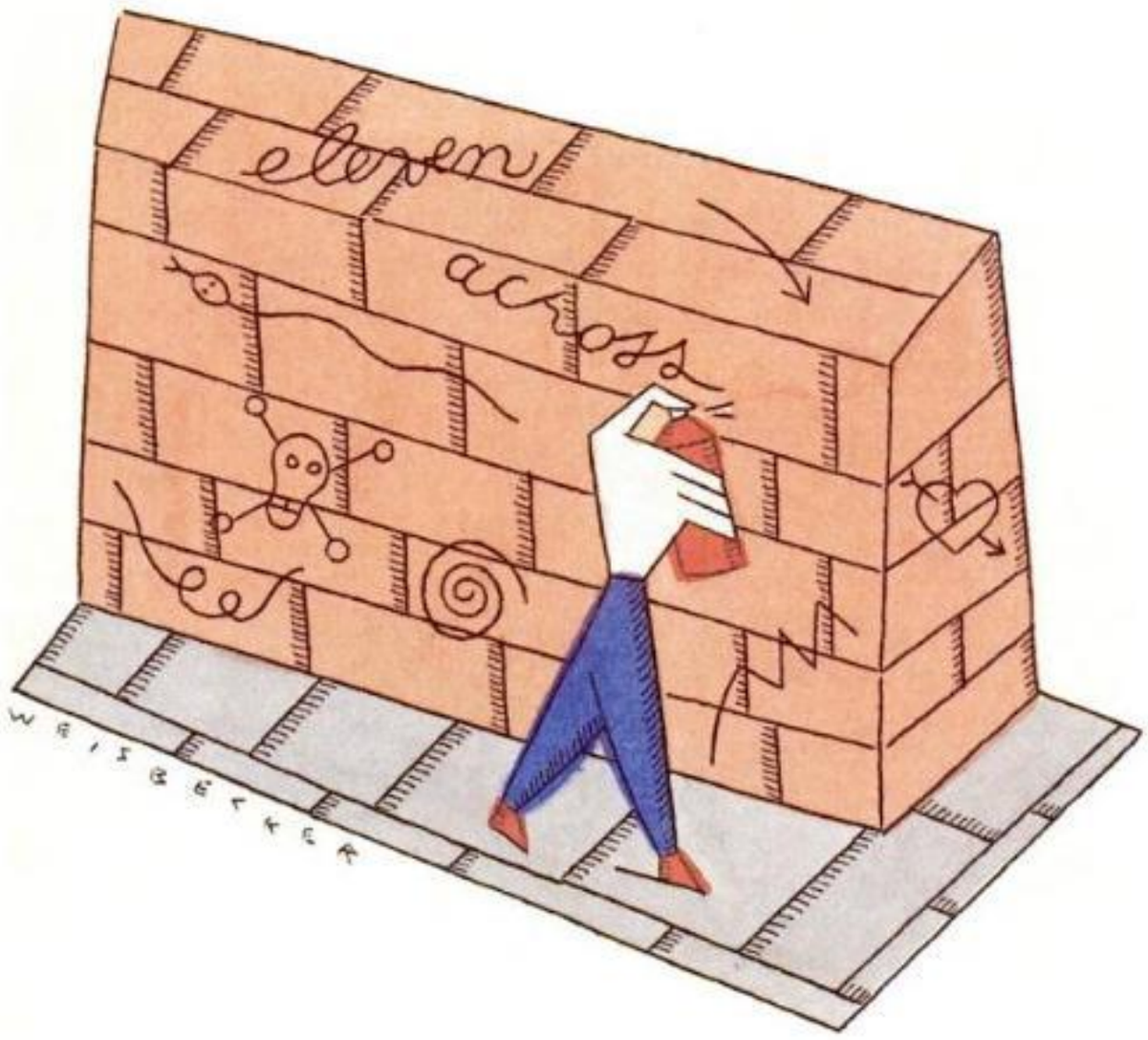
What does it all mean? It means that for every two bad garages there is one good civil servant. On a deeper level, it means don't have a car. It means if you do have a car, don't drive it. And finally, it means if you do have a car and you do drive it, don't use the transmission. ◆

Copyrighted material

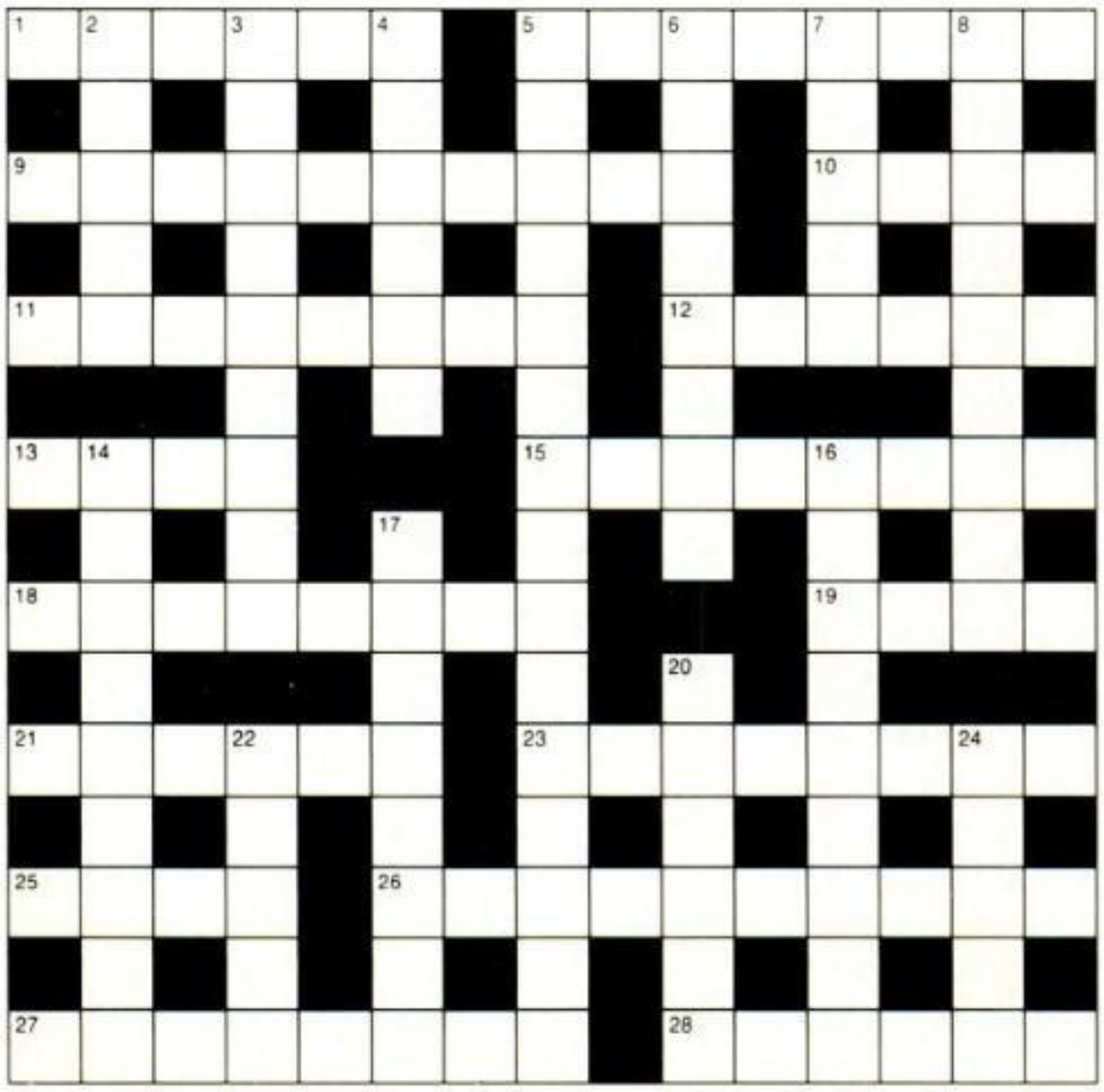
THE UN-BRITISH

Crossword Puzzle

BY ROY BLOUNT JR.



Bush Era Special



ACROSS

1. Will term for Bush follow closely after runaround? (6)

5. Put Ed through the mill, not up in the air. (8)

9. In a way, Yale gush'll be infernally ill-favored. (4,2,4)

10. Sharp wail. (4)

11. Handwriting on wall: "I fight a right guard back." (8)

12. Negative bones deal is off. (2,4)

13. Party, party for dead bird. (4)

15. Stag's lap collapses, and the rest is silence. (4,4)

18. Destroy ankle in a huff. (5,3)

19. Open ruin. (4)

21. Interruption of drink by gym class alerts doctor or drug dealer. (6)

23. Accusations satisfactory as Reaganomic bounty. (8) (Newly coined word.)

25. Trash headless bear. (4)

26. Hit at crime goofily—it adds up. (10)

27. Nothing in drunken hassles with jerks. (8)

28. Decayed teeny tiny elephant heads inside the Gipper. (6)

DOWN

2. Former White House chief of staff distorted by rage. (5)

3. Prosecutor, yo! Loud mood coming up for the Last Roundup. (3,2,4)

4. Go piss up a column. (6)

5. What we whipped the British with—chest-pounding and roaring, we hear. (8,7) (Alternate spelling.)

6. Line is so muddled by slippery quality. (8)

7. Knead distraughtly, nude. (5)

8. Worked out in high dudgeon. (9)

14. Oh, nuts, toe broken: not getting along. (2,3,4)

16. Least sanitary can make guest grin. (9)

17. A droolin' weird dead thing. (8)

20. Big networker? Somewhat! (6)

22. Strike *Times* head. (5)

24. Malice of SPY's heart in place. (5)

The answers to the Un-British Crossword appear on page 114.

ILLUSTRATED BY PHILIPPE WEISBECKER

Copyrighted material

LOOK!!

IT'S A BOOK!

IT'S

A SPY BOOK



George Shultz . . .



and the Cowardly Lion?

SEPARATED AT BIRTH?



Dom DeLuise . . .



and chef Paul Prudhomme?



Mary Tyler Moore . . .

and the Joker from "Batman"?

Mick Jagger . . . and Don Knotts?

Includes:

- Over 450 different faces—**300 never-before published!**
- Chapter introductions only SPY could have produced
- An "Essentially Useless Index"

ALL FOR JUST

$6.95 *At bookstores now*

Published by DOLPHIN/DOUBLEDAY

Copyrighted material

PHOTO CREDITS

Page 4: Susan Aimee Weinik (Berger).
Pages 11–12: Los Angeles Times Photo (Bleachman); AP/Wide World (FDR, Nazis); Ron Galella (Abzug).
Page 30: Ron Wolfson/London Features International (Shanley); UPI/Bettmann Newsphotos (Ehrlichman); Ron Galella (Quinn).
Page 31: UPI/Bettmann Newsphotos (Bush, Reagan, Quayle); AP/Wide World (Dukakis).
Page 32: Photofest (Ho).
Page 34: Michel Delsol (Kaplan™); FPG (pool).
Page 36: Randy Dunbar.
Page 40: © Gilles Peress/Magnum Photos Inc. (Bush); NY *Daily News* (Whitney); Yoram Kahana/Shooting Star (Foster); © *NY Post* (Son of Sam); Ron Galella (Trump).
Page 42: H. Armstrong Roberts (Dr. Nick).
Page 46: Petrified Films (calendar).
Page 51: UPI/Bettmann Newsphotos (Wallendas); AP/Wide World (OPEC).
Page 52: H. Armstrong Roberts (coins).
Page 54: Martha Swope (*Legs Diamond*, "Rumors").
Page 56: Bill Aller/NY Times Studio (Frankel); Gelb and Rosenthal courtesy of *The New York Times*.
Pages 58–59: Raeanne Rubenstein/*People Weekly*/© 1986 Time Inc. (Giller); Susan Aimee Weinik (Berger).
Page 61: Susan Aimee Weinik (Berger).
Page 64: Patrick McMullan (Giller).
Page 65: Frederic Lewis/NYC (hair).
Page 66: H. Armstrong Roberts (food); Frederic Lewis (cardiogram); © David York/The Stock Shop (drawing blood); © Jeffrey Reed/The Stock Shop (pills).
Page 73: H. Armstrong Roberts (arm); © Harry J. Przekop/The Stock Shop (pills); © Dick Luria/The Stock Shop (man); © Herb Snitzer/The Stock Shop (chest).
Page 74: © David Attie/The Stock Shop (dropper); Frederic Lewis/NYC (check); H. Armstrong Roberts (needle, insignia).
Page 76: London Features International (Sade); "Contes Barbares," Marquesas Islands, 1902, Folkwang Museum, Essen, Germany (Gauguin); Art Resource (Grosz); Ron Galella (Lazar).
Page 77: Giraudon/Art Resource (Picasso); Anthony Savignano/Ron Galella (Simon); Walter McBride/Retna Ltd. (Davis Jr.); Kenneth Johansson/Outline Press (Davis); *Les Demoiselles d'Avignon* (1907), oil on canvas, 8' x 7'8". Collection, the Museum of Modern Art, New York. Acquired through the Lillie P. Bliss Bequest.
Page 78: Ron Wolfson/London Features International (Hannah); Rocky Widner/Retna Ltd. (Richards); Fabio Nosotti/LGI (Ocasek); Art Resource (Schiele, top); "Self Portrait With Arm Twisted Above Head," c. 1910. Private Collection (Schiele, bottom).
Page 79: Ron Galella (Steinberg); UPI/Bettmann Newsphotos (Gabel); The Metropolitan Museum of Art, Anonymous Gift, 1983 (1983.251) (Botero); Art Resource (Boccioni); Kobal Collection (Schwarzenegger); NY *Daily News* (Hoge); "The Melody Haunts My Reverie" © 1981 by VAGA, New York and BILD-KUNST, Bonn (Lichtenstein); Erica Lansner/Photoreporters (Paloma Picasso); Art Resource (Léger).
Page 80: Courtesy Victoria and Albert Museum (Beardsley); "Woman and Bicycle," 1952–53 (De Kooning, left); Joseph Martin/Scala/Art Resource (De Kooning, right); Rose Hartman (Mehle); Marina Garnier (Rothermere, Channing); Ron Galella (Smith, Mason); "The Intrigue," 1890, Koninklijk Museum voor Schone Kunsten, Antwerp (Ensor); © Mark Reinstein/Photoreporters (Reagan); Chase Roe (Nevelson); Scala/Art Resource (Van Gogh, right); Musée de Bale, Foundation Rudolf Staechelin (Van Gogh, left); Smeal/Galella (Hunt, Cher); Anthony Savignano/Galella (Janowitz); Cat, Parke, "L'Homme au Doigt," ca. 1947 (Giacometti, top right); Scala/Art Resource (Giacometti, lower left and bottom right); Jerry Wachter/Focus on Sports (Bol); Karen Hardy/London Features International (Dafoe).
Page 81: Ron Galella (Oates, Minnelli, Brill); Gene Trindl/Globe Photos (Hawn); "Bambina Con Trecce" (Modigliani); Smeal/Galella (Duvall); Marina Garnier (Roehm); Peter C. Borsari (Brillstein); Roxanne Lowitt (Zarem); Chuck Pulin/Star File (Kinison); Nate Cutler/Globe Photos (Borgnine); "Portrait of a Man," 1622, Chatsworth, The Chatsworth House Trust (Hals, right); "Portrait of Willem Croes," Apte Pinakothek, Munich (Hals, middle); Art Resource (Hals, left; Moore, right and top left); Scala/Art Resource (Moore, bottom left, Duccio, Giotto); Anthony Savignano/Ron Galella (Smith, Streep); James Hamilton (Giuliani).
Pages 82–83: Frederic Lewis/NYC (woman); Fran Collin (Toback).
Page 88: Kobal Collection (Downey Jr., Toback).
Pages 90–91: top, The Stock Shop; bottom, Peter Arnold.
Page 99: © Dustin Pittman (Sugar Reef); Jenny Lynn (Hawaii Kai).
Page 100: Photofest (Costello); ©1987 Peter L. Gould/Images (Alaïa); Sue Ann Miller/NYT Pictures (Dine-o-Mat); Sara Barrett (Plohound shoes).
Page 101: Gerald Zugmann/The Museum of Modern Art, New York (Coop Himmelblau); Sara Barrett (New Republic, T-shirt, Meriken, menu).
Page 102: Sara Barrett (meat loaf, candlesticks); Nicki Gostin (street person).
Page 110: H. Armstrong Roberts (man on phone).
Pages 118–119: John Simone (Haden-Guest dancing); Patrick McMullan (all other Haden-Guest); Ron Galella (Willis); Tammie Arroyo/Ron Galella (Stallone); Rose Hartman (Janowitz, Kostabi, Byrne); all others, Marina Garnier.

PARTY POOP

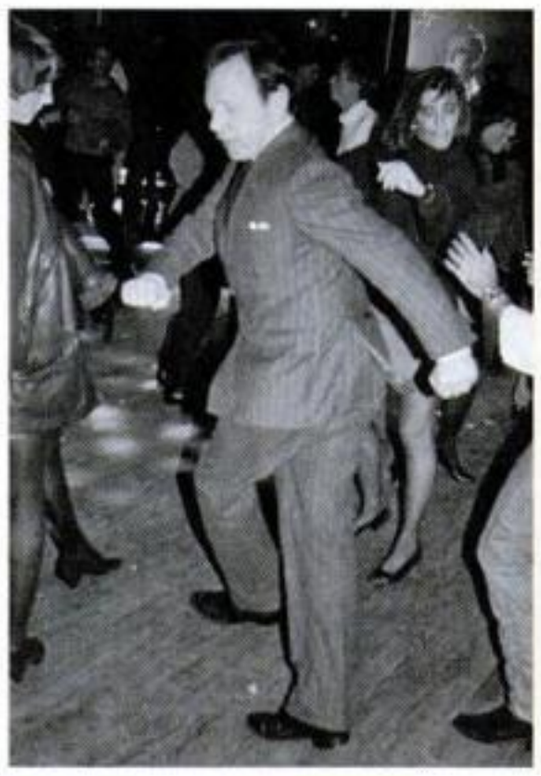


STILL THE CHAMP Anthony Haden-Guest, SPY's 1988 Ironman Nightlife Decathlon winner, continues his grueling nonstop all-night-every-night training regimen in anticipation of the 1989 Ironman semifinals. His arms around two unidentified well-wishers and his eyes on a third (*above*), Haden-Guest seems to long for another set of limbs that would octopussishly increase his grope-and-snuggle radius—a critical component in any winning Ironman performance. At former hot spot M.K. (*right*), important novelist Jay McInerney, past master of the Sullen, Dopey Literary Stare, takes a few pointers in Don Knotts-ian facial expressiveness from Haden-Guest. Standing uncomfortably close to yet another unidentified well-wisher (*left*), Haden-Guest inexplicably bears down hard—perhaps to release some of the pheromonish unidentified-well-wisher-attracting man-musk he is famous for.





▼PRANCING At the Great American Clubhouse, Haden-Guest performs the little-known, I'm-Just-a-Working-Man-from-Bristol, leg-over-leg version of the twist with a stony-faced dance-floor persuadee, whose subsequent smirk seems to say, *I'm doing this on a dare*. Strutting and pouting his way through a very personal, very cathartic, Mick Jagger-esque boogie reverie, Haden-Guest takes first place in his own one-man conga line, even though his enthusiasm exceeds his body's tuberlike pliability.









▲DEMOISELLES DE THE SPANISH BALL Megawonderful jewelry and tchotchke designer Paloma Picasso mesmerizes designer Agatha Ruiz with her demonstration of that age-old party trick in which you try to touch your lips simultaneously to your nose and your chin. And she's done it! Drinks all around!

Copyrighted material



HOWDY! Apparently the hot new ▶ ugly garment is the plaid polyester sports coat, of the sort popularized by Jack-in-the-Box franchisees. Overage *faux*-naïf David Byrne models a white-trash aqua-and-sort-of-purple tartan (with matching vest) beneath the structurally unsound, brontosaurus-like combination of jumbo head and wee little neck. Meanwhile, Terry Sweeney impersonator Mark Kostabi (*right*), in a licorice-and-lemon-flavored Dacron getup, seems to make a certain kind of love to the camera with his reptilian come-hither look.





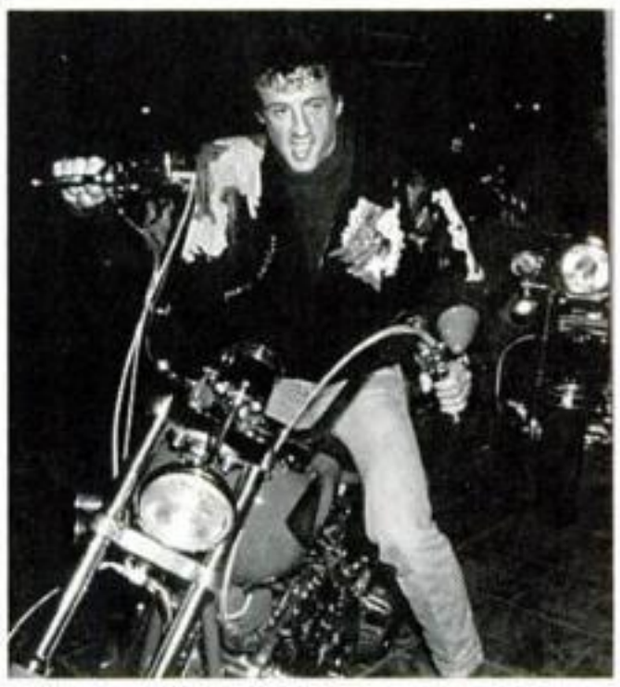
Jill-of-all-trades Tama Janowitz, modeling clothes at a Betsey Johnson show during fashion week, continues to validate the judgment of her mentor, former *New Yorker* editor William Shawn. (*It's horizontal stripes that make you look thinner, right?*) Later, Tama shows off the knees that made her the model she is—in a piece from Johnson's "Lowrider Lady" collection (note the floral-seat-cover-print strapless skirt and the sombrero with fluffy-dashboard-trim piping).





▲**QUALITY TIME** Just outside his limo, Bruce Willis surreptitiously hands off his baby, Rumer, to a hired baby-handler.

"*Vroom, vroom,*" no- ▶ longer-quite-so-bankable actor-artist-homunculus Sylvester Stallone growls as he sits astride a life-size motorcycle (with kickstand down for safer driving) and models an inexplicable jacket of obscure origin and, we can only presume, ridiculous price.





▲**RUB-A-DUB-DUB** Gossip columnist—potential Antichrist—matchmaker R. Couri Hay (*right*) does his level best to ignite a companionable spark between reclusive shy-guy writers Bret Easton Ellis and Quentin Crisp.

▼After being under the sunlamp a bit too long, dwarf billionaire Larry Tisch puts on a false mustache and goes looking for thrilling high jinks.



▲Willfully boyish Disney prop Michael Eisner, who had never before been photographed with another human being, makes Mickey jealous by posing with an admiring employee.

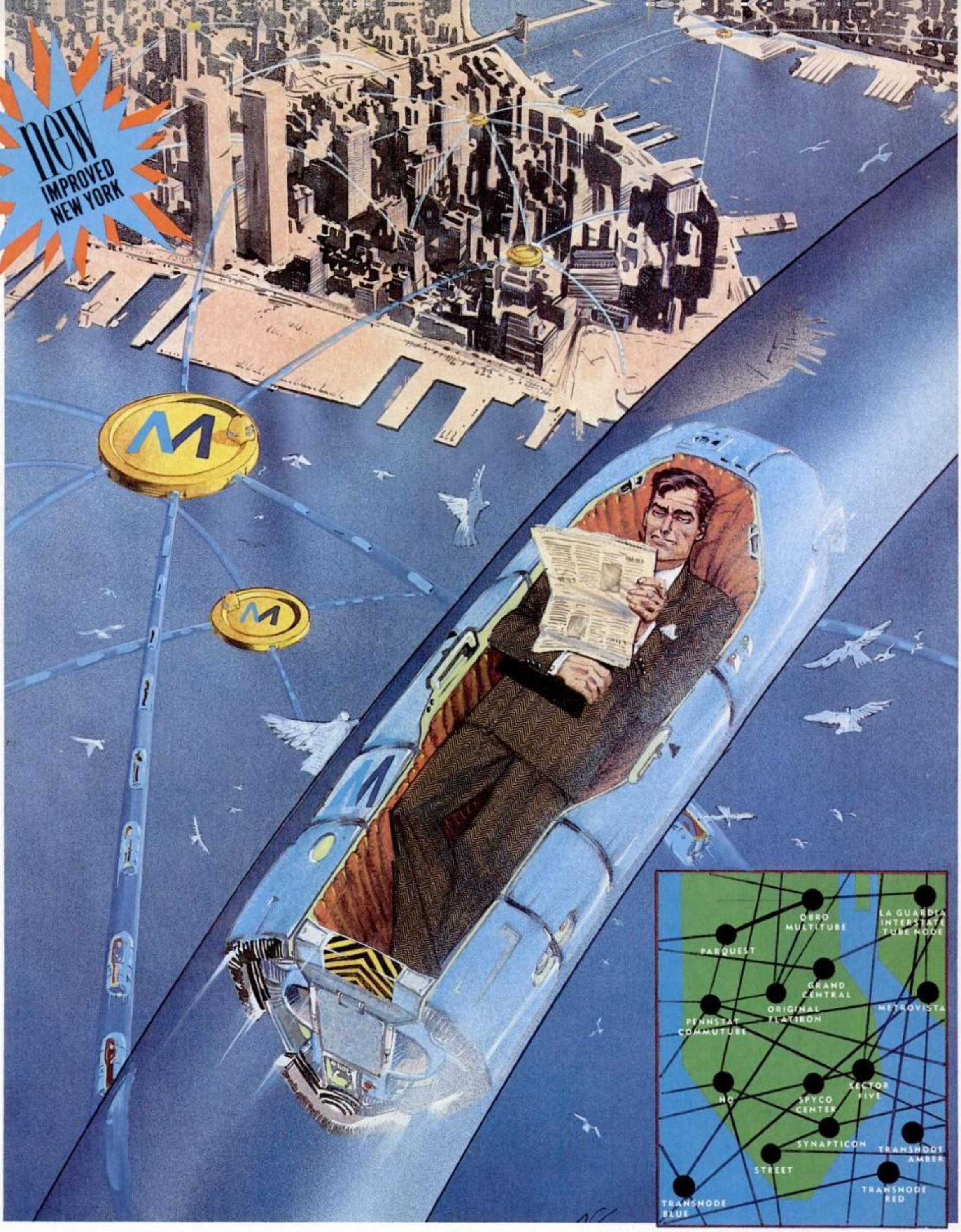


BUT ▶ **YOUR HONOR** . . . Doomed junk bond suzerain Mike Milken, making the most of his few remaining pretrial outings, has been devoting himself to being photographed, Zelig-like, at charity events.



OLD PEOPLE, PARTY OF FIVE? THAT'LL BE TABLE 22

Copyrighted material



COMMUTING INTO MANHATTAN

in the old days meant squandering valuable time packed face-to-armpit with legions of other groggy straphangers. But in our New, Improved New York, the subway train has gone the way of the jitney and the ricksha. Ride the Metropolitan Pneumatic Tube Transport System and you'll arrive in Manhattan before you can catch your breath. Faster than an interoffice memo, able to leap the East River in a single arc, the MPTTS operates on the simple concept of suction. So step into your own well-padded Pneumato-Cylinder, lie back on the easily mopped vinyl lining and prepare for the 30 seconds of sheer terror that have replaced black coffee as every morning pneummuter's stimulant of choice. D

ILLUSTRATION BY HOWARD CHAYKIN

© Philip Morris Inc. 1989



DELUXE ULTRA LIGHTS
Regular and Menthol.

For people who like to smoke...

BENSON & HEDGES

6 mg "tar," 0.6 mg nicotine
av. per cigarette, by FTC method.

SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Smoking By Pregnant Women May Result in Fetal Injury, Premature Birth, And Low Birth Weight.

Copyrighted material



Copyrighted ma